THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1949-1950

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The Journal

November '49

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so good!
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC
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OICE QUALITY
Camels

The Journal

Volume 71, Number 1
NOVEMBER 1949

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Editorial

Football at Wofford College has never been anything to write home about until recently.

In 1947, Wofford College hired a new coach, Phil Dickens by name. From the moment the amiable Mr. Dickens stepped on the campus until the present day, football at Wofford has taken a tremendous surge upward. Combining a very versatile coaching ability with a likable personality, Dickens began to mold the football fortunes of Wofford College. The results are plain—sometimes painfully to the the opponents.

Dickens is a master of the position and maneuver type of football. This type of game, inclusive of all, requires a rare combination of physical ruggedness and mental alertness which all of the Dickens men seem to possess. Dickens possesses a supplementary factor that his men have inherited from him, and that is—a will to win. These three characteristics are components of a winning football team. Dicken's job has been detailed and thorough, leaving no stone unturned to produce a football powerhouse.

Some self-confessed experts predict that Wofford will wear the state

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MAY 23 1951

Dedication

THE JOURNAL *wishes to dedicate this issue to Coach Phil Dickens, who has proven that not only is he an excellent coach, but a credit to his profession and to Wofford College.*

Pity the Searching Mind

by Charles Jordan

BERNARD SANDOR stared gloomily out the window of the big Greyhound bus as it crawled up the passageway which led to the station. The powerful diesel engine roared, emitting a heavy, nose - bruising vapor and racing much faster than was needed to propel the vehicle forward. Many of the passengers were busily gathering baggage from the overhead racks and generally getting themselves ready to dismount. There was much wrestling with the coats to pull them on in the narrow confines of the seats. A baby cried. Girls smoothed their hair with prim, deft movements. Some of the better dressed men adjusted their ties. A mother scolded her daughter for standing and dancing in her seat.

Bernard stretched his cramped legs, observing really for the first time his fellow passengers. He had been too preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay much heed to his surroundings. He had been in a lazy, day-dreaming stupor for most of the time, a sort of hypnotic trance that many travelers assume. An affable old man sitting beside him had talked enthusiastically about a farm he once owned in Virginia, but he had become discouraged because of Bernard's lack of interest. He now sat in rigid silence. Bernard didn't exactly mean to be unfriendly, he just didn't feel like talking, and the old fellow's nostalgic utterances bored him. He felt that his privacy was being invaded.

Bernard secretly resented the bus' stopping because it would force him into an activity. He just wanted to sit, and he didn't like the idea of something behind him, always pushing and shoving him into something he didn't want to do; yet there was something behind him, continually pushing him. It was always there.

In a way, he was glad the trip was over. He was glad to be back. He wanted to get back to school for a number of reasons and none of them made sense. His mind stumbled foggily over the events of the past few days. His eyes flickered and a trace of a smile haunted the corners of his mouth. He wasn't a bad-looking young men in a way. He was of slight build and had both brown hair and eyes. His face was long and sensitive, and his tilted nose made him look boyish. It didn't sit exactly straight on his face. His mouth was sensual, but there was something hard about it, something cynically mocking and taunting in the slight way it turned up at the corners. His eyes were burning—intense. Something fierce lurked in them. Those eyes chilled some people; they made some uncomfortable, and they made others sad. Yet in those eyes there was a longing, a desolate loneliness that sought and never found. The overall appearance of Bernard Sandor was one of tragic seriousness.

Bernard was returning from his Thanksgiving holidays two days early. He made some lame excuse to his folks for leaving early. The truth was that he didn't exactly understand why he had to leave, but he knew he had to get away. A gnawing restlessness had settled upon him, giving him no peace. This restlessness was always with him. He was conscious of it lurking in the background, no matter what he was doing. At times it would emerge and grip him more strongly than at others. One of these times had been at home.

Bernard's half-interested eyes swept over the crowd and stopped on a slim, blond girl who had sat two seats up from him across the aisle. She wore a trim gabardine suit. A thin strip of fine white lace bordered the neck and wrists of her pale green blouse. It made her look delicate and very feminine. Good taste, thought Bernard, nothing showy. Well fitted and just the right amount of frills. His interest toward the girl quickened; he wondered about her. Observing the upright way she sat with what appeared to be tense expectancy, he reasoned she must be meeting someone important to her, perhaps a lover. Her eyes shone, and her cheeks were tinged with the barest of blushes, which had stolen stealthily up from under the exquisite lace-lined blouse neck. Nice, thought Bernard, beautiful legs, too—long, slender and probably very white. He couldn't determine how white, because of the stockings she wore. He liked long, smooth legs on a woman. It gave them an indefinable grace—something feline in movements. Sexy and appealing, he thought. She wouldn't jerk or bounce when she walked; she would flow. The blond girl attracted Bernard, and he wondered what it would be like to sleep with her. She'd be very lovable mussed up a bit, he mused to himself, most blonds look nice when mussed up—in the right way.

Meanwhile the bus had eased in to a cement pier, and after a terse polite statement by the driver that those who were going farther would have to change buses because the motor in this one had been overheated, the passengers began to file out. Bernard kept his eyes on the blond as she stepped out onto the station platform, paused and began to look hesitantly around the milling crowd. Obviously she was looking for someone and she found him

—a big, rugged-looking fellow with a crew-cut. He looked as though he might be a football player and wasn't at all bad-looking. Bernard rejected immediately the idea of making some discreet approach to the girl.

As he watched the couple disappear through the crowd, he strolled lackadaisically through the station door into the waiting-room, sidled over to the wall, leaned idly against it, and looked at the scene before him. He was in no hurry; he had some time he wanted to kill. The waiting-room was noisy, people bustled in and out, going to and fro from the waiting room to the buses. The station master droned over the loudspeaker in a sonorous sing-song voice various departures and destinations. People waited, talked and read. Many different economic classes, if clothes were indicative of it. Some of the people were inadequately and poorly dressed, emphasizing that even in America a great deal of want still exists. The place was dirty. Cigarette butts, cigar stubs, gum wrappers, empty cigarette packs and various other refuse littered the floor to add to the confusion. A battered newspaper lay here and there in an empty seat. The bustling traffic going and coming defied the feeble efforts of tall, bony Negresses to keep the room clean.

Though Bernard leaned idly against the waiting-room wall, his mind suddenly seethed with feverish activity, juxtaposing his physical immobility. His mind reached out and touched the scene before him. He grappled with it, summoning all the mental strength he could muster. He wanted to get more from the station room than just moving people. He wanted to know what it all meant. A segment of America moves and lives in this room. Take it and isolate it and what do you find? he thought, blank—impersonal. People walk by, look at you, and then pass on. They are life; you are life. Was the whole thing a gigantic impersonal movement impervious to all design? American life, some good, some sordid, and some evil, passed before him in a patternless array for his inspection. He cursed himself for not being able to comprehend the implications.

Like most moderately sized cities, the bus station was a place of rendezvous and intrigue as well as a transportation center. It was especially so on a Saturday night like tonight. All the people in the crowd were not passengers by any means. Dirty, slovenly girls on the make lounged around, heavily lipsticked and mascaraed, trafficking flesh often for as little as a few drinks. Without exception they were an appealing lot. A young girl of about sixteen sat in one of the seats, smoking a long cigarette. She manipulated the cigarette with sweeping, exaggerated movements. Her eyelids drooped. The skirt of her dress was short, and the knees of her crossed legs were in clear view. It reminded Bernard of a mock performance of Lizbeth Scott he had once seen.

Two nattily dressed men fluttered about, conspicuous in their giggling laughter and darting movements. They seemed to be everywhere at once. Their eyes were bright and their cheeks flushed. Others looked hauntingly around, furtive, fearful. Some stared vaguely; yet they seemed to be looking, continually looking, hoping—. The door to the men's room, which was just in front of Bernard, had been banging open and shut as a steady stream of men went in and out. It's all here, he thought, but what does it mean? The crusty fringe of life, its jagged cruel edges. Here where it smells of cheap whiskey, perfume and wine. What does it mean?

He wanted some fresh air and left the bus station. On the street the sharp November air heightened somewhat his sagging spirits. The feel of the cool wind on his face made him feel clean. Ambling along with no place in particular to go, he thought of the blond girl he had seen on the bus. A vague pain of regret settled upon him as he realized that he may never see the lovely girl again. Always when he met a girl that intrigued him, he harbored in the back of his mind the thought that this may be the one—the one that had something for him, something he had never found. There was always that possibility. He wondered if the blond girl had the capacity for real understanding, that rare gift that few women possess. He thought of his fiancee, Patti, who was another reason for his wanting to get away. She was nice, pretty, and a very desirable girl, but for Bernard she lacked something very vital to him. She didn't know him; though she particularly attracted him, he wanted more than sex alone. God, he thought, does she ever know the cutting loneliness I feel? Often that harrowing feeling was most pronounced when he was with her. He doubted she was ever lonely. She always chattered gaily. Everything seemed to amuse her. Her spirits constantly bubbled. This irked him somewhat. Time and time again he had tried to talk to her, but she always told him that his gloomy talk made her feel funny; it made her uneasy and kind of scared. His mind began drifting away from Patti, and he thought of the fascinating blond. Maybe ——.

He entered Main Street. Saturday night saw the town's greatest

(Continued on Page 16)

All Is Not Gold

by Ed Berckman

"I LIVED WITH MONGOLIAN Head-hunters, by J. Excalibur Knight, Ph. D., Noted Lecturer, World Traveler and Explorer," it said on the poster stuck inside the store window. The two well-dressed women, middle-aged they would call themselves, one rather heavy set and one tall and thin, had stopped to study this poster.

Spare and prim Mrs. Schuyler W. Pinckney read the words under the picture: "'Wallville Memorial Auditorium, 8:00 P. M., January 17th.' Remember that date, Bertie. We just can't miss that."

Alberta Barrett, effusive and expansive, was scrutinizing the photograph on the poster of a bald man with horn-rimmed glasses; his face dwindled from a wide forehead down to almost no chin and a scraggly mustache seemed to grow wild under the shadow of a bulky nose. "What courage in those eyes! What manliness in those cheekbones! What power in that nose." Bertie's huge bosom rose and fell in a tremendous sigh.

"He certainly must have had some interesting experiences," interposed Mrs. Pinckney. "Imagine a Ph. D. in Mongolia—a scholar with such daring!"

"And such a handsome face," put in the still entranced Bertie. "I simply can't wait until the seventeenth!"

At 7:45 P. M. on January seventeenth J. Excalibur Knight was worrying. He knew what he was going to say that night and it wasn't the fear of stage fright that troubled him. He was anxious about what Mrs. Upcrust, vice-president of the Wallville Art and Culture Society, sponsors of the lecture, had just told him.

Oh, yes, she had said, all of the 1500 tickets had been sold. But there would be a slight delay in his check. Although the society's treasurer had signed the check, it had to be countersigned by the president, who was out of town. But he would have his check next week.

J. Excalibur Knight did not want his check next week, though; he wanted it now. His ex-wife's alimony payment was due in two days. And Olga would make trouble if it was not on time.

Olga—he shuddered at the thought. That night in Vladivostok—the vodka—the hilarity. And the next morning soberness, and the shock of the reality that he was married that came with it. That was a big shock, all two hundred pounds of her. Then the mistake of letting Olga get to the States. But his first mistake was that night in Vladivostok. That must have been powerful vodka for a woman like Olga to—ugh! He could not think about it any longer. Even now he could hardly stand the sight of fat women.

But Bertie Barrett was breathlessly waiting in the front row to feast her eyes on Dr. Knight, that delicate morsel. And when he majestically stepped forward after Mrs. Upcrust's eighteen minute introduction, Miss Barrett and Mrs. Pinckney led the enthusiastic applause that filled the auditorium.

After listening to Dr. Knight's first remarks (covering ten minutes) on the loveliness of Wallville, its fine civic spirit, and its wonderful culture-loving citizens, Bertie sank into alternate raptures over first his appearance and then his manner of delivery.

Mrs. Pinckney sat spellbound throughout the talk with her mouth gaping, except for a periodic "My, how wonderful!" to herself or "Did you ever!" to Bertie, who of course had never.

Bertie occasionally awoke from her enchantment to listen to some of the most exciting portions of the speech. And they were thrillers!

"It was on the second day of our climb up Mount Ah Chu that a most amazing incident occurred. We had just passed the 20,000 foot mark and had only a few hundred more feet to reach the peak when suddenly we looked up and saw an enormous ice-covered rock jutting out from the mountain side above us. It seemed an insurmountable barrier but my natural ingenuity saved the day. Fortunately I had an eighteen months supply of ice picks in my knapsack and with one in each hand we plunged them in the ice step by step—so to speak—thus managing to clamber up the slippery crag.

"On reaching the top of the mountain, I was rendered speechless by the magnificent view. There was a plateau of ice stretching far out into the distance—for miles it seemed. I walked out on it for a few yards and knelt down to examine it closer. It was then that I made what may be a world-shaking discovery. For underneath that ice there were millions of fish! Fish there were of all sizes and colors and all seemed to have been swimming in the same direction before they were frozen. 'Gad!' I said to myself. 'This must be the famous Jet-atomic Glacier that disappeared some three thousand years ago in Labrador. And to think that I have found it here in Mongolia.'

"Knowing our latitude and longi-

tude and having a working knowledge of the speed of glaciers, I did some rapid calculations in my head and soon ascertained that traveling west at its present speed, the glacier would reach Moscow in 176 years, eight months, nineteen days, and nine hours. (Figuring the minutes would have required a bit of paper work.) After pondering this conclusion some minutes, I immediately decided to suggest to Congress that they continue to spar with Russia diplomatically until the glacier reaches Moscow. I intend to make this suggestion next week on my trip to Washington. You see, I thought the glacier would provide a fitting end to the 'Cold' War; heh, heh . . . Glacier, 'Cold' War; joke, you know. Hah, hah, hah. We just can't keep from bringing in a little humor, can we? Heh, heh, heh."

Bertie giggled and whispered in Mrs. Pinckney's ear, "Isn't he just darling!"

Darling humorist Knight had not finished unfolding his tale of adventure and heroism, however.

"But I know you are all waiting for me to tell of my experiences among the head-hunters. I first ran into this tribe on a wild boar hunting expedition. Braving twenty below weather, we had marched ten miles without seeing a boar and were getting discouraged when we stopped for lunch. While eating, we suddenly looked up and found that we were surrounded by dozens of small, fierce, Eskimo-like men, each of whom held a spear in his hand. Taking stock of the situation, I saw that I would have to do something at once. Remembering stories of how men in similar situations had used some modern invention to make themselves appear to possess magical power, I got out my portable radio and turned it on. As it happened, the Arthur Godfrey program was on and the head-hunters were soon subdued to wide-eyed attention. Ultimately they came to look on me as a god, and I ruled over them for two weeks. Their clothes were made from human hair and their huts were decorated with skulls. But the radio had such a profound effect on them that before I left, they were polishing the skulls with Glass-Wax. Ah, hah, hah, hah."

The audience roared at that one. J. Excalibur Knight was really "going over big" tonight.

But sitting on a back row were two listeners who reacted to his talk with something less than enthusiasm. In fact they heartily disliked him and his talk. The short man with the black, curly hair was particularly disdainful of him.

"His speech is just about what I'd expected from him. And all these people sit here and go wild about it."

"Didn't you say he never left the hotel at Vladivostok during the time he was supposed to be exploring Mongolia?" asked the short man's companion.

"That's right. We took him from Yokohama on our ship and then brought him back four days later. They said he stayed in bed and read comic books every afternoon and spent the nights in the hotel bar. Those Russian women spotted him as a man with money right away and they took him for most of it. That's probably why he has to make this lecture tour now. He must be pulling in plenty of dough in this racket."

"But where did he get all these stories about climbing mountains in twenty below weather?"

"From the comic books, I guess. I know he never stuck his fat nose out on deck all the time he was on our ship. He stayed in the officers' quarters all the time—captain's special guest, of course. He was a special government representative investigating the Mongolian situation. A helluva lot he ever found out about the Mongolian situation!"

But from what J. Excalibur Knight was saying, one would judge that he was the best-informed authority on Mongolia to be found.

His concluding remarks were "and so I remind you that Mongolia is the key to the world situation today. With the head-hunters on our side we may be optimistic; but if they turn to communism, woe be unto us. My beloved friends, tonight when you go home, before you go to bed, write to your congressman and urge him to support the fifty million dollar Mongolian head-hunter aid bill. It may keep you and yours secure for generations to come."

Wild applause.

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All I Have Seen

I dream of birds and bees and silly things,
Of Kewpie dolls and foolish paper kings,
Of wasted time whose waste was there to add
To all that's said, be it as good or bad.
I dream of mirth and light and funny things,
Of men whose acts reveal their golden wings,
Of hearts whose sound was strong with hopeful beat
And life when things that were are so complete.
You say that I'm a dreamer, is that so bad?
To think of all the lovely things that I have had?

—Charles Weaver

Adventure in Internationalism

by George Maughan

IT WAS 5:37 p.m. on July 21, 1949, after three weeks of inconclusive debate, when the vote came, and the Senate ratified the North Atlantic Treaty. With this action the frontier of the United States was moved from behind the traditional ocean barriers and placed in the heart of Europe. The government of the United States, in partnership with the governments of Canada, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, Italy and Portugal, is now dedicated to the task of safeguarding "the freedom, common heritage and civilization of their people. . . ."

This is the treaty which creates the most formidable alliance in history by uniting twelve nations on both sides of the Atlantic, with a combined population of some 300,000,000, in mutual aid and common defense of their independence, against new aggression from any quarter. In a strategic sense, this area includes the world's greatest concentration of industry; the greatest air power and sea power; and common cultural and historical ties which bind the disparate members of this regional grouping together perhaps more closely than those of any other world area. It was endorsed by the principal spokesmen of both the Democratic and the Republican parties, by the conference of state governors, by the press, and by a majority of public sentiment.

Our participation in this partnership marks a radical departure from the traditional policy of neutrality and isolationism. The pact represents the greatest formal shift in United States policy and American thinking since the promulgation, in 1823, of the Monroe Doctrine. This is a long step into internationalism for the United States, which took so much time before entering into the two world wars precipitated by Germany. It is a military alliance and as such destroys for good the historic concept stated by George Washington in 1796, that the United States should have with Europe "as little political connection as possible," and that we should "steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world. . . ."

However, by 1945, after the tragedy of involvement in a second world war, we realized fully that times had changed, drastically and irrevocably. Thus, Washington's words concerning foreign alliances became "as dead as his warning against the formation of political parties."

At this time it becomes necessary for us to analyze the events which, by necessity, have diverted the foreign policy of our country from that of strict neutrality and isolation to that of internationalism. Before we can make a proper analysis, this question must be answered: Why is it that for the first time in our history we have formally entered into association for twenty years with countries outside this hemisphere, under which we undertake to regard an attack on any one of those countries as the equivalent of an attack on the United States? The answer may be based on the premise that the pact is a recognition of the fact that in the interdependence of the modern world there are certain geographic areas whose safety is directly and vitally linked with the safety of the United States.

When this country was small and weak, isolated by many weeks from other continents, our forefathers wisely based our foreign policy upon the realities of those times, and we managed to stay apart, to a large extent, from developments in other lands. However, the era has passed when this country can count upon self-sufficiency and a remote location to cushion it from the woes and wars of other continents. Today we are neither remote nor self-sufficient in the sense that we once were. In the military field, modern science has produced weapons which "reduce international boundaries to the impotence of pencil marks on tissue paper."

The record of time has adequately proved that a major conflict in Europe would inevitably involve the United States. As a consequence, the American people overwhelmingly accepted the commitments laid down in the United Nations' Charter in an effort to maintain international peace and security. However, it was not long before our faith in the charter was shattered, simply because the cooperation among the great powers which we hoped would follow the creation of the United Nations has not been forthcoming. The reason for our lack of faith is familiar to all and is to be found in the chronicle of events since the end of World War II. It is to be found in the fate of Eastern Europe, in the record of obstruction in the United Nations itself, and in the fact which cannot be ignored—that formal peace did not bring security nor banish fear from the world.

These conditions should not be grounds for a reproach on the United Nations as such. They are the result of conditions over which the United Nations has no control, that is, the division of a great portion of the globe into hostile ideological groups which are unalterably opposed to each other. The failure was very aptly expressed by Charles E. Bohlen, when he said:

"I think the record shows that four of the five permanent members of the Security Council who were given this special position (the veto) have, on the whole, faithfully and honestly been guided in their foreign relations by the charter. The same cannot be said of the fifth member—the Soviet Union. . . . I mention it merely to show that the fault lies not in the United Nations itself nor in the mechanism set up under the charter, but in the policies and attitudes which the government of one of the great powers has pursued in relation to the organization. As a result, the United Nations has not been permitted to establish . . . the condition of security for which it was established."

Whenever a powerful minority repudiates the basic principles and uses the procedures to accomplish directly contrary purposes or to frustrate the organization, then it obviously will not work as intended. This action on the part of Russia and her satellites has increased the insecurity of the world and as a result the Western nations were forced to band together for their mutual protection. Therefore, the pact is an answer to Russia's veto in the United Nations and Russia's tactics of obstructing the unification of Europe. It is also an answer to Russia's veto of the United Nations efforts to establish an international army. Now the countries of the Atlantic Alliance can set up such an army whether Russia likes it or not. However, emphasis should be placed on the main character of the pact, which is to discourage aggression by showing a firm determination to resist armed attack. Its character is defensive. Its object is peace. It also strengthens the United Nations by expressing the cooperative spirit which is necessary to animate any great voluntary peace effort.

In addition to being an attempt to bolster the United Nations, the pact is a logical continuation of our avowed aims to maintain peace and security, to combat the spread of communism, and to maintain democracy in the portion of the world over which we have reluctantly assumed leadership. To achieve this goal our government initiated the "Truman Doctrine" and the European Recovery Program. President Truman, in his inaugural address on January 20, 1949, expressed the purpose of ERP in these words:

"Almost a year ago, in company with sixteen free nations of Europe, we launched the greatest cooperative economic program in history. The purpose of that unprecedented effort is to invigorate and strengthen democracy in Europe, so that the free people of that continent can resume their rightful place in the forefront of civilization and can contribute once more to the security and welfare of the world."

This policy as enunciated by President Truman is an important phase of the concerted effort to maintain Western Europe in the democratic fold and away from communism. Although ERP is undoubtedly capable of accomplishing a great portion of the ultimate goal, it cannot accomplish this task alone. Thus the pact will prove to be an invaluable adjunct to the program. The complementary aspects of the two have been expressed in this manner by the State Department:

"In the view of the United States, the pact and the ERP are both essential to the attainment of a peaceful, prosperous, and stable world. The economic recovery of Europe, the goal of ERP, will be aided by the sense of increased security which the pact will promote among these countries. On the other hand, a successful ERP is the essential foundation upon which the Pact, and the increased security to be expected from it, must rest."

The Pact is furthermore of the utmost importance because of the powerful effect it can be expected to have on world affairs. The effects may be derived from these three factors: First, the stature and strength of the states which have

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Tobemolded's Childhood

(A parody on "Hiawatha's Childhood," by Longfellow)

In the city's elite section,
'Midst the big, imposing mansions,
Stood the home of Ima Cocktail
(Daughter, she, of Al Coholic),
Far behind it rose the skyline,
Rose the flashing neon billboards,
Rose the giant business buildings;
Bright before it beat the river
Beat the clear and sunny river,
Beat the shining Hudson river.

There the flitting Ima Cocktail
Left the little Tobemolded,
Left him with some paid caretaker
While she sought another party
Where her gaiety would echo;
Stilled his fretful wail with presents
On her subsequent returning,
Gave him gifts—expensive, dazzling—
As appeasement for her absence;
Lulled him into slumber, singing
Flapper songs she could remember.

—Steve Smith

Lovers

by Bill Jewkes

FROM THE top of the cliff he could look far out to sea. Down at the foot waves would dash the rocks with a soft hiss. When it was night and the moon shone, there were few scenes as dear to him. Each time he stood there on such a night there was some phase new to his sight which would seize his mind and cause dreams of joy and of peace. To him she was not just a vast lake ruled by laws of the moon. She was a friend. One to whom he told his hopes and his fears, in whose broad sweep he found tales of her friends from the North, the East, the South, the West, and from the past that might not come back. From the far flung shores she washed and from the land no man knew she brought him these tales and so he loved her.

When storms raged she was not the same. High winds irked her and in a great wrath she would damn the faults of life. With screams she would curse the man who was vile and not fit to tread the track of the gods. Then her rage would be loosed on the race which breaks the rules to be good and kind and to live in truth and right. He feared the sea when this mood was on her, yet he went to watch her strength and to hear her strong voice. Though she cursed man she was still his love and would not hurt him.

On days when it was warm he would jump in her round swells. Cool and kind, she would hold him and rock away all his cares. She would play with him, toss him up and down, whirl him round and round till she laid him on the hot sands of the beach. There the sun would dry him as he sat rapt by the song of the sea. No man shared his love. It was his and he kept it locked in his heart from their gaze.

He grew with the years. They took him from the sea for long hours when he sat in school and learned from dead books. He had a deep hate for all this waste that should have been spent with his love. They taught the same things she had told him first. That man was not kind, that he would hurt for gain, that he would fight and war for land, that man sought the gift to maim man and make man a slave. And so each chance he got he ran back to the cliff and told the sea of his pain. She would give him the balm he asked but he came to know that her peace would leave as soon as he was gone from her.

One night when he went back to seek the ease she gave him, he felt that he might lose the gift of joy he had. He wept with dread of the loss. She stretched before him in her green and blue and black dress. Where the moon touched her she was all light. The froth that clung to the rocks at the foot of the cliff was white with a strange glow. From the waves that rolled on and on and on some foam was caught by the air and rose as a faint mist to where he stood. He wept as he heard the song of her walk and longed to be one with her.

The thought held him! To be one with her. He could plunge to her depths and be a part of her. His soul could join with hers. They would ebb and flow through the years as one whole. He would be with her as she lapped the shores of all the lands. Her fish, her growths, her shells would be his too. He would help to bear the weight of the ships that sailed her breast. He would be hers. She would be his. He laughed with the dream of it. No more would he have to come to seek her. He would be with her all the time. There would be no need to think of man, of his hates, his griefs, and his sick mind. Not a thing but peace for all time.

No, no, no, no! His step was slow as he walked down the land side of the cliff. Hold him for time and time? He had plunged to her heart. He had plumbed her soul. Her salt had filled him, her brine had gagged him. She had closed his eyes with the black of the waves. The moon had lost sight of him in the sea's arms. The stars had looked for him in vain. But then up and up she had thrust him. Flung him on the rocks and beat and bruised him. She would choose her loves and she sent him back to life.

Shadow

Shadow unknown in the depths of my soul,
Seeking to find all the answers to life.
Leave me in peace. On the paths of your search
See all the fools by bewilderment crushed.
Vain the desire and beyond your embrace.
Eve by like madness the garden destroyed;
Adam through love the debacle engulfed.
Lost in his sophistry Faust was undone;
Damned by his wisdom he gained a new hell.
Thousands of others impelled by this wish,
Burn in its flames, yet discover no plan.
Shadow, depart from me. Leave me in peace.

—Bill Jewkes

Comes the Night

by William L. Neal, Jr.

A SMALL boy stood near a tall pillar of brick that supported the house and listened to the howling and wailing of the dog. Long after the whistle had ceased the dog continued to howl. An abandoned toy automobile lay on its side near a twisting road that circled around and around the central pillar. A few toy soldiers were in disarray near the automobile and others were sprinkled here and there.

The boy listened as a voice called again and again, "Robert, Robert, come to dinner. Daddy will be home in a minute."

He kicked lazily at a tin lying near the lilac bush that lay in this particular path he took to the back steps. He paused a moment to watch several industrious ants patiently struggling with a half-dead bumble bee.

The voice called again, "Robert, Robert, come to dinner."

He answered, "I'm coming, mother."

"Aren't you going to meet your father, Robert?"

"Nah, I don't think so," came the reply as the back screen slammed shut. He continued on to the stove and sniffed and looked to reassure himself that there were beans in the pot.

He mumbled, "Beans yesterday and the day before that and the day before that and probably we'll have 'em tomorrow."

"Now, Robert, don't worry your father. We're lucky that he has a job in these times."

"Okay, mother, but ——'

"Don't you know what day it is today, Robert? It's pay day, Friday."

The boy brightened at this remark and, as he heard footsteps sounding upon the front porch, he ran to meet his father.

"Hello, Dad."

"Hi, son."

"Come on in and let's eat dinner."

Robert noticed that his father had something in his pocket that made it stick out. It was straight as a stick at the bottom but like a clod of dirt at the top.

"How was it today, Harry?'

"No trouble. But I hear the union is calling a meeting tonight."

"Are they going to shoot water at them again, Dad? Are they, huh?"

"Hush, Robert. Let's just don't talk about it."

The meal continued in silence. Robert finished and left.

"Harry, what is going to happen?"

"They'll give up, Sue. They have to. The union will never win. You know when the free food gives out the men will come back to work."

"Be careful, dear."

"Now don't you worry. I'll be all right."

He placed a ticket on the table, kissed her, and left. She carried dishes from the table to the sink, scraped out the little refuse that was in them, and placed the dishes in the large pan in the sink. Then she noticed the ticket on the table, went to it and tore open the flap, pouring out the few bills and change it held. She called, "Robert, Robert, come here a minute."

He came through the screen door and slowly came to her.

"I'm going to put your nickel into the bank and here is your penny."

"Mother, can I hold the nickel a while?"

"I guess so, Robert, but please don't lose it. You know that I want you to save and not to spend all your life here in the mill."

"Okay, Mother, I won't lose it."

He took the money and looked at both pieces a long time. Then he placed them in the chest pocket of his overalls, pushed open the screen and went out into the yard.

He passed by a broken pair of stilts and wandered to the low bank that separated this yard from the yard next door. He turned from the worn path free of bermuda grass and sought the comforting greenness where the grass grew along the bank and spread out into the plot of ground that was the back yard.

He pulled out the two pieces and examined them again. He held one above the other, dropped it and was amused by the clinking sound. Tiring of this, he flipped each separately into the air and caught them as they fell. Once the smaller one fell out of his grasp into the grass and he had to get down on his knees and find it.

He thought of the women and children and the water squirted on them. His dad had said that the men wanted more money. Money. Here was money. It wouldn't buy much candy, no, not much. But he could only spend the penny, the nickel had to go into the bank. For a penny he could get three gum drops, or two sticks of licorice, and the man would put it in a sack for him.

He wandered back past the stilts. There was somethng about money. His mother wanted him to save it. That must be it. But she let him spend the penny. Pennies must not be important. Nickels were. He had to save the nickels. But—he'd do as Mother says.

There was his horse. He mounted and raced through the tall bermuda grass but had to turn sharply because old man Smith had built a fence near the other end of the yard. He fell. His foot hit a clod of dirt.

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2 Sonnets . . .

Were I These Things

Were I delicate as sweetly tender hands,
That soothed a brow or lovely lady wooed,
Were I happy as gently running sands,
Whose crooked flight leaves lines left by their mood,
Were I gentle as a sweetly singing bird,
Who sang his stirring song to an open sky,
Were I so God-like strong it could be heard,
By these, such plainly simple fools as I,
Were I these idealistic things, and more,
What would I be if some of these were mine?
Who knows what brightly shining hidden lore,
That life has carefully passed and left behind?
Then I am better off than they—you say,
Than those who passed along the well-worn way.

—Charles Weaver

Sonnet

On earth, aspiring heaven brings but death,
And yet, for loving you, my heart desires
To win below the gods immortal breath.
That here we might, by passion's burning fires,
Our love in dear alloy eternalize,
To stay the murd'rous sweep of brutal time.
Unhappy globe, she has no lasting ties
Of strength enough to hold our love sublime,
So you and I must mourn our heartless fate,
To lose one day the transient gift of life;
We must comply with what the gods dictate,
No man averts destiny's lustful knife.
Always to love! What joy would chase the years!
But now—our thoughts mute sobs, our hopes dry tears.

—Bill Jewkes

College Education

by Clay Cathey

COLLEGE students wouldn't have nearly so hard a time getting an education if it weren't for the professors. I am ready to defend my statement on the grounds that professors frequently hinder the real education of students by exhibiting an all too common human fault—the failure to think and act inquiringly. Anyone can see how a defect in the professors is a defect in the educational system, so let us try to find out why college professors so frequently display this fault — assuming for the moment that the lack of an inquiring spirit is a fault.

In the first place, at some time in the past, the administration gained an undue amount of control over the faculty. The administration in turn is heavily influenced by the board of trustees and alumni opinion. Thus we see the beginnings of a so-called chain of command. Such a chain is undesirable because the lower links of it have authority to do very little more than enforce the policies decided on by the higher-ups, and their only chance of advancement is by pleasing those same powers. Unfortunately, it seems to be an attribute of top-level brass everywhere to judge their subordinates more on a basis of how few mistakes they make rather than the number of positive contributions they offer. Now the professors have learned, like most people, that the easiest way not to make a mistake is never to do anything not in the explicit regulations. Obviously if they want to keep their jobs, an inquiring spirit is a definite handicap. Still, college professors should be aware of the evils of dully doing nothing more than what is required since that is what most students do.

At any rate, conditions combine to kill the spirit of experimentation and innovation in many professors, especially in a liberal arts college. Therefore, they cling tenaciously to such genuine annoyances to the students as required subjects, the lecture system, teacher domination of the class, and even going to classes. In short, they cling to a program of regimentation. The student supposedly expresses a desire to learn when he applies for admission; so the relaxation of requirements would take the strain off not only the lazy students, but also the professors, because they would no longer be responsible for the success of the students. It is time we recognized that college is not just a continuation of the public school system, where the teacher has to instill a desire to learn in the students as well as knowledge. College students should have more responsibility for their education. The army arrangement showed that in general the amount of effort made by a person was in direct proportion to the amount of responsibility he had. Therefore, take students at their word when they say they came to college to learn. Maybe it's what they learn that causes so much dissatisfaction. For as it stands now, a student has no control over how he shall learn, and, because of this, over what he really learns. For having no control over the process, he cannot effect the outcome. Thus if a professor adopts boring methods or contrary attitudes, a student in his class may not actually learn what the course is supposed to give. Instead he frequently gets an actual dislike of the subject.

This regimentation of the processes is one of the traditional holdovers from the Victorian age when parents controlled their children and a mass of "proper" rules and regulations controlled the parents. It may have been all right during those days for the professors to have full authority over the students, for the young ones were so used to being told exactly what to do that they wouldn't have known what to do otherwise. But we are faced with a different situation in the present day. We live in an era of personal freedom. We now marry for love instead of by parental arrangement. We choose the occupation that appeals to us instead of following our father's footsteps. Our leisure time is our own, to do with as we please instead of being regulated strictly by a dogmatic society. In short, the primary motivation of present-day people, and students are included here, is personal desire.

Now it is obvious that education should prepare one for life. Under the new conditions of greater personal freedom, it is essential that each individual should have an inquiring spirit in order that he will properly experiment with all the possibilities of the various things over which he has a choice. If he must learn it, why not in college? Anyway, it is the duty of a liberal arts college to give the students attitudes and ideas rather than mere facts, which are the province of the technical schools. Attitudes, especially the attitude of inquiry, can be given only by actual experiments and innovations in the classes and in the whole educational system. The professors should try new ideas. What's more, they should try to have a few new ideas. If it is argued that such experimentation would greatly slow down the amount of material that can be covered, then you must remember that the liberal arts college is not first concerned with facts; and if necessary, let the professor spend the

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On the Use of the Telephone

by Jon Azell

YEARS ago, when men had to yell, trust the pony express, or signal by a wild waving of the arms to express himself, there wasn't much communication between the various parts of the country. Years passed without one side of the country knowing what the other side was doing. Then there came a man, Alexander Graham Bell by name, who decided the time had come to put a stop to all this silence. So he, like the good Samaritan, did something about it. He invented the telephone. Throughout the years the telephone has been improved upon until now it is a very useful instrument.

It is with the present age that I intend to take up the discussion of the telephone. The telephone has many uses; some of which I will list below along with some finer discussion points.

1. Long and short business calls
2. Personal calls (of the long and short variety)
3. Calls to Girls
4. Calls to Boys (this usage is slightly antiquated)
5. Some phones can be used as paper weights

Of all the above listed uses, probably the most important is the one listed as "calls to girls." In making a call to a girl, you have to go through a certain procedure that is required of all telephones that are not dial telephones. First, there is a person (usually a woman) known as "Central," who takes your number and gets your party for you. It isn't always your party but it is a party which is a fulfillment of her duties. The name "Central" comes from the Greek, meaning she has the choice of whether or not she will listen in on your conversation.

The procedure of placing a call is as follows:

You pick up the phone and immediately (you never have to wait) a sweet voice says "number please," to which you say "Operator, I want Trucklane 4434." She says, "Trafalgar 4464?" You say, "No, operator, Trucklane 4434." She says, "Just a minute, please." So you wait just a minute. After several minutes have passed, the same sweet voice says, "Trucklane 4434 has been changed to Trafalgar 4464." So you say in a surprised voice, "No." She will probably say "Yes" just to dispute your word. Then you say, "Well, give me Trafalgar 4464." You finally get your number.

The phone on the other end is picked up and the upstairs maid says, "Hello." So you say, "Hello." The preliminaries being over, you ask if Miss Truck is in. The maid says, "Who?" To which you say, "Miss Truck, Miss Dumpling Truck, is she there?" So she says, "This is McBurney's mortuary, and if she is, she is in no condition to talk." You come to the conclusion that it wasn't the upstairs maid you were talking to. So you say, "Pardon me," and hang up.

By this time, there are at least forty people waiting to use the telephone, all wanting to break your neck. This is the type of person the ardent telephone user will have to avoid if he is going to be any success at all along this line.

Finally, you get the operator to answer your buzz. The same sweet voice says, "Number, please." You are going to play a little joke on the operator so you don't say a word. Then she says, "What number, please?" You still don't say a word. Finally she says, "Do you want a number or not?" When you don't say anything, she says, "Well I'll be damned." You complain to the manager.

You try again. This time you get the number. A man's voice answers the phone. He says, "Yeah?" You say, "May I speak to Miss Dump Truck, please?" He says, "Who?" You say, "Miss Dumpling Truck of the Detroit Mack Trucks, is she there?" He thinks you are trying to be funny, so he says, "The last time I saw her, she was passing the corner of the building with a ton of gravel on her back." This leaves you cold, so you say, "What number do I have?" He says, "This is Horowitz, Leneniski, Brownlotoff, and Smith, Construction Co., with specialties in bathrooms and tile dog houses." All you can say is, "Oh," so you say, "Oh."

When the operator answers your angry buzz, you say, "Operator, I have tried twice to get the correct number and you have given me the wrong number (pause for breath), now I want Trafalgar 4464 and no other." She apologizes profusely and immediately rings your number. Must be a new operator. This time the number is correct. You make sure by first asking if you have the right number. When you find you have the correct number, you say, "Please let me speak to Miss Truck." The female on the other end says, "Just a minute, please." (99 and 44 one-hundredths percent of the phone answerers are female.) Finally she comes back. She says, "Who was it that you wanted?" You are beginning to get slightly irritated by this time, so you say, "What did you do when you answered the phone the first time?" She says, "Oh! I went to take the beans off the stove, they were burning." In a very tired voice, you ask if Miss Truck is there. So she yells at the top of her voice, "Joe, is Miss Truck here?" Joe says, "No, she left town

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The Double Cross

by Philip G. Clarke

THE rain fell in torrents and tossed by a stout and gusty wind, beat a tattoo on the windows of Murphy's Bar & Grill. Inside, only a handful of "regulars" had arrived, as the night was yet early. Several pedestrians had also retreated into Murphy's friendly spot to avoid becoming drenched in the sudden downpour. These last peered anxiously through the heavy plate glass, hoping for the rain to slacken.

Two men sat over cups of steaming coffee at the table in the second booth. One, a thin individual with a pasty complexion and who was dressed in flashy clothes, kept glancing furtively toward the big horseshoe where several eager clients were being served by Ernie, the bartender. His companion was a man in his early thirties, neatly dressed and who continually puffed a cigarette between deep sips from a heavy cup.

The thin man, evidently in an effort to express sociability, hunched forward and said across the table, "A 'stoolie,' sure, that's what they call me. My job ain't up-and-up, I'm sort of a cross between a Judas and a pimp—but I've made a sweet livin' outta it these past few years.

"But it's sorta lonesome, yuh get what I mean? Yuh don't have any real friends in this racket. Me, I can count mine on the thumbs of one hand. The gang I run around with ain't caught on yet—if they do, it'll be another story."

"Lap up that Java slow, Bud, while I wise yuh up. Back in the days when ev'ryt'ing was rosy, I was a Grade-A hash-slinger in a swell diner. Yuh know, one of them shiny beaneries where your eats is cooked right in front of yuh. An' where the sassiety mugs drop in early in the ayem when they wanna' do a little slummin'.

"Then hard luck crost my path. I lost my job an' I ain't had a regular one since. An' that's five years ago. Broke an' hungry mosta the time, I started sniffin' 'coke' t'keep me goin'. Bud, yuh ever take a pinch a 'snow' when the road was hard, when t'ings looked so bad yuh didn't care whether the sun come up or not? It'll sure pull yuh together, an' them dreams—boy, you're ridin' plenty high!

"Right after I started hittin' the dope, I first met the law. Some smart copper spotted me in Clancey's Place, a beer joint over on Seventh Avenoo. I'd just slipped One-eye Esposito a buck for a bindle. Then the cop pinches the both of us on a Harrison rap.

"Esposito had a big wad a' dope on him, an' me, I only had that 'deck' I just bought. So the judge hands Esposito a five-year ticket up the river an' gives me thirty days in the cooler.

"Kelly, a strong-arm dick outta the Fourth Precinct, worked on me while I was coolin' off. Tryin' t' find out who was floodin' his district with dope. He sorta took a likin' t'me an' wised me up on this 'stoolie' racket.

" 'Frankie,' he says, 'you're too smart t'play around with them dum' eggs like yuh do. Yuh've got the brains an' polish t'help me out. There's good dough in it an' a soft livin'. All yuh gotta' do is t' keep your eyes an' ears open on what's goin' on round these dumps an' then tip me off. Here's a trade for yuh—we'll not bother yuh for your work in helpin' us. But remember, no double crossin' or yuh'll end up where Marty Weisberger did, on a slab over on Sixth.

"Thinkin' it over from all angles, I says, 'Copper, you're on." A foolish move, yuh'll say, an' I agrees with yuh. But when yuh've been raised in an orphanage, picked up all yuh know from the gutter, and seen the stinky bottom side of livin' like I had, the proposition looked damn good.

" 'Then, too,' smiles the cop, 'there'll be a lotta' reward money, a split for yuh, an' I'll see yuh get plenty gravy.' Well, here was winter comin' on an' I didn't have a good thread b'tween me an' the cold weather—there was another reason, too. I could get back at some o' them lugs which had made it hard for me in the past, some o' them smart gorillas.

"Yuh read in the tabs about the Varonne gang, them yellow rats from Brooklyn what did six bank stick-ups last year? They was the ones what didn't give nobody a chance if they didn't move pronto when they told 'em to. Just mowed 'em down with their 'choppers.' Rats if I ever seen any. Well, I turned 'em in an' gotta' neat slice o' the reward money. If them boys ever dreamt that it was me who wised the coppers to that job where they were caught raw, I wouldn't be blowin' yuh t'this cuppa Java.

"Lissen, yuh remember that case where a 14-year-old girl up in Westchester County was kidnaped two years ago? The ransom dough was paid, but her parents found her dead, packed tight in a pickle barrel out at Hanley's Beach. I hated anybody's guts for a trick like that. When I learnt it was Snake Ferris and his crowd of toughs, I gave 'em the office. That is, Kelly and his manhandlers did. An', Bud, was them snatchers done up brown! Their own mothers wouldn't a' recognized Ferris, Snowball Mandon an' Shorty Kovic. Kelly and his pals beat the livin' hell outta' 'em

when they got 'em. Them three got life—they was lucky to miss the hot seat.

"Ain't borin' yuh with this story, am I? How's for some more, Joe? Say, yuh remember Mick Angelo and his mob o' gorillas what had the numbers racket sewed up tight in Brooklyn some time ago? I helped t'get him. Me an Kelly planned the whole thing out. I tipped off the cops where the Mick an' his gang was hid an' the strong-arm boys crashed the doors of his place one night an' eased him an' his playmates down to headquarters. Yeah, too bad they let him out on bail. He skipped, but the others, them four in his mob, took it on the chin for three years each. Funny thing about the Mick. He's the guy what cuts a cross on each cheek when he gets a bird where he wants him His trademark, I guess. Remember how he left his card on Fats Bernstein's map when he tried to muscle in on his territory? That Mick's a snotty bastard, mean as hell, an' when he's hopped up, he thinks that even Hoover an' his outfit couldn't take him in.

"I was glad t'finger that mug. He was plenty smart t'skip, but there's a nice cool cell ready for him when they find him.

"Ain't borin' yuh yet? Well, when the papers spread it on thick about Kelly catchin' up with Al Maness while he was crackin' that Jew pawnbroker's crib on Thoid Avenoo, it gave me a laugh. I was the guy what done it. I told Kelly the whole layout of that job, an' my take of the reward money will keep me sittin' pretty for a coupla months. Maness was a nervy guy an' he was workin' pretty smooth with his gang until they got him.

"Say, don't go just yet, let me finish this an' I gotta go, too. Did yuh ever get tired of just bein' in one place, like yuh would wanta go out an' get a big, deep breath of real fresh air—air that ain't lousy with the city's stink? Well, I feel that way, an' I'm goin' down to a little town in Virginia an' take it easy for a while. Think I'll hole up there an' just take a good rest. A little burg called Freestown. Back to nature, ha, that's me!

"Well, Bud, I gotta be goin' now, gonna pack up an' then I'll head for the sticks. I'll be seein' yuh in the funnies."

Five days later "Bud" walked into Murphy's Bar & Grill and sat down at the second booth. He sipped a cup of coffee as he scanned the pages of a newspaper. His eyes focused on an item date-lined Freestown, Va.:

June 10 (AP)—The body of an unidentified white man, flashily dressed, was found here today in deep underbrush near the White Way Tourist Camp. The victim had been shot once between the eyes and on each cheek were deep knife cuts in the shape of a cross. His suit bore a New York City clothing store label. Police are investigating.

A smile of satisfaction came to the reader's face as he folded the paper, got up and walked toward the door.

Manhattan

Metropolis of ugly masonry
Moored between two mournful rivers
Flowing with muck and money,
Mecca of the misguided,
Melting pot of millions
Mixed and mangled in it,
Site of Mammon's Marathon,
Monstrous and malevolent
Malignant
Manhattan.

—Bill Jewkes

Internationalism

(From Page 8)

indicated their intentions by becoming members of the arrangements; second, the precarious world security situation to which it will bring a corrective influence; and third, the developing unity of the North Atlantic community, historically evident throughout more than half a century of increasing interdependence but here formally recognized for the first time.

By acceptance of the pact, the pattern of United States responsibility in the post-war world is boldly fixed. In accepting the pact as a new principle, we are taking a logical, in fact an inescapable step in the development of our post-war international policy. We are stating the principle of non-aggression on our part and for the first time we are stating in advance the principle that we shall not tolerate aggression in Europe by any other nation. The clear intention of the signatory nations to take united action should remove the danger of miscalculation by any potential aggressor that he could succeed in overcoming them one by one. If such a clear intention had been given early enough to Nazi Germany, the second World War might well have been prevented.

However, this bold new policy has not been achieved by pure chance. It is a part of an evolutionary process. The evolution of the Western European partnership has fallen into three broad phases. First, there is the economic partnership. That partnership — the European Recovery Program—is a going concern. Second, there is the military partnership. This began with the signing of the Brussels Pact and has culminated in the signing of the North Atlantic Pact. Third, the political phase has had a cautious beginning with the formation of the Council of Europe. This third phase is a logical and hoped-for result of the

other two phases. It may well be the nucleus of a World Federation which, ever since the collapse of the Roman Empire, has been in man's mind. The pact itself is a result of many compromises among nations, of much criticism and attack, and of much debate; but, in the final analysis, it is proof to the world that peaceful nations, who have the will, can work toward a common goal.

Searching Mind

(From Page 4)

activity. People from the city and the surrounding areas alike sought amusement and diversion. Hard-working laborers, both colored and white, flocked to town in search of an illusive good time. Most of them trying to compensate for a dreary work-week past and to forget the one coming up.

Traffic on Saturday night was a bottleneck of noisy confusion. Policemen brusquely waved traffic on. Huge trailer trucks were harnessed to a snail's pace, much to the chagrin of the drivers. High-school kids raced the motors of their jalopies. People looked at them with indulgent smiles. The cops looked differently. Contrary to the volume of traffic, there were comparatively few people on the streets. That was a city, a city of stone, pillar and steel. A living thing which had hundreds of impatient little mechanical maggots crawling in and out of its bowels.

Bernard walked away from the heart of the town toward the outskirts. A bright red neon sign caught his eye. It was a tavern. In front of the tavern, he deliberated a moment, went in, and ordered a beer. Suddenly he grinned. He was thinking of the college rule concerning places of this type, strictly forbidden. It pleased him and he felt a little adventuresome. A nice sense of recklessness crept over him. Maybe I ought to be more reckless, he thought.

As he sipped the beer, he began to look around. And his mood began to change rapidly. Thick, blue cigarette smoke hung in the atmosphere. Both men and women sat in the small cramped booths, drinking beer. They laughed loudly and often, apparently having a good time. The dank smell of beer, cigarette smoke, filth and perspiration oppressed him. An atmosphere of degeneration settled around him like a shroud of dismal evil. It was a formidable force, one that seized him with the tenacity of a malignant disease. His mouth became tight. It lost its mocking look. A reeking force of decay seemed to penetrate his being; it seeped in at every pore almost nauseating him. Embrace a rotted corpse, he thought, and try not to stink.

Bernard had known the existence of evil, but never before had he been confronted with it as he was now. It was real; he could almost touch it. His stomach was a hollow emptiness and a cold dreary wind blew through the nothingness. The noise and laughter continued. Look at them, he thought, a bunch of laughing robots, automatons that know neither joy nor happiness—a place for forgetting. Forget that you exist in pain and suffering. Damn you, laugh your brittle, meaningless cackle and try to forget, forget that you are flesh and blood and will one day shrivel and wither.

Bitterness welled up inside him. He wanted to get out of the place, back into the air where he could breathe. He left. As he left, he heard a mournful hillbilly tune floating from the juke box. He caught a few words:

"I walk alone where we once wandered,
This lonely night was made to ponder ——"

The thought was still spinning a savage pattern in Bernard's head as he walked rapidly down the street. His heels sounded a hollow rhythm on the pavement. Two teen-age girls walking arm in arm approached him. They looked at him with teasing larking eyes. The sight of them made him feel better. He smiled at them. He was glad they had come along. The girls giggled profusely at his response, but they scampered hurriedly on, looking back over their shoulders from time to time. Rosy cheeked kids, he thought, and yet they're women.

"Something's gotten into me tonight," Bernard said aloud as he turned a corner that led into a side street. On the corner, a drug store fashioned into the manner of a medieval fortress, squatted mutely in the black shadows, silently disdaining recognition of a finer, more modern building beside it.

The medieval building reminded him again of Patti. Her favorite stories were those of King Arthur and his knights. She often acted a playful burlesque of the part of a coy damsel, dialogue and all. She was right cute at it, too, thought Bernard. And there were times when he thought he might be happy with her. It might be anything much, perhaps a certain way she looked at him out of her blue eyes, or maybe the slightest quiver of the corner of her mouth, or again the way she pronounced a certain word. He couldn't say exactly what it was, but for an instant, a seemingly unfathomable gap would be bridged. Light would dazzle the darkness of his lonely spirit; he would feel exultant. Then as quickly as it came it would fade leaving him sadder than before. It was like grasping the beautiful for a moment and then having it slide through your outstretched fingers like brilliant quicksilver, and leaving not a trace—only the feel of dead weight. He had tried damnably hard to love Patti and he had come closer with her than with anyone else, but he knew it could

(Continued on Page 18)

This Way to School

by Lee McRae

"TOBY, I had my fortune read today," said Francesca over the top of her knitting. Across the room Toby puffed little clouds of smoke from his pipe and said, "Oh, really?" in precisely the same tone he would have used if Francesca had announced that she'd just given birth to a three-ton triceratops. However, Major Greep was not preoccupied with a newspaper, so at least someone had heard Francesca.

"Fortune-telling's a lot of tommy-rot," he rumbled. "Utter tommy-rot. Can't see why anyone goes in for it."

"Well, I don't go in for it, as you say, Poppa. I was down at the pavilion this afternoon with Mrs. Nichols, and we just thought it might be fun to go in. The Swami is positively the weirdest man I've ever seen . . . except, of course, Toby when he first gets up in the morning."

Toby, hearing his name mentioned again muttered, "Oh, really, dear?" still without any real consciousness of the conversation going on around him.

"Anyway," said Francesca, "he told me . . ."

"Don't want to hear what he told you. Lot of bosh. Ought to leave those fellers alone. Absolutely alone."

"But it was only in fun, Poppa. I didn't really believe him."

"That's just it. Never know whether to believe the chaps or not. If you do, you worry about it. If you don't, you still worry. Bad lot. Bad lot."

"Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry I brought it up then. I just thought it might be entertaining."

"Entertaining, eh? Well, it reminds me of something I heard about years ago," said the Major.

"I rather thought it might," said Francesca, not unkindly.

"Yes, it does. About a young chap going to a fortune teller. Just goes to show you.

"Seems there was this young feller out in Illinois. Don't remember just what his name was, but it don't really matter. I'll call him Bill. Well, Bill was a smart young chap, lived all alone with his grandmother, his parents having been killed when he was real little. Now his grandmother was always ailing, and ever since he could remember Bill was determined to be a doctor so's he could help folks. He went to school daytimes and worked nights, and his grandmother took in sewing and washing, and by the time he was halfway through high school they'd saved enough to get him started on his way through medical school when the time came.

"Now it was just about this time that Bill went to the County Fair when it was there and went to a fortune teller — just for fun. Now, I don't know whether this guy had heard of Bill, or what, but he told Bill that one day he'd go to Johns Hopkins. Now you can imagine how much that pleased the boy. Yes, he was mightily pleased over that, and so was his grandmother. They could just see him studying away at Hopkins and becoming the finest doctor there ever was. From that day on Bill had it in the back of his mind that he'd wind up at Hopkins, and never even thought of going nowhere else. No, sir. It was to be Hopkins, and no getting around it. Got to be sort of an obsession with him.

"After he'd graduated from high school with top grades he went away to college to take a couple years of work before going to Hopkins. It just never occurred to him that Hopkins might not be easy to get into.

"Now, while he was in school two big things happened to Bill. First he met Susie, and then his grandmother died, though I don't think his meeting Susie had anything to do with his grandmother. Except for Susie, he was all alone now. But before long, even Susie was sold on the fact of Bill's going to Hopkins, because a fortune teller told him he would go some day. She was nobody's fool, and knew a good thing when she saw it. A doctor out of Hopkins wasn't anything bad to get married to, so she encouraged him all she could and they both just waited for the day when he'd be admitted and they'd get married.

"So for about two years they had a real nice time, living in the future, as it were.

"But when the time came around to apply for admission, Bill got turned down, and he was fit to kill, he was so down in the dumps. Just couldn't understand it.

"'Well, Bill,' says Susie, 'don't give up so quick. You're still young. Work for a year, and then try again.' So Bill did that, and for a year they were right happy again.

"But when he applied the following year, he got turned down again, and this time he really was desperate. He just couldn't figure what had gone wrong, because the fortune teller had told him quite positively that he'd go to Hopkins.

"Well, after the second try, Susie began to get suspicious and think maybe she'd just been wasting her time on nothing more than a fortune teller's promise. As I said, she was no fool, so she woke up to herself, but Bill kept on working, resolved to try again.

"Then one day Susie up and got married to a law student from Kentucky, and that was the final blow

for poor Bill. That was really adding insult to injury, and he went on a binge and was gone from work for three weeks, and they found him one day in the train station with a dazed look on his face trying to get a ticket to Baltimore. But he didn't have any money. They took him away to the hospital.

"The first thing they knew, Bill had disappeared from his nice clean room at the hospital, and the next time they heard from him he was in an asylum near Baltimore. He'd ridden the freights to Maryland, and was wandering about under the delusion that he was a Hopkins student. Hopkins denied any connection, so they stuck him away in an observation ward, and he passed his time there quite happily filling out imaginary forms of application to Hopkins. Fair off his nut, he was, by that time.

"So you see, fortune tellers ain't to be trusted."

"Well, really now, Poppa," said Francesca, "I don't think I'm quite as susceptible as this poor Bill."

"Wait a minute, I ain't through," said the Major.

"Bill stayed at this place for about three years, and then one day, guess what happened?"

"Hopkins accepted him."

"Not quite. He caught pneumonia and died."

"How awful."

"So there he was, poor Bill. All dead and all, and nobody to care for him nor claim his mortal remains. So they embalmed him and sent him over to the anatomy department of Hopkins along with several other cadavers for the first-year class to dissect. So just as the fortune teller had said, he went to Hopkins after all."

Francesca looked at the Major steadily for a minute or so. "Just what are you trying to prove?" she asked sternly.

The Major grinned broadly. "Nothing. Just telling you a story, that's all. Stories don't have to prove anything."

"That's what I thought. And I think it's a very silly sort of story. Don't you, Toby?"

"Of course, dear," said Toby, without the faintest idea of what was going on.

Searching Mind

(From Page 16)

never be.

The jangle of spotty band music interrupted reverie of his tangled emotions over Patti. Quickening his pace, he approached a group of Salvation Army workers bombarding a small, dilapidated hotel with their music. Probably boycotting the hotel, he thought, no doubt for questionable ethics. The group was formed into a half circle, starting from the curb and the oval extending out into the street. There were only six playing members in the band. It was led by a captain, a short, rotund man of about fifty, who gave the appearance of pomposity in his tight-fitting uniform. A visored cap sat squarely on his head. A double roll of flesh furrowed the back of his neck, accentuated by the high, stiff, red color of his tunic. He played the trumpet. The captain's wife was a slight, colorless woman whose eyes were constantly averted in complacent humility. She held a combination castinet and collection plate. Four girls completed the band. Their ages ranged from the early teens to the late teens. Needless to say, they were the children of the captain and his wife. One of the girls, a dark brunette of about eighteen, was shapely and possessed a pleasant face though it was plain. She wore a light shade of lipstick, the only discernible evidence of cosmetics in the group.

Bernard wondered if she wore the lipstick against the wishes of her father. He silently congratulated her. The band concluded its piece. Besides himself, Bernard counted less than ten people that openly expressed enough interest in the group to stay and listen. A lanky farm boy looked hungrily at the shapely brunette; she returned his look. An elderly man who looked like he might be a successful farmer sat in a straight chair beside the seedy hotel. His reddish, coarse face was raptly attentive. A young boy stood off to the side and watched. A big man stood beside the band and Bernard wasn't sure whether he belonged to the group or not.

The captain signaled the band to attention and named the next selection. The group poised themselves in readiness. The captain thrust his free arm out toward them in an abrupt, stiff manner which resembled closely a Nazi "Heil Hitler" salute. He spoke in measured tones full of dramatic intent.

"We serve for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind." Then he signaled for the music. The band launched into a Christian march, ragged and lacking in harmony. About midway in the number, a greasy, bald-headed man stuck out of the door of the hotel. His head glistened green in the reflection of an overhead neon sign. He started to go out, changed his mind and with a shrug went back inside. Every now and then the band would pause momentarily, the captain would say a verse and the music would start again. Often they would sing a line or two instead. Finally the music ended altogether. The captain again raised his hand in salute and turned slowly around as if vast multitudes surrounded him and said in the same measured voice:

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, Brother Pikney will testify for the greater glory of God."

Brother Pikney turned out to be the big man standing at the band, whose membership in the group

Bernard had questioned. Often his enthusiastic efforts exceeded even those of the band. He was a huge man and one who gave his shabby clothes a shoddier look than they actually were. He hoisted his ponderous frame over the curbing and stepped gravely to the center of the half circle The street light revealed a coarse, pockmarked face and a thatch of straw-like hair. Thick, bushy brows hung over rheumy, watery eyes of washed-out blue. A very red, bulbous nose sat in the middle of his round face. His mouth was wide, loosely with the corners turning down into heavy jowls. A mountainous belly stretched his soiled shirt gaping between button holes. A portion of his underwear was visible between the last button and his pants. There was just too much for his shirt to cover. Bernard laughed a little; he couldn't help it.

With an air of great solemnity, the big-bellied man began to speak in a deep, booming voice with a rasping metallic burr at the edges.

"My friends, in my testimony to the greater glory of the Lord, I want to say to you, my friends, to you who are lost . . . those of you who are lost in the ways of sin and wickedness, to come to Jesus . . . come to Christ and give to Him your soul and be saved from the eternal and wretched agony of hellfire and damnation. Come, my friends, come while there is still time. Oh-h-h, my friends, the time is short, the time is short . . ." His tempo was becoming faster. He began to pace. At various points he would bellow; at others his voice would quaver from emotion.

"Oh, my dear friends, think! Think of the horrible tortures of hell, where you burn forever in a never-ending fire. Forever, do you hear? Forever, without the slightest glimmer of hope for escape or respite; and forever, my dear friends, is a long, long time."

Pikney continued in this vein. A teen-aged boy and girl approached, hand in hand, laughing and talking gaily. A hush fell over them as they neared the group. The big-bellied man confronted them with a stare. The boy and girl hung their heads in uneasy embarrassment over the man's scrutiny. Pikney singled out the girl as they passed by.

"Little girl, are you the one who wants to suffer the dread torments of hell?" His voice was husky. "Some day, little girl, you will be called to pay for your sins, and what will your answer be? Before the

judgment bar, little girl, all your sins are put before you, and what will your answer be? Then, little girl, you are going to remember my words. You are going to wish a million times that you had heeded my plea as your soul is carted, screaming in anguish, before the smouldering gates of hell. Come, little girl, let me lead you to peace . . . love . . ." Meanwhile the boy and girl had already gone on down the street. The girl's head hung shyly.

Pikney began to pace up and down as if he didn't have the slightest idea of where he wanted to go. He seemed to have acquired a frenzied zeal from out of the very air. Words tumbled profusely from his mouth, hardly intelligible, as he made large "ulps" taking in air to halfway keep up with the output. His arms gesticulated frantically in the empty air. He would shake his finger viciously and pummel savagely the palm of one hand with his fist in emphasis. His breath came in spasmodic jerks, his face was beet-red. Saliva dribbled out and down the corners of his mouth as he screamed and bellowed about the evils and temptations of the flesh, the defilement of innocence, and the way mothers let their daughters walk the streets in ruin.

The shapely brunette in the band smothered a snicker. The younger girls in the band shifted from one foot to the other in boredom. The captain, stiffly at attention, nodding his head at various times in agreement with Pikney. His wife stared dully with her still averted eyes. The young Negro girl edged nearer in a nervous, fidgety manner.

Finally exhausted, the big-bellied man closed out his testimony. The band started up again. Bernard walks slowly away. In his mind, he was remembering a little poem he had once written many years ago in a Sunday school class. It went—

"What is it, my soul,
That you are ever sorrowful.
Trust in God,
He is your only refuge."

The shadow of the building partly hid the strange, crooked leer that twisted his face.

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Books . . .

"You Can't Build a Chimney from the Top,"—Joseph Winthrop Holley. In a time when the race question vies with the atomic bomb and the Kinsey report as a topic of conversation, this book is a must for the well educated bull shooter. Written by a Negro educator who has spent most of his days in the South, the book is a good presentation from the other side of the color line and a healthy counterirritant to Richard Wright's violent "Black Boy."

Joseph Holley was born in Winnsboro, South Carolina, and received his early education in this state. He completed his preparatory and college work in the North, through the beneficence of a wealthy New Englander. Returning to his native section, Dr. Holley opened a small college in Albany, Georgia, where he has remained, except for fund-raising tours and foreign travel as a representative of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Holley's views on the solution of the South's race problem are surprisingly in conformity with the ideas of the conservative southerner —segregation but equal opportunities of education for the Negro, and a gradual extension of his privileges. One might conclude that Dr. Holley is kowtowing to the South in hopes of receiving support for his educational proposals, or at least a lynchless old age.

Another unusual feature of this book is the defense of Eugene Talmadge, who has been so violently declaimed as a Negro hater. He is described as a governor who sought additional opportunities and colored control for the colored colleges in Georgia, but who was thwarted by opponents who invented his race hatred for political propaganda.

In his discussion of the indignities suffered by his race, Dr. Holley points out that much of the maltreatment was a reaction to the Negro's poor record during the period of carpetbagger rule, when southern legislatures were little more than brawls. He makes use of the well worn theme that the well-being of the southern Negro is far greater than that of his brother in Africa, yet is not "noble savagery" preferable to ignoble subservience?

This book will prove to be a source of comfort to the "typical" southerner and a consternation to the northern Negro sympathizer. That Joseph Holley is a great educator is evident; that his ideas represent the opinions of his people is a matter for conjecture.

—Bob Hall

Thirteenth century France had no problems of civil liberties. All transactions came under the jurisdiction of the local big-wig, and the poor working man's only solace was God. In such a setting it is not surprising that the brutal murder of a transient nobleman should weigh upon the conscience of the town of Sagolas. The surprising thing is that the ghostly figure in shining mail and shroud-like cape should continue to stalk the town through later centuries and presumably to the present.

Tragic little Sagolas and its malevolent genius are the creation of Henri Beraud, a French politico of the first half of this century who won some fame for his polemics. In his novel "The Wood of the Hanging Templar" (Le Bois du Templier Pendu), the town is the hero; its plodding existence, always struggling against extinction, is described with a simplicity as fundamental as Sagolas' problems: greed, famine, pestilence, and war. No embellishment is needed to recreate the relentless poverty grinding out one generation after another. Hope is the only beauty that is present. The Sagolards stubbornly hold the belief that one day the land they work will yield its harvest for themselves and not for their feudal masters.

The town's castle symbolizes its subjection. First owned by feudal lords, then by a monastic order and finally the state itself, its strength dominates Sagolas and drains the resources to feed its preponderance. Occasionally rebellion sidles out, but the wrath of the Templar is friend to the overlord, and inevitably the people are crushed. The revolution that rushes forth to success is the one which for years has eaten at the table of cancerous poverty till the force of hunger is overwhelming. Then comes 1789, and at last man inherits the earth.

The few individuals Beraud describes, chiefly members of the Champarte family, are not heroic idealists. Most of them are stodgy peasants whose one concern is living and who have no interest in the philosophical implications of life. Periodically the ghost appears and with superstitious dread they await the evil he presages. Adventurers among them are admired but little understood. Brave new worlds are too distant for them to discern clearly; when the freedom they have almost inadvertently struggled for is attained they clasp it to themselves as their panacea.

What of the ghost? Does it disappear? Or was there a ghost even before the murder of the Templar? What is this ghost which plagues not only Sagolas but man himself? Beraud has posed the inevitable question of what it is that man has fought from creation onward. The specter is inherent in Sagolas. As long as the town exists its search for a broader experience will undergo tragic setbacks. Each obstacle it overcomes will disclose a new obstacle in a progression whose ultimate goal is beyond conception, much less comprehension.

—by Bill Jewkes

Telephone

(From Page 13)

on her honeymoon last night and she won't be back until next month." Before the female could say anything else, you say, "I heard him." Then you hang up. You plan to call another girl when you have another three hours free. As you leave, you hear someone make a very uncomplimentary remark about these people who don't know how to use a telephone.

Comes the Night

(From Page 10)

He got up and picked up the stick and mounted again. The horse was slowed down to a walk.

He passed under the house near the water pipes and spied his soldiers. He loaded them on a truck and carried them to the central pillar. He found a spider there and took a stick and played with it a while before crushing it into the fine brown dirt.

He heard someone talking so he went to a pillar near the steps and listened.

"I hope the union gives up soon. I just wonder how long they can hold out."

"Harry told me the other day that the money was about run out. So I guess it won't be long now."

He drifted back to the trucks just as he heard, "Mr. Rosie Velt will do something. The Ree Publicans just didn't know how to run things."

He didn't know any Rosie Velt. It must be someone from Greenston. He put his hand into his pocket and felt for the money. Must be in the other pocket. No. He went through them all one by one. No. Where could it be? In the grass?

The sun was going over the hill up at the store. He hunted and hunted. No. He lay in the tall grass and cried, louder than when his dad whipped him. Shadows crossed over him as he rose to hunt some more. On the bank. No. Under the front steps. No.

His money was gone. It was not like the time that Santa Claus had not brought the wagon. No. It was not like not wanting to eat beans today and tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. No. It was not like falling down and hurting. No. It was not like being sick. His money was gone. Mother would be mad. What would Dad say?

The final whistle blew. Dad came home and Mother called him to supper. He wished he were a bird and could fly away.

"Robert, Robert. Where in the world is that boy? Robert, Robert, come to supper."

Slowly he started toward the back steps. The last tear rolled down the bed made by many others on his begrimed face. He opened the screen door and went into the house.

All is Not Gold

(From Page 6)

As they walked out of the auditorium, the short, black-haired man's companion said to him, "I've got most of it straight now. But there's one thing I can't figure out. What about this head-hunting stuff? Are there really such people or did that come from comic books too?"

The short man chuckled. "I thought you would get around to that question. No, I don't think either of your suggestions are right. I have my own pet theory on that. While Knight was on the ship, we got to calling him 'the head-hunter' and the term must have stuck in his head. Then he built a story around it."

"Yes, that sounds logical enough. But tell me, how did he get the name of 'head-hunter'?"

"That's very simple, just like him. He was a Ph. D. but he never could find the bathroom on the ship. So of course he got that name . . ."

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The Folly of Wickford

by Jai Cordi

A SHAFT of early autumn sunlight streaked through the window of Burton Wickford's simple, pine-paneled office. It fell across the face of the man sitting at the desk. He hesitated, sighed, shoved a stack of papers into one of the drawers, slammed it shut and leaned back in his swivel chair. He locked his hands together and formed a crutch to rest the back of his head upon. He squirmed himself into a comfortable position as the chair squeaked in protest. A foot rested on the edge of the desk. The man's eyes were fixed as he stared meditatively out the window. A stillness enveloped where phantoms pass in retrospect.

It would be hard to say exactly what Burton Wickford was thinking as he stared intently toward the evening sun without seeing it. He was a man in his forties with graying hair and a fairly slim, athletic body despite his years. A quiet firmness etched his face, intensified by gray, indecipherable eyes, which at the moment had a far-away look. But his chin was by far the most prominent member of his features. Cragginess sums up the best description of it. The uneven, bony structure of his chin and jawbone, which jutted out like the ragged edge of a mountain glacier, clashed with the rest of his face. By comparison the rest of his features were delicate and sensitive—a long, oval face, a high forehead, and a long, thin nose. He would have passed for a character actor almost anywhere. Traces of aestheticism hung about his face, appearing now and then like some unwanted guest. It made him look sad and melancholic —brooding.

Everyone agreed that Burton Wickford was a successful business man and one widely respected liked Burton. They liked to work for him. His magnetic personality and reputation for fairness inspired a confidence in his associates that they would always get a square deal. Burton had no labor problems. He was the scion of a family that figured prominently in the history of Georgia. The Wickfords had been one of the first pioneer families to settle in Georgia. With the combination of sturdy character, hard work, thrift, and a flare for management, they became enormously wealthy from the huge tracts of land they cultivated. They were a landmark synonymous with Georgia itself. That was in the early days. Like so many other Southern families, the Civil War was the beginning of the end for the Wickfords. Succeeding generations passed, and with the passing of each, the vigor of the Wickfords decreased. Each generation, content with the fortunes left them, made no effort to check the dissipating wealth and power that were slipping from them. Wealth was not the important thing they were losing. Indulgences made them bloated, with perverted softness, and the family strain lost its vitality and will to do. The once great pillar of Wickford had become moldy with decay and degeneration until almost nothing remained of the magnificent monument.

Johnston Wickford, Burton's father, made a gallant attempt to resurrect some of the family honor. He partly succeeded and he did it in his shirt sleeves. When he died, he left Burton some thirty thousand dollars and also left him with the dying hope that he would make something of himself and help clear the dark blot from the family. Burton did make something of himself. Sixteen years later he had pyramided that thirty thousand into a flourishing two-million-dollar paper mill concern. And he would go further.

It could have been that Burton was thinking of the drive and energy he had expended in those sixteen grueling years. He could have been thinking of the name of Wickford, his sensitivity and bitter hatred of things that he, himself, associated with the name. But the chances are that he was thinking of his dark, attractive wife, Elizabeth. Lately her behavior had begun to puzzle him. It also worried him. He wondered about the little incongruous doings he had noticed recently. She often had a strange and disconcerted look upon her face. Burton felt uneasy when she looked like that, because he remembered an aunt who had looked something like that, and she was crazy. He didn't like it at all.

It had been two years since the tragic drowning of their eleven-year-old son, Glenn, and since then things had not been the same between him and Elizabeth. Burton found himself resenting her for not giving him any more children, though he tried hard not to. He had wanted more but Elizabeth had not. Burton had pinned his hopes and ambitions upon his son to carry on and expand his successful business and above all carry on the dynasty of Wickford. All those tumbled into a shattered mass at his feet. Sometimes he wondered why he worked so hard, even after his son's death, but he knew well the reason. He had not driven himself mercilessly these last two years for nothing. He knew only too well. He never mentioned his son's name and tolerated no one discussing him in his presence, not even Elizabeth.

It was a dreary thought that he was the last of a long line of Wick-

fords, and it seared him. That he would pass on and leave nothing behind him made him bitter. It was a frightening and frustrating thought. He, Burton Leonard Wickford, was the last yellowed page of the history book—of the Wickfords.

Cool shadows crept longer as a now impotent red sphere sank deeper in the west. Burton breathed deeply the tangy, enervating autumn air as he eased the car out of the main gate of his huge plant. The wind had pushed the usual pungent, acrid smell of wood acid in the opposite direction. The gate-keeper acknowledged him with a salute and a beaming smile. Burton returned the salute. This was an unwritten chivalric code of long standing between the two.

On his way home from work it was Burton's usual custom to stop at a small, unpretentious combination cafe and drive-in called "The Cabin Hut" for a beer. It gave him a keener appetite for dinner and also helped him to relax. He always enjoyed the quiet moments when he sat at the tiny table in the corner sipping leisurely the bubbling liquid. Here his time was his own. He could be alone with himself. As usual the beer was brought promptly to him without his ordering it. They always did that. He grinned. Some day he would play a joke on them and want a coke instead. He drank the beer slowly, his face serious again. Wisps of hard melancholy appeared in his eyes as he watched closely the tiny bubbles rise to the surface and disappear into a vast nothingness. They seemed to suggest something unpleasant.

Moments later a heavy-set man dressed in khakis and rough boots shouldered his way through the door and clumped boldly up to the squat, scarred counter. He ordered beer and cigarettes. He looked around, saw Burton, stepped over to him.

"Hello, Burt, mind if I join you?" This voice was deep and husky.

"Not at all, George, have a seat," Burton returned affably, not quite meaning it. He felt his privacy had been violated by the intrusion. He had known George Wesley practically all his life. They grew up together. On the surface, they had always been friendly to one another, but as long as he could remember there had been something strained about their relationship, some deep-rooted tension that made each uncomfortable and ill at ease in the others presence. Burton toyed with his glass.

George lit a cigarette, mainly to occupy his hands, hands that were large and sun-burned, sun-burned the same way his face was, from constant outdoor life. Smoke dribbled out his mouth and rolled lazily toward the ceiling.

"How's business, Burt?"

"Oh, pretty fair, pretty fair," replied Burton without much enthusiasm. George always asked him this question.

The two men eyed each other, each envious of the other. George envied Burton's business success and the enormous respect he had gained. Burton envied George's two husky boys that were making names for themselves on the high-school football team. He also envied the outdoor existence George enjoyed as a versatile contractor, surveyor, and civil engineer.

"What job are you working on now, George," asked Burton, making an effort to be amicable.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Burt; me and the boys have been out all evening surveying some disputed boundary lines. The Boyces and the Hillyers are in a big squabble. Ole man Hillyer claims that Boyce fenced in a sizable chunk of his land. A helluva thing, but you know how these things are."

"Yeah, I know . . . a pity, too, but what's that got to do with me?"

"Nothing in that, but-er, what I wanted to say is that we saw your

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wife-er wandering around in the graveyard at that little church at Red Creek."

George looked quizzically at Burton for some sort of reaction. He got none.

"Hope you don't think I'm too nosy or anything, Burt. I just thought maybe you'd like to know."

"Thanks," said Burton, "but are you sure it was Liz?"

"Positive, for we drove right by the place. And your wife's car was parked in front of the church. I'd recognize that anywhere."

"Well, Liz has been interested in old churches lately . . . for artistic purposes," lied Burton. He gulped down a mouthful of beer as George's face mirrored disappointment.

George's piece of news keenly interested Burton. He wanted to ask him more but refrained because he didn't want to give the appearance of anxiety.

He had known for some time that sly whisperings were circulating around town about some of his wife's odd behavior. In a small town of ten thousand this kind of talk could be especially damaging. The ladies discussed her with bright, gleaming eyes and low, sibilant hisses. They literally oozed sympathy for the "poor dear" while they dissected her cruelly as only a group of gossipy women can do. Oh, how I'd like to do something for her, they would murmur with dripping, specious earnestness. Despite Burton's popularity, Elizabeth had never been liked by the women of the town. They feared the lovely, dark-haired woman. They feared her because she would not become one of them. She cared nothing for their prattling societies and was perhaps not exactly diplomatic in telling them so, therefore incurring forever their deadly, sweet-faced wrath. They feared her because she would not lay herself before them for their inspection and their approval. They hated her when their husbands voiced a hesitant and feeble word in her behalf. Invariably the wives detected a note of longing in their voices. It may or may not have been there, but they found it just the same.

Elizabeth still occupied Burton's mind as he turned into the graveled driveway leading to his home. "Damn, what could she have been doing in that graveyard?" He growled it irritably to himself. The affair worried him, worried him more than he cared to admit; he thought about asking her about it but decided it would be better to let her tell him if she wanted to. He did not want to give her the idea that he might be spying on her. God knows, he thought, she has enough prying eyes on her.

Elizabeth said little during dinner. She was even quieter than usual. What little talk they did exchange was banal and meaningless, just casual small talk that one might carry on with a stranger. The meal dragged on in silence. Elizabeth glanced repeatedly at him out of the corner of her eye. Burton ate the food in his plate and enjoyed not a single bite of it. It tasted flat. The beer had not helped him this time. His stomach felt as if it were tied in a knot. He glanced at Elizabeth and thought: for nearly two years it has been like this. There's nothing left of our former understanding and tenderness. All of it has washed down the gutter. She's a stranger, yes, a complete stranger. She lives in my house, bears my name, but I don't know her. I eat with her, sleep in the same room with her, live with her, but I don't know her . . . a stranger. Or do I live with her? Or do I live at all? Have I been dead for two years and haven't known it? Or have we both been dead?

He went back two years and remembered, remembered too much. For two years he had worked hard, awfully hard. He had said nothing and tried to forget. But he could not forget.

Later that evening he sat in a huge leather chair in his well lighted library. It was here that Burton did a great deal of his office work. The room showed of expensive good taste, nothing elaborate or fancy. The last sheet of newspaper slipped from Burton's hand and joined the scattered array already on the floor beside the chair. He stared at a painting on the wall that he had bought only three months earlier. It stood out inharmonius and clashing with the impeccable taste of the rest of the room's furnishings. Burton was peculiarly interested in the painting; he liked it, and it held a powerful fascination for him. Since he bought it he had spent many hours staring at it with those enigmatic gray eyes. Elizabeth abhorred it.

The painting itself was a tragic-looking thing. A thin, bony, old peasant stood in his bare feet in the middle of a freshly plowed field. He wore only a scant cloth about his groin. Rolls of withered skin clung loosely to his emaciated frame except on his chest, where it stretched tightly as if it were a piece of brown tissue paper pulled over a skeleton. Two atrophied arms made a feeble attempt to raise themselves skyward but were too stiff to make it. The old man's head tilted upward, his face contorted almost beyond recognizable human form. From the way his veins stood out on his neck and forehead and the horrible way his mouth was opened wide, it was evident that he was shrieking, tearing out his soul by the roots. His eyes protruded hideously from their shrunken sockets and looked as if they might pop out. Heavy red veins criss-crossed the whites of his eyes. An early morning sunrise bathed the scene in a bright and inappropriate brilliance.

Burton did not need to look at the painting. He could reproduce every line and shadow, so vividly was it ingrained in his mind. The interpretation of the painting in-

trigued him. To him it was symbolic. The old man screamed because of his despair in the realization of a hopeless, worthless life spent in anguish. Many years of meaningless existence and incessant toil had ditched the face into an eroded mass of pain, sorrow, and desperation. He had gained nothing; he left nothing. And perhaps as the result of one last sorrow too great for him to bear, his last act was to curse bitterly the cause that made him. God, he thought, those eyes, they do look like death.

Burton, now conscious of someone in the room, looked around. Elizabeth stood timidly before him like a frightened child. Clutched in her hand was a little black picture album with frayed edges. It showed of much use. She gripped it tightly, dearly, as if someone were going to snatch it away from her. The knuckles of her hand were white.

"Burton, . . ." She paused and looked at him hesitantly, searching hopefully. A tiny tremor in her voice reached out longingly, seeking for something.

"Burton, I-er want to ask you something."

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, Burton, please don't get mad . . . I know you don't like to . . . but it's just that I . . . please, Burton, let's talk about Glenn, just this once and . . ."

Her voice was breathless, pleading as she looked at him with very round eyes.

"For the love of Caesar, can't you leave well enough alone. It's in the past, dead, gone, over with. And there's nothing to talk about, nothing." He fairly shouted the last "nothing."

"Oh, Burton, Burton, . . ." she pleaded in a high-pitched voice that choked with a sob. "Please tell me, please . . . please, for God's sake, tell me that everything is . . . all right." She sank into a chair crying quietly. Tears rolled out of dull, vacant eyes and trickled down her face.

Meanwhile, Burton had stalked angrily from the room, banged up the stair steps, and slammed fiercely the door of his room behind him. With the echo of the door still ringing in her ears, Elizabeth stared wet-eyed at the album she still clutched tightly in her hands. A wisp of black hair fell over her forehead.

The following evening found Burton braking to an abrupt halt in front of a small country church. It was a one-room frame building, and much of its white coat of paint had peeled and flaked, leaving streaked splotches of dirty gray and white. Over the front entrance hung a board which plainly read "Red Creek Baptist Church." Obviously it had been done recently. A gutted, red hill found a background of barren poverty that matched that of the church. A few runty pines interspersed with patches of ragged broomsage grasped the dull, red earth.

Burton had seen many of these tiny churches since in earlier days he had traveled much of Georgia's back regions in the search of pulpwood to feed his growing paper industry. Nothing particularly distinguished this one from the many others he had seen. It was not a thing of beauty. It was bare, standing as silently and vacantly as death itself. In places like this, thought Burton ironically, bubbles the well-springs of Protestant Fundamentalism. Time and progress change little the beliefs and customs of places like this.

A hundred or so yards to the left of the church lay the graveyard. He walked toward it, his curiosity mounting with each step. Funny, he thought, as many of these places as I've seen, I can't ever remember being in one. Wonder what morbid impulse possessed Liz to mess around in such a place as this. What

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business could she possibly have here? With these thoughts shuffling through his mind, he felt a queer sense of uneasiness, an oppressive feeling of being alone—among the dead.

Two tall poplars stood as monuments in their autumnal glory on the far side of the graveyard. Not far from the trees grew in full bloom a clump of goldenrod. These were the only bright colors about the place. The graveyard itself was neglected, frightfully neglected. Tall weeds covered many of the graves. On others the desolate, red soil was too poor to grow even weeds. Rocks generally served as head stones. Drenching rains had splashed layers of fine, red silt upon the stones, and for part of the way up they looked like the soil they stuck in. A few darkened tombstones stood mutely, solid in the evidence that even here in death, class distinctions existed.

The evening air grew chilly. Shadows lengthened. A ground squirrel chittered from some hidden place. Two quarrelsome jays squawked in one of the poplars. These were the only sounds of life. Occasionally a slight gust of wind would send dead leaves rustling and scraping to a new resting place.

Burton stood immobile in the center of the graveyard. No lonelier place is there in the world, he thought, the loneliest place in the world — this tiny, half - forgotten, half-abandoned, weed-choked graveyard. It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for that barren, doleful, red clay. He shuddered involuntarily and cursed himself for it as the weight of that heavy loneliness settled around him. He remembered reading Gray's "Elegy" in school but could not recall any of the lines. He promised himself that he would read it again.

While standing in the graveyard, Burton had completely forgotten Elizabeth—so immersed had he been in his own mood and thoughts. The remembrance of Elizabeth and the purpose of his visit pained him. A shadow of remorse began to plague him as a new thought crossed his mind. Was there any connection between this place and her life? Did this far-removed spot hold the key or run parallel to her life? Had her life become lonely and full of weeds as was this graveyard—half-abandoned? He felt funny. His heart beat strangely. An all-but-forgotten tenderness for his wife swept over him. He wished she was here beside him. He wanted to put his arms around her, hold her tightly and tell her things. Liz would be beautiful here—even in these dreary and dismal surroundings. The sun would do it, for never is a lovely woman more beautiful than when her face is flooded by the soft hues of a fall evening's sunshine. The vibrant and yet subtle way it shades her features and produces in her skin a golden lustre of mellowness is an enchantment of beauty and rare color that few artists ever mastered. Yes, Liz would be beautiful here.

He was about to leave when he caught sight of an odd-looking cross in the far corner of the graveyard. It had entirely escaped his notice. He walked over to it, careful not to walk over any graves lest he be disrespectful. The cross, fashioned of rough-hewn lumber, stuck in the red earth marking a grave. It leaned awkwardly to one side and looked as though it might fall. Weather had warped and blackened the cross, but it had not obliterated some lettering that appeared faintly in it. Burton bent over for a closer inspection to see if he could make it out. Into that cross had been burned six

(Continued on Page 27)

The Far-sighted Pilgrim

A lonely hill I climbed one day
Which others could not tread;
I trod with feeble steps a path
Which to a treasure led.

I left behind a lowly train
Who, blind and hopeless, could not see;
But all along the way I prayed
That they from bondage might go free.

"Dear God," I prayed, through cold and heat,
"This life I know is frail;
But, Lord, for those behind the hill,
O, let this heartbeat never fail."

For many years I trod the path,
The kind God heard a voice;
The treasure now is turned to good,
And those beyond the hill rejoice.

—Seth Hester

The Voices of the Dead

(Okinawa was invaded on Easter morning 1945)

I saw, my comrade, anguish in your eyes,
As twilight passed to dusk and dimmed to night;
When Okinawa's moon lit up her skies,
And all of us were tired, before the fight.

Where mangled bodies round you slowly bled,
The fatal dart from hell its message told:
A crimson stream plunged down your jaded head;
Again Death clutched its prey, a warrior bold.

At dawn your hands, I saw, were stiff and grey,
Your swollen tongue had pressed your lips askew;
Your limbs were arched above the reddish clay,
Your soldier's suit was moist with blood and dew.

The flag of conquest now flies o'er your grave,
Two thousand even crosses round you lie;
Like you, the precious breath of God they gave,
That man might learn of peace from those who die.

Yet from the graves on Okinawa's plain,
The legends since, their voices loudly raise:
"O Men in Councils, heed your brothers slain,
And settle your disputes in peaceful ways."

—Seth Hester

College Education

(From Page 12)

whole year on the first chapter of the textbook, taking various approaches to it until an attitude of critical analysis and constructive inquiry is established in the students. They will carry the attitudes the rest of their lives, growing in knowledge through a liking for study. And that is the ultimate goal of education.

The Folly of Wickford

(From Page 26)

crudely shaped words, no name, no date, just the six words, IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD? That was all. At the base of the cross lay a tiny bunch of bright yellow goldenrod, tied neatly together with a bow of green hair ribbon.

Burton's face was brittle as he walked slowly back to his car, and there was a noticeable sag in his shoulders.

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The Carnival

by Jack Seiler

THE town was buzzing with impatience. The younger generation was anxiously counting the minutes, and the older generation was reluctantly counting the hard-earned dollars. Yes, the carnival was coming to town. Everyone was going out and have a big time, win wonderful prizes, and forget their worries. The land of Utopia loomed over their heads, unknowingly hidden behind a dark cloud.

When the carnival arrived on the outskirts of the small mill town all the children within a radius of twenty miles were there to march in with it, their little minds swamped with visions of elephants and cotton candy. The barkers stood on the outside of the wagons hurling precious candy to the laughing tots, and a well known comedian was contorting his face into humorous expressions. As the caravan dug its way into the heart of the city, other temptations were shown to the older folk. Beautiful women with figures like that of de Milo gracefully swayed to and fro to the soothing music of a five-piece string ensemble. The wild man from Borneo leaped like a wild lion inside his wrought-iron cage. Anxiety rose to a maddening pitch and stomachs turned flip-flops.

On the other side of town the magnificent exhibition began to prepare itself for the public. Sweat rolled off the bodies of the sinewy brown-skinned men as the big iron poles stretched their tips toward the sky. Stakes gouged their pointed blades into the solid earth, and were lashed with coils of hemp. Flimsy canvas began to take the shape of the fabulous circus tent, and exciting machines trailed their monstrous motors. The awed children listened anticipatingly to the astounding deeds of the world-famous dare-devils and aerialists, as they chewed the barker's candy. Pin wheel operators tapped their give-away instruments to make them run smoother, and weight-guessers set up their honest, electrically operated scales. And, although you couldn't see them, the sound of ferocious lions and gorillas roared amongst the frenzy. Truckload after truckload of priceless prizes unloaded themselves on the stands of the various chance games. Of course they weren't really chance games—you were bound to win something every time you put your money down.

Before long the wondrous spectacle was in readiness for action, and soon nightfall would press itself on the daylight and the business would begin. The watching kids resistingly wound their way toward home, where they would pout intolerably until the carnival opened itself to its dazzling processes.

Although it would seemingly never arrive, darkness finally snuffed out the last glimmer of the daylight sun, and the minutes seemed like months on the way to the carny grounds. The glare from the maze of multicolored lights lit up the heavens with a glowing vapor. The thrill-tingling ferris wheel circled itself high in the air, daring the bravest. The heretofore free public parking spaces had been labeled "No Parking" by the police department upon request of the carnival. This was obviously done to avoid confusion and traffic jams. However, the carnival had been generous enough to let some of its grounds be turned into a parking lot for its customers. There was a slight fee of a half dollar for use of the lot, but this was easily overlooked when it did so much to avoid a turmoiled chaos.

The splendor of the entire carnival in action was a sight to behold. It inspired one to magnificent elation. It was too bad all of the little children that saw the show being erected couldn't be there for the first night, but most of them had unfortunately eaten something that didn't agree with their young stomachs. All of the older people were there, though, and they could tell the kids about it the next day.

The barkers were everywhere, shouting their long-practiced speeches and luring the public into their realms. Ears couldn't escape their voices, and minds couldn't escape their temptations.

"Right this way, folks. Step up and try your luck. It's all in the little wheel. You can't lose, and just think, it will only cost you a thin dime, one tenth of a dollar. A small dime to win a magnificent prize that you can treasure all your life. That's it, folks, just put your money on the number and we'll spin this little wheel of fortune." The wizened little man spoke sharply, assuringly, and his method of approach was so friendly. He wasn't out to get your money, he just wanted you to have a good time and to win something to show your friends. His cropped mustache twitched as he spoke his ceaseless sermon, and with every offered opportunity another dime rested itself on a number. The board filled rapidly with the money that was going to bring its bettor a terrific prize. The barker's scrawny arm reached to the top of the wheel and with seemingly no motion on his part the wooden circle spun on its axis. Eyes of every type rotated with the wheel, and anxiety gleamed from the pupils. The shriveled man moved to relax his tired feet and the wheel came to a halt. Faces melted and sighs

flowed. "You can't win every time, I guess. That's the way luck has it, but I'm gonna' spin it again and ole Lady Luck is bound to be with you. Don't fret now, folks, take another try. What's a little dime when you can win a prize worth fifty times that price? Put your money on the board and let's go! Come on, mister, don't pass this one up. You're due to win this time, I can feel it in my blood. Thank you, sir. O.K., friends, here she goes."

"Folks, you've never seen anything like it. You won't believe your eyes when you see this inhuman savage that we have brought to you from the steaming jungles of darkest Africa. Our daring explorers went deep into uncivilized country just so that you might have the opportunity to see this phenomenon of mankind. Your nerves will shatter when you see this heathen wild man tear a live fowl to pieces with his bare teeth right before your very eyes. It's amazing that in this modern world there can still be such uncanny human beings on this earth. Yet they are here, friends, and we have one of them for you to marvel at directly inside this tent. Now don't fear, folks. He can't harm you, because we have him securely chained with true-tempered steel. He would lustily tear each of you apart if he were free, but there is no danger of such a thing occurring. Now step right in, people, and take advantage of this stupendous opportunity and privilege. You may never have such a chance again, so be wise and see Neengo now. You can see this human beast for the amazingly low price of just fifty cents. Just imagine, friends, only fifty cents to see this outcast of civilization. I guarantee there is no danger whatsoever. This is purely for your benefit and interest. Just fifty cents for this chance of a lifetime. Here you are, sir. I guarantee that you won't ever regret this comparative small sum that you just invested to see this jungle terror. Go right in, folks, and have a seat. The show will start in a few moments." The people flocked to get their tickets. They pushed and shoved for fear of not getting to see this raging savage. The fat, greasy barker remained speeling his frightening, yet alluring talk. He smiled gluttonously at the people as they stared in amazement as they heard of the uncanniness of this beast behind the door. The tent filled quickly. The silence was terrible in that tent as the spectators waited half scared, half anxious to see the monster. Suddenly the back of the tent was pulled apart and five men threw a sprawling black creature into the center of the ring. Heavy steel chains snapped taut and jerked the creature to the floor. He rose to a kneeling position and stared momentarily at the gaping people. His eyes were glassy and they seemed to be nothing but hollow holes with small red lines splotchedly covering the eye ball. Then, without any warning whatsoever, he let out an animalistic growl that shook the very sides of the tent. He jumped and lunged at the people in the stands only to be pulled mercilessly back by the chains. For five minutes the savage hopped and leaped at the audience, screaming and spitting constantly. Then suddenly a chicken appeared in the ring with the black man. To the unsuspecting starers the native rapidly crawled behind the back of the tent, as if he were afraid of the fowl. He returned just as rapidly only with wet lips and some sort of a liquid spilled on his chest. His eyes were blazing and he was frothing at the mouth. He had gone mad, thought the audience, and several started to leave. But the fat barker quickly assured them that everything was perfectly all right. Quickly the maddened savage grabbed the hen and stuck its head into his mouth. His jaws snapped shut and the warm blood of the hen spurted around the room. The savage continued to eat

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the squirming fowl, while his body turned red with the thick blood. It was all over before the amazed audience realized it. The horrible silence was shattered when the barker broke in and said that the show was over. The astounded people slowly left the tent still staring at the black savage who was rolling on the floor and making weird gargling noises. When the audience had entirely left and the tent flaps were closed the savage hobbled to his feet. He nervously unsnapped his shackles and stumbled to the back of the tent. He reached the toilet in the rear and retched for ten minutes. Then he rushed for his trunk and pulled from it a full quart of whisky. He lifted the bottle to his lips. A minute later he put the empty bottle in the waste basket and then he began to fix his makeup. He was happy. The alcoholic had satisfied the customers and he had gotten his liquor in repayment.

The people who had left the tent of the cannibal dispersed. Their shaking ceased when they got back into the lights and hub-bub of the open carny. The sights that they had just witnessed were submerged into the back of their minds where they would linger until the next day only to be recalled and retold in a more spectacular manner than the original event.

"Here you are, folks, the chance of a lifetime. Your eyes are faster than my hands, so you can't lose. Just tell which shell the little pea is under. There's nothing to it, friends. Just follow the little pea and tell me where it is. You can win any of the wonderful prizes that you see before you. And it only costs fifteen cents. It's a challenge to you. If you think I can move my hands faster than you can move your eyes, then don't try to play this old army game. But if you have the confidence in yourself that a good man has, then you know that you can beat me at my own game. All right, mister, just keep your eye on the little pea. Don't lose sight of it. O.K., where is it? Oh! Friend, I'm afraid you missed that one. But try it again. You must have been distracted that time. O.K., where's the little pea this time? Well, I'm a sunnofagun. You missed again. I guess you just can't follow my hand. Better luck next time, friend. All right, folks, whose next to try their skill against my hands? It's really a very simple little feat. All you have to do is follow the little pea and you can win yourself a terrific prize." The skinny man turned his back on the people who were debating his challenge. He removed the ring from his finger and adjusted the little B-B that rattled inside it. Then he turned around and began shaking the shells, fooling the honest that fell into his plight.

Everywhere you turned there was ice cream, candied apples, cotton candy, and all the rot-gut that you could possibly desire. But it was good food. It was delicious food. And then there were souvenirs of every thinkable type. Ash trays, pennants, statues, ash trays, pennants, statues, ash trays, pen—. . . But what a wonderful time you could have, and you couldn't lose. You had to win. Lady Luck wasn't that stingy with her graces.

"Step right up, friends. Test your marksmanship. Hit two out of three of the moving targets and win a five dollar prize. If you haven't ever shot a gun in your life you can still win with this. A baby can hit a flea on a dog's back at fifty feet with these guns. They are precision instruments guaranteed to be safe in every respect. Come on up, folks, and take a few pot shots at the targets. It's fun, it's interesting, and it's profitable. Here you are, soldier, win yourself a prize for your cute girl friend. That's right, soldier, you've got yourself a prize. And it only cost you twenty-five cents. Say, you ought to win. You've got every shootin' medal in the book. Let me load up the gun for you again. Try your skill some more and win every prize I've got. Here, mister, you try to hit the targets. Everybody take a chance on your skill. You can't miss. It's only twenty-five cents." The barker took the soldier's gun and reloaded it nervously. At the same time he shifted the position of the front sight just enough to offset the zero. "O. K., Soldier, shoot away. Hey, Soldier, whatsa' matter? You ain't hittin' nothin'. Well, try again. You can't lose all the time, and you ain't got those medals for nothin'!"

"Here you go, men. The best all-girl show you ever saw. It's just about to start and the stands are getting full, so you better get your tickets now. There are thirty women in the spectacular array, and everyone is a Hollywood model. They don't wear much when they do wear somethin'. So come on in and feast your eyes on the most luscious feminine beauty you ever saw. It's a show guaranteed to please you in every respect. We guarantee your money back if you aren't completely satisfied. It's only the small price of seventy-five cents to see this gorgeous bunch of sexy women all dressed up in their birthday suits. So step up all of you and take advantage of this marvelous opportunity now. There's not much room left. What's that, sir? Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't give you the proper change, did I? Please forgive me, but you know we all make MISTAKES. O. K., gents, here's your last chance of the evening to see these women in nature's own provisions."

The inside of the burlesque was crowded and smoky. The odor of whisky hung around in layers of sickening vapor. The crowd was getting restless from waiting. Then a man came out on the stage in an old pair of army khakis. He smiled

a toothless smile at the cheering audience. He was a stout man with greenish skin. He looked as if he were filled to the brim with alcohol. He grabbed the mike and began talking. "Ladies and gentlemen. The show will start in just a few minutes, but first I want to give each and every one of you the chance to have a present. The management of this show is going to give to each and every one of you a magnificent present." Then he went on to describe the wonderful prizes that they were going to GIVE away to the audience. "Now, friends, all you have to do is to buy this small box of Mrs. Murphy's candy. It sells for two dollars a pound, but we are letting you have this trial box for just fifty cents. An amazingly low price for such delicious candy. And that's not all. No, sir. In each and every box you will find any one of the magnificent prizes that I named off just a minute ago. Be smart and take this opportunity. You can't get a chance like this anywhere else in the United States. So buy them now." The people bought up the boxes like mad and gloated over their terrific gains. The prizes were stupendous. Everything from bobby pins to old ticket stubs. And the candy. Ah, the candy! It was delicious chocolate-covered something. The people think they got their money's worth and the burlesque show was happy. That's what makes the world go 'round.

And so the carny goes, bringing joy and happiness to all the little towns and villages that it stops among. The bright faces of the children, the anticipation of the grown-ups, and the over-all anxiety that it brings to the entire town are the things that make the carnival a marvelous spectacle in the eyes of everyone. Don't fret. Some day it may come to your town bringing along with it the lies, the cheats, the robbery, and the havoc that is always with a carny. Look out, or you'll be a carny sucker!

Editorial

(From Page 1)

crown comes the season's end. Not being self-confessed doesn't keep us from agreeing. However, we must admit that such rosy thoughts are not shared, at least not willingly, by some other colleges in South Carolina. By now it must be plain that this is more than mere speculation.

The material was good . . . the coaching expert, and the result is the best team that ever played under the "Old Gold and Black." The Dickens men enjoy the game and they play it hard, with an indomitable spirit that does not know the meaning of the word defeat.

Credit is due and should certainly go to the man who deserves to be "coach of the year" in South Carolina.

Ed. Note: The cover is a variation of an illustration taken from the Rubaiyat, done by John Grant and staff.

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QUESTIONS

A Find four letters with teeth, look for them in the name; Though not used in this sense, the spelling's the same.

B When on your back, it's cut to measure, When in a pack, it's for your pleasure.

C Cirrus, nimbus and cumulus; change one letter and then Sisal, manila and hemp; change one letter again.

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4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

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The JOURNAL

Financial Report — 1948-49

RECEIPTS

Activities Fee	$1180.84
Surplus, 1947-48	181.34
National advertising	116.64
Local advertising	530.00
Refund from editor	1.80
	$2010.62

DISBURSEMENTS

Printing 5 issues	$1215.00
Editor's Salary	100.07
Business Manager's Salary	102.57
Engraving, postage, etc.	126.76
Bohemian space	40.00
Press Association expenses	43.00
Surplus, September 1, 1949	383.22
	$2010.62

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Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

1854-1949

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THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE

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CHESTERFIELD CONTEST—SEE PAGE 32

The Journal

December 1949

My cigarette? Camels, of course!

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and *only* Camels — for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING **CAMELS!**

The Journal

Volume 71, Number 2
DECEMBER 1949

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Editorial

Someone, the other day, said that colleges and universities in our time were run n the order of prep schools. We wondered just why he said that, so we asked him. He poceeded to explain that he had reference to the grading syetem and the cut system in our institutions of higher learning. We took up the argument from there.

Let us see some of the results if we abolished the grading system in our colleges completely. It is a known face that a great percentage of the students in school today are here only to get a degree—that requires a standard grade. So they work for the grade and do not give thought to the content of the subjects they are studying. Now, if we do away with that grade, so that they do not have to work for any standard mark, what would happen?

First, there would be a marked increase in the quality of the student.

Second, there would be a marked decrease in the number of students attending colleges. The students who attended college would have to have a background of basic work capable of giving them a secure foundation for college-level work. This would bring about a change in the quality of our secondary schools.

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SONG OF LAMENTATION

I climbed upon a lonely hill one night
Among some floating phantom breeze
And turned a weary heart into the light
That once was lost—as some of these
With quiet loving tenderness
A whisper—a smile—a tear
And love was there . . . the rest,
Was you and I, my dear.

I would not break the hushed magic spell
For fear, the lovely fleeting "you" would go
And leave me crushed, dying—there to dwell
Without the tender, fiery love I know
Then, the quiet loving tenderness
A whisper—a smile—a tear
And love was there . . . the rest
Was you and I, my dear.

I rose from my green, fertile, slanting hill
And drank the breath of flimsy Angel's life
To say that I had never loved is still,
The growing deadened feeling that might
See, the quiet loving tenderness
A whisper—a smile—a tear
And love was there . . . the rest
Was you and I, my dear.

But still a voice—I only cared to know,
Though faintly seen from there, the blackest night,
"Sweet Fool" who sees your love infirm, must go
And take with her, the open heart, a right
To, the quiet loving tenderness
A whisper—a smile—a tear
And love was there . . . the rest
Was you and I, my dear.

Come, my love, upon the strongest greenest hill
And turn with me—the winds of love are here,
To sing the song we lovers sing—while we live,
In beauty, my beloved, it is so faintly clear,
The quiet loving tenderness
A whisper—a smile—a tear
And love was there . . . the best
Was you and I, my dear.

—Charles Weaver

The Flea

by Henry G. Kelley

SHE was impulsive. So, when she saw a young man, hatless, his curly brown hair windblown, standing and staring at the waning light on the ocean, she stopped and stared with him. Noticing her, he turned and regarded her. First her eyes, then slowly down her body, then quickly back at her eyes again. Then he turned his head toward the sea.

"It's rather large," he said.

"Uh-huh."

"Exquisitely large," he went on.

He looked like the ocean, she thought. A wild sea. His trousers were shabby, she noticed. He had a high forehead, prominent nose, and proud eyes. He paid her no attention. She started to walk away.

"Why do you go when the sea is talking to you?" he said, still without looking at her; "can't you hear it?" She stopped. "It's telling you it wants to be sailed," he continued. "'Were you sailing on it,' it says, 'it would inspire your soul. It would give you satisfaction and peace that you have never before had.' That's why the tide rises—the waves are reaching out to the hearts of men."

How interesting, Romaine thought. She was seventeen, had been out of boarding school a month and was busily intent on investigating the world. She was in revolt against morality. "Silly middle-class morality" — that was a phrase she had coined to insult convention. Plagued with Methodist doctrines she had recanted. So far, however, her revolt had been only mental. She was looking for experience now, and here was one without shoes and a hat. He could not be over twenty-one. She would make the most of him.

"What is you name?" she asked.

He was silent for a minute. Then, "Doland," he said. She looked at his windblown hair. Funny, she thought, Doland with brown hair. "Doland," he repeated, louder, as if he liked to hear the sound of the name.

She nodded her head in approval. "And what, 'Doland,'" she asked, do you know of love?" She was only seventeen but she knew what she wanted. She wanted to abate restrictions. And then — romance. Doland, so to speak, carried romance by the handfuls. Doland was young. He was generous—to women.

"Love," he said, "is the moon glowing through the mist of the sea. It is the sand blown from the far corners of the stars, and falling in a sparkling shower on the heads of poets. Love is a Gypsy." He stopped. The sea had caught his attention again. Romaine was entranced.

"And where, 'Doland,'" she asked, "do you live?" Doland, or he that called himself Doland, looked at her again—first at her face, then down her body, and quickly at her face again. "Come," he said, "I will show you."

They walked along the beach. Doland's hair was blown in the cool wind. It was spring. He seemed not to notice her. They made a queer pair—he shabby and she so neat.

She took sidelong glances at him as they walked. How handsome he was, she thought. And he was a poet. Where could he be taking her? On down the endless beach they went. Past houses, piers, and palm trees. They came, at length, to a small, one-room shack on a low rise beside the ocean. He pushed open the door and bowed. She went in.

An odd place, she thought. Books were scattered everywhere. On the tables, floor and chairs. Etchings, of trees mostly, a gaily colored painting on the wall—nothing but a jumble of colors, it seemed to her. Still, they were pretty colors. Vast piles of scribblings and manuscripts littered a table in front of a dusty window that faced the sea. Along the wall a dilapidated couch seemingly served as a bed.

Romaine sat down upon the couch and smiled at him as he stood in the doorway, outlined against the sea. He was tall and slender. The situation was strange to her and she hesitated.

"Come in and sit down."

"You want to stay, then?"

"Why—yes, for a while."

"Very well." He closed the door behind him and stood in front of her. "And what is your name," he asked, "my fair visitor who speaks of love?"

"I am Romaine."

"Do you like music, Romaine?"

"I think most music is divine."

He opened the dusty window. He said, "The sea will sing you a love song." A soft murmur entered the window. Romaine leaned back and closed her eyes. Doland sat beside her, looking at her throat. The sea sang soft and dreamy. Romaine's throat was soft and white.

"Your throat reminds me of a song, 'The Swan.' Do you know it?"

"Yes." She smiled, her eyes still closed. It is pleasant to be flattered, even though one knows one is being flattered.

Doland said little. He had long ago learned the potentialities of the sound of the sea.

It was growing dusk. Doland closed the window and came back to the couch.

"What do you know of love?" he said, looking down at her.

(Continued on page 16)

Miss Tillie and the Gates of Hell

by Mary Alice Ingram

Ed. note: The Journal has a guest author this month, Miss Mary Alice Ingram, editor of the Converse Concept. Last year Miss Ingram won the South Carolina best short story contest.

TILLIE just would wear those earrings—black with sparkling stones — good-looking, for Tillie would have nothing except the best, but nevertheless, whoever heard of wearing such finery just to read the Sunday newspaper at the breakfast table. Now, who would? Miss Annie shook her head over the frilled edge of her morning wrapper and contemplated the slow milky twirl on the top of her coffee. Tillie stared at the printed page before her, rouged cheeks a little pinker, an indignant shine on the bright black eyes.

"Good Lord, Annie. What a mess Washington's in! Oh, what the devil!" She threw down the paper. "Roosevelt—oh, for the love of mike. Why did you have to go off and die? Why couldn't it have been that jack-rabbit, Wallace!" This last was muttered under her breath.

Annie shook her head at this sacrilege. "Really, Tillie, we all have to die sometime. Now I was just saying to Mary Bess yesterday . . ." but the imposing, black-clad figure had stamped on into the dining room only to stop at the small, framed picture of Roosevelt and the revered donkey form on the shelves of the antique whatnot. Tillie was so emotional. Never knew what she was going to say next. Annie called in Della to remove the dishes and to give the order for the midday meal.

"Now, Della, let's fix something nice for Miss Tillie. She's upset about the news again. Now, what'll we have for dinner?"

Della was really the dictator of the household—been with the Currins for nigh on to forty-one years, as devoted as a child but with ideas of her own just the same. She poked her turbaned head from the kitchen and thought a moment. "We'll have a lil' roast, some potatoes, a salad—and some peas from m' garden," she said triumphantly. "Yes, ma'am, green peas frum m' garden."

That garden was Della's own special project; she tended it like a chuckling mother hen—would have even plowed up the ground if Miss Annie hadn't laid down the law about its being too strenuous. Della watched Rob with a jealous eye as he urged the old mule along the furrows, and every now and then she'd call a command from the sink under the kitchen window. "Now you take care dere. Can't hab you messin' up m' garden ground. You go slow, Rob Ed'ards." And she'd go back to her dishes—for a while. The truth of the matter about the little arguments they got into was something far greater than the garden, though heaven knows that was a big problem. Della was sure that she had been with the Currins for two whole years longer than Rob—and he was much against her self-imposed higher rank. Why, he and Mr. Charlie Currin had practically made Waynesboro the big, upstanding city it was now. Yessiree!

Miss Tillie retired to her bedroom, yanking the engraved silver brush through her hair—dyed, she admitted. Who wanted to be an old hag with grey streaks when it was just as easy to keep it all the same color? She smiled against her will at the shining baby face peering so gleefully from the small gold frame on her dresser. Little Tillie Currin McDowell. Cute little monkey, even if she did say so herself. Nice to have a namesake. The still abundant hair was combed and patted into place—a wave here, a gentle roll there. The earrings were adjusted with finality, and a well-groomed head appeared above the robe, frowning. Annie was puttering around again. Really, there was no other word for it. Tillie could hear the gentle clink of dresser ornaments being firmly regimented into a neat orderly row, and the scrape of a coat hanger being placed in the closet. In a minute Annie would be in to inquire . . .

"Tillie, it's getting a little late. Sunday School's at ten. Miss Agnes Bowman's going to talk. Nice Sunday School lesson. Tillie?" The stern black figure hadn't moved. "Did you hear me?" Annie's meek face took on a vaguely troubled expression.

"Good Lord, Annie. I heard you. Heaven forbid. I'm not senile yet!" Tillie smiled triumphantly. "And I'm not going to Sunday School."

"You're not—again?" Miss Annie's face mirrored her vision of Tillie in the black satin robe and the sparkling earrings forever raking red hot coals. "Oh, Tillie!" Plainly Annie was distressed.

"Now, Annie, for once and for all. I'm not going to church every time those doors open. I'm not. I'm not used to it. Some people need more religion than others—I happen not to need as much as you do."

"Ma-till-da Currin! What a thing to say." Only on the subject of religion did Miss Annie ever get riled up. "I'm on my way to church. Tillie, if there is any thing you want, Della will attend to it." The white-garbed figure departed haughtily without a backward glance. Really, Tillie could be impossible at times. No Sunday School indeed! Annie couldn't imagine such goings on. Sunday was made completely for sitting in church — straight-backed

(Continued on page 16)

The Twilight of St. Luke

by Pedro Sanjuan

IN ART, and I shall limit myself to the plastic arts, that which is termed "modern" is usually recognized as belonging to a trend that was initiated by the impressionists in France some eighty years ago, and that has developed into many different schools today.

Most people regard modern art as the product of demented human beings and believe that all of it is meaningless or at least incomprehensible. The reason for these partly erroneous conceptions is that the candid observer (who is not aware of the historical background, the economic factors, and the psychological influences that have affected the modern artist) finds in modern painting a distortion of reality and a high degree of symbolism and abstraction, the meaning of which or the purpose of which is totally beyond his grasp.

In contrast with the baffled layman, who merits all our sympathy, there exists a small but obnoxious group of pseudo-intellectuals who try to hide their obvious idiocy by pretending to comprehend the perplexing ciphers to which art has been reduced since the development of the daguerreotype, and who has succeeded in making a god-like creature out of the artist. The artist's divinity is derived, according to these boobs, from the fact that they alone are capable of understanding the hidden message in his paintings. These hypocrites pretend that the enjoyment of art is a purely intellectual process limited to a crackpot aristocracy. It is really exasperating to watch the efforts of these wretches, who have made modern art a fetish, when they try to translate all art from Giotto to Goya and from Phidias to Rodin into their own senseless gibberish. I developed a hatred for their kind at an early age when I saw two Greenwich Village parasites ecstatically praising the "composition" of a picture that consisted of some red dots and a green dash on a white background; and I have had further occasion to nurse a loathing for such nonsense.

The fact that the layman does not understand art nowadays and that a few idol-worshipers have distorted its real values does not signify that all modern art is a joke. For numberless reasons, which an economist or a sociologist would enumerate for us, art, like life in general, has tended to become rather complex in the past half-century. The main objective of painting, that of portraiture, has to all extents and purposes disappeared; and consequently the artist has lost his place in the economy of the western world. In the "glorious" past, when a painter wished to play with the juxtaposition of colors, he looked around for someone who wanted to have his likeness painted on a canvas. In those days the painter had an excuse for creating a masterpiece as well as for doing a few landscapes on the side. But the painter of today can no longer find such a legitimate alibi. Rejecting the almost meaningless motto of "art for art's sake," he has begun to experiment with the reflection of light (impressionism), he has done research work on the breaking up of surfaces and contours (cubism), he has attempted to depict the subconscious and the fantastic (surrealism), he has tried to intensify the essence of emotion (expressionism), he has attempted to create balance and harmony between color and pattern (non-objective art)—in short, the modern painter has been looking for a new way of justifying the existence of his craft.

But today the painter's appeal is directed to an insignificant group, composed for the most part of would-be connoisseurs who counterfeit a love for art in order to show their unusual taste and discrimination in matters artistic. An honest painter knows that the crackpots who praise his efforts to the skies are sublimely ignorant of what he is doing. The increase in false values has been very great, for there remain very few people who care to distinguish between what is authentic and what is a joke; or at least very few who are not afraid to do so. Even painters of real worth have succumbed to the fads that rule the limited realm of modern art and have submitted to numberless influences in order to keep up with the times and in order to retain their monopoly of a dwindling market. There has been a misunderstanding on the part of certain artists with regard to the proper use of the canvas. The palette or any other mixing board, the sketchbook, the walls of the studio if you wish, are the proper places to match colors and experiment with broken surfaces. But techniques are only means to an end, not ends in themselves; and one who knows nothing about the craft of painting would care little about seeing a painter's dirty palette — much less a canvas covered with multicolored blotches. Painters like Leger, Mondrain, and Marin have never painted a picture. Their canvases are formulae (maybe) as useless to those of us who do not paint as a formula for the production of tooth-paste would be to those of us who are not industrial chemists.

However, there are many painters living today who are sincere, and there are even some who honestly

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A Trip into Obscurity

by John D. Wilson

I HAD just returned to my lodgings in Carvel Apartments and had lain down across the foot of my bed in hopes of catching a nap before I started out on my usual date. The building was quiet for it was still early, and the only sound that could be heard was the ticking of the Big Ben clock and the crushing noise of the straw mattress under my head. The bed was hard, but I was lost in thought, oblivious to all except the faint, dim glow in the room caused by the late rays of sunshine infiltrated with train smoke.

I must have dozed slightly, for I began to see things that I had not noticed before. The picture of the prairie windmill on the wall had taken life from somewhere and the great wheel on top was turning slowly. The ice-covered trees outside my window had traded their glassy coat for leaves as fluffy and green as a handful of feathers on a carnival hat. I looked around the room to see what else was different and noticed even more unusual things that I had not expected. All four walls were lined with portraits of sombre-jowled old men whose stares seemed to be converging into one central spot in the middle of the room. I looked for this central spot and found there a statuette made of shining marble, an image of a human figure which had no hands, no feet, no head.

My gaze then shifted to the dresser, which held my favorite girl's photograph, only to find that the photograph had been replaced by the likeness of an old man with a high forehead and a white moustache. He had a look about him that seemed familiar, one of puzzled sternness and an air of wisdom. From one angle it resembled Emerson, yet from another angle, I don't know. . . .

I glanced further at the bookcase beside the dresser and started in horror. All my prize books had been taken away and had been replaced by thicker, dustier volumes which were entirely unfamiliar to me. I bolted out of bed and scrutinized them more closely. I found my rare collection of the complete works of Ogden Nash had been removed and in its place had been placed a volume of "The Thirteenth Night" by Shakesword. I gasped. But that was nothing. My unexpurgated editions of Donald Henderson Clark had also been replaced by a dog-eared edition of Wilton, and that medical best-seller "Sex Behavior of the American Male" was exchanged in favor of a couple of volumes of Cotton Mother's works.

I was utterly broken at the change that had come over everything and dashed suddenly to the window to let in a bit of fresh air to remove some of the stale, dusty atmosphere. In trying to tug the window open, I accidentally noted the trees and the ground outside. The feathery green leaves I had noted before did not exist except in the extreme top of the trees and the trunks remained a barren brown. But the trunks were the most amazing things of all; they were not composed of bark, wood, and the usual things that tree trunks are composed of, but were made up entirely of human beings all grouped in a cylindrical manner with arms upstretched, to form a wiggling and unsturdy base for the leaves above. This was just too much for me. Fascinated as I was, I could not stay in that room, so I made a dash for the door to escape all these horrible changes. I don't know exactly what I had in mind to do, but vaguely meant to report these changes to someone. I wanted to find someone in authority who could tell me why this had happened and how it could be rectified.

From force of habit I tried to unlock the door, only to find that it had no lock. Shrugging this off momentarily, I swung the door on its hinges and ran down the hall for the stairway. My running steps made a staccato sound on the stairs, and they seemed to be chasing me every step of the way.

I was panting when I reached the bottom and was beginning to hurry on out the front entrance when I was stopped by a figure which had been lurking in the shrubbery near the doorway. It was a wiry old man who had an alms cup in one hand. His head was bald and had been blistered by the warm summer sun. He made several incoherent sounds from deep in his throat and thrust the alms cup at me commandingly but I sidestepped him and headed for the street in front of the apartment house. I left him there screaming insults at me, waving his cup as if it were a sword.

Suddenly I realized that I was not in the old familiar environment: the road in front of the building had been replaced by another thoroughfare, a winding dusty path which almost disappeared about a mile away at the base of a huge building. The building was white and gleaming even in the afternoon twilight. I hesitated for a moment, trying to decide whether or not to go forward. I took one look back at the brown apartment house, thought of the horrible changes in my room, the men-supported trees outside, the wizened old man with the almscup, and suddenly made a decision that I thought was best. I gathered my coat around me and started plodding doggedly up the road toward

the white building. It was still fairly light and the road seemed clear enough, I thought, so I must continue.

I had passed over about a hundred feet of roadway uninterrupted when I crashed straightway into an unseen obstacle and found myself sitting on the ground, staring around myself in complete bewilderment. I regained my senses enough to scramble hastily to my feet, rather embarrassed, and looked suspiciously around me. Then I saw the obstacle, the reason for my falling. On each side of the road was a post and strung between them was a network of wire cables. But there was a peculiar sound in the air and I listened more closely to see if I could distinguish what it was. The posts seemed to be talking, at least there was a noise coming from each of them. I was unsuccessful in deciphering the noises, they were incoherent so far as speech is concerned, but after a moment or two I deduced that they must be speaking in numbers and symbols rather than words. I backed off and a chill ran over my back and down my arms.

"Zero, twenty-two, X, fifteen, zero, equal," one of them ground out mechanically, adding to my perplexity.

I saw that the only way I could continue my journey was to bypass them, so I stepped cautiously around the post on the left and eased away up the road. By this time I had regained sufficient courage to ignore them.

I saw that my courage was only short-lived when I started on up the road, because now I could see what I had not noticed before. I had been so busy eyeing the distant white building that I had failed to notice a series of obstacles similar to the first one interspaced regularly along the length of the road as far as I could see.

A thousand thoughts raced through my mind and I was on the verge of turning back when I remembered my original resolution to reach the distant building, so again I pulled my coat closer about me and set out, determined to tackle each obstacle as I came to it, and to conquer it.

I had not progressed far when I found myself face to face with a miniature tower, the base of which completely filled the road. It reached high over my head and on the peak there was a three-colored flag flying from one side. The base of the tower was four-sided and on each side there was an archway, forming a hollow center through which I could walk, if I had the nerve. I hesitated for a moment before advancing

and finally trod cautiously toward the arch facing me. Much to my surprise there was no apparent danger present, so I hurried out the other side, blithely unaware of the fact that the tower weighed tons and could have crushed me immediately had Fate so dictated.

I grinned to myself a bit more composedly and with more self-assurance continued my journey.

I walked doggedly on for the next four or five minutes, looking right and left for some unexpected scene. I halted suddenly in my steps, for over to my right, branching off from the road on which I traveled, was a beautiful park. It was filled with scented shrubs and bubbling fountains and beckoned rather invitingly to me, for I was already weary because of the unexpected distance and the strain of so many obstacles.

My eyes bulged suddenly at an unexpected vision. Beside one of the fountains were two lovely nymphs reclining languidly among the sweet-smelling plants.

One of the nymphs I noticed in particular. She was beautifully formed and had a graceful crown of golden hair which reached down to her hips. Her face was perfect, lips as red as blood and eyes as blue as the sparkling water coming from the fountain. The other nymph did not seem to be too interested in a newcomer such as I, but just the same she gazed steadily at me through eyes as fathomless as infinity. Her body was symmetrical and her face was radiant but she lacked the pure physical beauty of the first one. I glanced back at the golden-haired creature and decided that she was the one for me, if she would have me, and started to make my way across the green carpet toward her. But somehow I could not keep my eyes off the second nymph. Plain as she was, she seemed to be clothed in a misty cloud of withdrawal which rather fascinated me. I hesitated again and surveyed both of them once more. The longer I contemplated the two, the more the plainer one appealed to me. Just when I had my mind made up and started toward the one I thought to be my choice, they both seemed to vanish away and left nothing in their place. For a moment I was rather stunned and began to curse myself for taking so long to decide but soon I realized that just standing there was not helping me in my journey, so I tried to shrug my shoulders nonchalantly and retrace my steps to the road. I was very puzzled as to what happened to the two ladies but decided that maybe I would accidentally encounter the one of my choice later on in my trip up the road. I resumed my journey with an air of expectation.

Another thing that puzzled me was the atmosphere of the road on which I traveled. When I started out, twilight had begun to set in and

(Continued on page 20)

A Slap or a Kiss?

by William L. Neal, Jr.

SHE hated all sudden inundations watery, but this one in particular caused a seething rage to surge through her as she felt her newly acquired permanent fall curl by curl. It took an extreme effort to wait on the corner for the light to change. A car suddenly turned to the right and sent a shower of stones, earth and water upon her, replacing her rage with helpless wrath.

She shouted, "Oh, you ——. Come back here, right now!"

The car slowed and stopped. A man came out the door and walked toward her.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "May I take you somewhere?"

"I'd like to slap your face, you inconsiderate moron! What and who do you think you are? There ought to be a law against such things!"

"You don't know how sorry I am, but let me take you home and, of course, I'll pay for any damage to your clothes or to you."

"Well, all right. I live on West Elmwood Street."

He held the car door until she entered, closed it, and came aound the car. He got in, pressed the starter button, and pulled the car away from the curb.

"My name is James Hilton. What is yours?"

"Susanne Staple."

"Do you work?"

"I keep house—for my father."

"Oh, I'm glad."

"There is the house, the small white one with the flagstone walkway."

"I repeat my apology and express my regrets. Is there something else I can do for you?"

"No, thank you. You have done enough already. Goodbye."

She opened the door and walked to the house. For several minutes after she had left, he sat there mentally cataloguing her statistics. About five feet four, just right. Blonde hair that fell in long straight strands about her face and shoulders. Blue eyes that flashed angrily when he had first come up to her and seemed enhanced with appeal and beauty by that very anger. Her hands were neither delicate nor large but seemed to be strong and supple. A figure that would not pass unnoticed in any gathering and had just the right amount of weight. Her symmetry would please any connoisseur of the female species.

Susanne. The name had a pleasant sound. He repeated it again as if trying to analyze the secret of its pleasantness.

The car wheels caught in the mud, spun, and rolled on more solid ground. As it passed by a florist shop its brakes were applied and reverse gear utilized.

James left the car at the curb and walked into the shop. The clerk smiled and showed him all the varieties of the rose, violet, and chrysanthemum, but James chose two white orchids. He asked the clerk to deliver them to Susanne's address and left.

Susanne had just finished clearing away the dishes when the doorbell chimed. She went to answer its summons and found James standing on the porch. He had two large packages in his hands.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"I've come to make further amends," he said.

"Well, come in. I got your flowers. Thank you. They are beautiful." Then when he handed her the packages, "Candy? For me?"

"Would you care to go for a drive with me?"

"Well, give me a few minutes to change clothes."

The sky was clear, the stars were bright, and they drove and talked until they reached the point where they could laugh and rejoice over the incident that had brought them together.

Two weeks later they discovered that they were in love. The magic of being attracted to and by the same things, of feeling that they were the only ones ever to feel this way, entwined them in its protecting blanket. They had all of the wine and none of the dregs.

* * * * *

He felt as if he had never kissed her before. The preacher and the crowd and intimate friends became inanimate. There was rice thrown and old shoes tied to the car. In large red letters on the green convertible was the age-old but ever-new "Just Married."

The convertible climbed the high barriers that had been hazy blueness only a short time before. The road wound around and around the mountain. The motor settled into a contented purring as the summit was reached. Still it went on.

Their objective was reached by a winding unsurfaced road that suddenly detached itself from the parent and ended abruptly in a small clearing. The couple departed from the car, carrying with them mundane necessities and some luxuries, and entered the cabin.

Magic reigned, the magic of the first glorious moments of possession, nearness, tenderness, and affection.

* * * * *

"It's like saying goodbye forever to pleasant things."

"But we'll come back, darling. It's just that business compels me to go back. We can enjoy this spot for the rest of our lives."

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The Finger of Death

by Philip G. Clarke

JIM CHAMBERS crawled off his dilapidated iron bed to answer the knocking at his front door. There on the porch were Federal agents Howard Fisher and Carey Freeman.

"Okay, Jim, your moonshining days are over. Come along with us," Fisher told him.

"Let me git mah coat," replied Chambers, turning back into the house. At each step his muscles rippled over his large body. He looked more like a heavyweight fighter than a bootlegger. "Them dumb Feds will never take me in," thought Chambers as he pulled a .45 caliber automatic from beneath his pillow. He threw his coat over his arm, concealing the weapon, and walked back to the porch.

Prohibition killed many people—directly and indirectly. One who died in this reckless period was a bootlegger named Jim Chambers. Before 1919 he was crew chief of a section working on the railroad. But when prohibition came along, he was requested by many of the white folks to bring them moonshine. He saw the opportunity to make quick money by making his own "white-lightning." So for three years he lived luxuriously and recklessly on the abundant income he received from his still. This continued until the night of July 23, 1922, when the Federal prohibition agents came to his one-room, wooden shanty in Titustown, near Norfolk, Va., to take him in.

"Ready?"

"Yeah," answered Chambers, as he cooly squeezed the trigger of his weapon. Fisher and Freeman dropped to the porch dead. Chambers ran back through his house stopping long enough to grab a bag of bread and some cold fatback. He slammed the ramshackle backdoor and fled down a dark alley.

Ten minutes later Chambers was walking the cross-ties leading out of town. "Guess they has found the stiffs by now," he thought, "I'll go on a mile or two and stop for the night."

Chambers spent the first night, as he did the second, sleeping against a tree in a wooded area, his automatic tucked inside his belt for instant use. Each meal consisted of only a biscuit and a strip of his meat.

He spent the third night in a cornfield beside a country road. During the night two cars came down the road and stopped; Chambers woke up startled. Then he relaxed himself. Only a motorist with a flat tire aided by the other driver. No one knows why Chambers didn't jump these two, but he lay down and went back to sleep after they had gone on.

"I've got to git to a store and git some grub," he thought the next morn. "But if'n I does, someone might spot me."

He finished his last food at noon and walked through a grove of pine trees wondering what to do. As he came to the top of a hill he saw an unpainted farmhouse nestled in a cotton-field. "I'll wait till dark and go down there and git somethin' to eat," he told himself as he stretched out on the ground.

Darkness enveloped the countryside about eight o'clock as Jim Chambers made his way toward the house. He stood by the doorway looking in. Three men and a woman sat around a table eating their evening meal. When they saw him they invited him in to eat and he spent the night there. The next day the woman gave him some food and he went on.

Late in the afternoon he was walking down a road near Mason's Creek, five miles northwest of Norfolk. He turned and went into the woods to eat some of the food the woman had given him. Shortly, he heard noises nearby. He pulled out his gun and darted behind a tree as a boy came riding on a mule. Chambers put his .45 back in his belt and waited until the boy had passed. Then he returned to his supper.

But out of the corner of his eye, the boy had seen and recognized Chambers. He rode on to a farmhouse and reported what he had seen.

Just as Chambers was getting ready to bed down for the night he heard voices and saw the flashing lights of automobiles. About fifty Federal, county, and city officers were arriving on the scene, aided by a dozen armed citizens. Automobiles were parked all around the wooded area with their headlights turned on, making the scene light as day.

Norfolk Police Lt. Billy White, Sheriff G. A. Wendall, and Federal prohibition supervisor, John Murphy, placed guards at key positions and waited.

All night the posse waited with all eyes fixed on the trees, which were illuminated by the glowing headlights. Chambers waited too, hidden in the top branches of an oak tree. At each break of a twig or rustling of a leaf he would nervously look in the direction of the sound. Gnats and mosquitoes kept constantly flying around his head and biting him relentlessly.

The posse around the wood was contending with the gnats and mosquitoes too. The marshy ground was a perfect breeding place and the

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The World Conflict

by John T. Bennett

I THINK it is time for us as college men to give thought and expression to world affairs. Who should be more interested in the situation of the world at this critical time than we? Who should try harder to solve the problems of the world? After all, we will pull the triggers and dig the graves of the next war. Now let us be completely frank with ourselves and face a fact that we all know to be true. There is today in the world a stark battle between Democracy and Communism. This battle is not fought locally, but at every turn of the road, every creek fork, and at every corner. Unfortunately it is not a stand-up fight, but more like the eternal struggle between good and evil. There is only one way to be good, but people every day find new ways in which to exert their evil feelings.

This is not an eight-hour-a-day fight, but is a fight which continues around the clock for seven days a week and is as perpetual and as insistent as the tides that beat across the face of this puzzled and war-weary world.

In order to prepare ourselves for this great struggle, and frankly we are very unprepared, we must not be discouraged, cynical or weary. The picture is dark, but there is still a little light left on the horizon.

My father tells me he can well remember the period after the first World War. There seemed to be a period of grace for the discouraged and displaced people of the world before the inevitable struggle began again. During the last war we had all the powers of evil in one corner and it was a straight fight against all of them. Between the first and second World Wars people thought there would be everlasting peace, but after a few years we could see the tide turn in favor of the "Horsemen."

We must also keep in mind that we are not living in a quiet century, but are living in dangerous and uncertain times, the uneasy years between the great world periods. It is perhaps comparable to the uneasy years that followed the final break-up of the Roman Empire and during the time when shadows fell across the world. Recognizing this fact, we must be prepared and must prepare the next generation for a continuation of these stormy years. We know this to be true, and the picture of the next great epoc is not yet in focus.

Not only are we unprepared for this war, but we are losing it every day. We are not even losing it cleverly but with stupidity. To give you a better example, when the Russians closed the road to Berlin on the flimsy pretext that they wanted to repair it and that the work would take quite some time. We missed the psychological opening of the century by not announcing to them that we were amazed at their own inefficiency and that such jobs in America are considered mere routine. We should have also told them that if we were allowed thirty days preparation we could do the job in a week and think nothing of it. We should have repeated over and over again to the world that we were utterly amazed at their inefficiency. We should have laughed at their excuses when they closed the water routes and reminded them that water never gets weary or wears out. Russia should have been ridiculed by us before the face of the world.

During this past summer warning after warning came out of the East and now China is gone. Already the dreamers and unrealists are beginning to predict that in the vast size and population of China the invaders will be swallowed up. Do not for one minute think that this is strictly a civil war. For one of the few times in history a mighty invasion has gone eastward. Imagine that a century ago our ancestors said that as Russia moved eastward into Siberia and Central Asia she would be swallowed up by the vast expanse of territory. From our peep under the Iron Curtain, we know that Russia has a vast industrial empire taking shape that will rival our own. We have already witnessed this by Russia's own announcement that she has the atom bomb. You may write off the balance of the eastern world whenever it suits her convenience to absorb it.

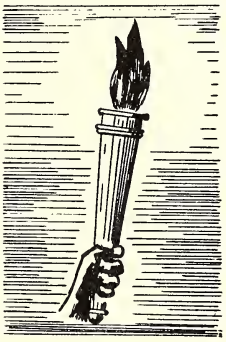
It is truly a discouraging picture, but it is only the beginning, as we are repeating the mistakes of post World War One with one exception and that is that the public is slightly more world conscious than a generation ago. After the first war, we set up what appeared to be a crazy quilt of European democracies, principally by dismembering the hodge-podge Austrian Empire. The destruction of this empire, while right from the standpoint of population, was wrong from the standpoint of stability. We buttressed this plan with the League of Nations and then as Americans we destroyed the League of Nations and retired to our own affairs. We believed that the magical name of democracy could cure all the troubles of the world. We never dreamed, seemingly, that democracies must be helped, guided and protected—perhaps for centuries. Trace for yourself the difficulties the civilized country of France has faced in her efforts to maintain a stable, democratic government.

In passing, may I say that in my

opinion the League of Nations was the most constructive idea that has ever been formulated to maintain peace in the world. If a citizen can go inside the courts and present his plea for justice, why not a forum where nations may go to present their case? Why should not a small state be able to ask and receive help in her struggle to survive. Yes, it was an idea—practical and workable, but the idea failed in this country because most ideas like this can outrun men's minds, and the tragedy is more apparent when it is realized that no moral forces in this country picked up this idea, kept it alive and rallied public opinion. Incidentally, the American people catch up with ideas a lot faster than politicians believe. Think for a moment how the American people voted in 1928 on the liquor question, then reversed themselves in 1933. The people would have adopted the League of Nations had they been led, but the Democratic Party made a half-hearted fight for it and then let it die; and I still say and say again that public opinion could have been aroused!

You see, America is in the peculiar position of not wanting world leadership. This is perhaps the first time in the history of the world that such a position ever happened to a country. The time has now come when a decision must be made. There must be somewhere in the world a nation that will assume leadership, and around whom the free countries of this planet of ours can rally and, even more important, can depend upon. It isn't a question any longer of letting matters drift. The face of war has changed and even now at this late hour we must face the facts. Even now, knowing that war destroys civilization, we cannot find leadership to teach us to face facts.

The question first becomes: how shall we prepare ourselves for world leadership with not a minute to lose? Well, the first thing we must do is to make up our minds as a nation whether or not we will assume this herculean task. The question of whether or not we are worthy of such a trust or not is beside the point, for we are now half in and half out of it. We are making tremendous sacrifices to restore the world economically as we did after the first World War and are making the same mistakes. I believe, thoroughly understand, and appreciate this, but it is all going to be wasted unless we can assure the world that they can depend on us all of the time and that working together they



can act as one unit in maintaining peace. There can be no reversal of our position now; as a matter of fact, we are going to be amazed to find out after our past diplomacy that it is going to be many years before all the nations accept this idea completely.

Now let us say, for the sake of argument, that the idea of world leadership is rejected by the American people and we once more determine that we will return to isolationism. Let us assume that everything has been done to present this question to the American people, and that every ounce of effort has been given to rally support — the American people having then decided that they will follow isolationism or sectionalism for centuries—what then? I think, if that must be the final answer, to abandon aid to Europe, for we are simply fattening them up for their inevitable fate as there is not a strong Democratic country on the continent that can assure the free peoples of Europe that they will continue to be free and maintain their institutions. The tragedy of Germany becomes even more apparent when it is evident how badly the free countries need her at this time. She should be a natural leader of Europe, but of a Democratic and free Europe. Just suppose history could be rewritten and there Germany is—the best located country in Europe with every reason to be occupied by free men and live under a stable, liberal government. The crime of Dachau is beyond the imagination and conscience of the world, but the crimes of Germany, committed today, are beyond description. It is almost unbelievable when we think that this one nation has almost destroyed the world twice within one generation as she tried to drown in her own bitterness. The historian of a hundred years hence, when he reads this for the first time, will find it hard to believe, and the first thought in his mind will be, where was the world leadership that permitted this to happen? I can say that without American leadership the free people of the world are doomed. I do not believe that France will ever again fight for her institutions unless she is backed by immediate and overwhelming forces. The French nation has been bled white! Napoleon fought the country nearly to death, and left French bones scattered over three continents, the seas, and many islands. If ever a country should now seek leadership and mutual protection with other free people it should surely be France. World leadership, having visited and lived in England for many years, will never return again. You can further see these nations are conscious

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Resist That Urge

by Paul S. Anderson, Jr.

"WAKE UP and get out of that bed. Do you know what time it is! It just so happens that it's three hours later than the time you are supposed to go to work. Get out of that bed and start making up that time."

I rolled over and sat on the edge of the bed. There was Sourpuss standing over me with his short, fat hands on his enormous hips while the large blue and white discs set in his round fleshy face glared at me.

"You would have to bust up a perfect dream. I was just getting ready to kiss Betty Grable."

"If you don't snap out of your present attitude, you are going to be kissing this hotel goodbye. It isn't run just for your convenience, you know. Now, get dressed and get out there and wait on those guests."

Sourpuss stormed from the room as I reached for my shoes. I wish he would quit pestering me. How am I to know it's ten? He usually doesn't come down until ten-thirty.

I wandered into the lobby with visions of Betty still fresh in my mind. I was jarred from my thoughts by Miss Berry ringing the desk bell. You can't even think in this place in peace.

"Lanslee, Room 362 annex. He's been ringing for the past twenty minutes."

"All the way to the top floor in the annex. Get somebody else."

"Don't give me any lip. Room 362, and now."

I can't see arguing with a woman, so I took my time to Room 362. I knocked on the door.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Oh, no, I like to play with bells. What, in heaven's name, took you so long?"

"I was busy, sir."

"Well, see if you can busy yourself at getting these bags out to the car without taking another twenty minutes."

This bird must have rocks in these bags. Boy, they're heavy. I struggled down the three flights of stairs and out to the parking lot behind the Crest Hotel.

"Here, boy, put them in the trunk. Take this tip for your trouble."

I took the dime from him and went back to the lobby.

"What are you grumbling about, Lanslee?"

"Ah, that penny-pincher didn't give me but a dime after I moved his interest in the steel industry."

"You are supposed to work, not collect high tips. Mr. Thatcher pays you. You don't need tips, anyway."

"Yea, Sourpuss pays me all right. That measly fifteen bucks a week don't go far. I asked him for a raise and he like to have died laughing."

"It serves you right. You don't do a blessed thing but worry other people slam to death."

"Oh, why don't you dry up."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

That woman gets on my nerves. Sourpuss is enough without her running off at the mouth every time I get near her. Well, well. Here is the latest magazine. Boy, this babe on the cover is some dish!

"Lanslee, how many times have I told you to quit lying on that sofa. Not only does it look bad, but a guest might want to sit down."

That's it, Sourpuss, blow your lid. You got to do something to make you look important. I'm a son-of-a-gun, if old Lady Berry ain't having a good time with her little bell this morning.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Miss Wilson wants you to get her some aspirin and a box of candy from the drugstore."

"For crying out loud, what does she think I am, her personal servant?"

I went down the ninety-seven steps to the street and across to the drugstore. The sun was shining hot and the lake was about the bluest I had seen it since I had been coming to the famous mountain resort, Lake Boyle. In the drug store, I met a group of my friends and we spent a pleasant hour and a half in the back. Some of those skirts can really dance. I got the aspirin and candy, climbed the steps, and ascended another flight of steps to Miss Wilson's room.

"It certainly took you long enough to get them."

"I wasn't in a hurry."

"So I gathered."

The old maid handed me fifteen cents. What's a fellow got to do around here to get a tip? This old biddy is more trouble than getting a date with a good-looking doll. On the way back to the lobby, I left the screen door open by accident. It sticks sometimes. Sourpuss' pets began to buzz in.

"Close that door! You want the place full of flies! You don't think beyond — oh, you don't think, period."

Sourpuss sure looked funny jumping up and down in the middle of the floor. It's so becoming to him. I'll have to remember to leave it open again, sometime.

A guest was waiting to be taken to a room when I got to the lobby. There's always something or somebody waiting.

"Take this gentleman to 210 an—"

"I know, annex. This way, mister."

I gritted my teeth and staggered over to the annex and up to the second floor. I put down the load and unlocked the door. I raised the

window, straightened a ripple in the bedclothes, and switched the key to the inside. All of this is my old stall for time until he can get a tip out. It failed. I stuck out my hand and waited.

I got the "thin dime blues" this morning. Nobody knows what a half dollar or even a quarter looks like.

Dinner around the Crest is worse than a Wild West rodeo with no fence. They stampede through the double doors as soon as they are opened. My job is watching the desk while Miss Berry eats her dinner. I like this set-up because it gives me plenty of time to look at all the magazines with their cover girls smiling at me from the cover. Boy, this is the life. Big business, that's me.

Miss Berry returned in about forty-five minutes with the "Do's" and "Don'ts" as to what to eat. Take the difference and you got a good meal. Only the women employees are allowed to eat with the guests, so I went to the back door into the kitchen. I saw Sourpuss standing by the cook telling him how to cook this and that. The cook dearly loves to be told how to boil water. I got a plate and proceeded to help myself to some fine food. I didn't hear Sourpuss come up behind me.

"Do you always eat that much?"

"Nope, I'm not hungry today."

"Put that plate down! You got enough on that dish to feed three people. Get another plate and I'll help it for you."

I finished my dinner in two spoonsful (I dropped a bean). Oh, well, I have plenty of jack, so why worry. I went into the lobby to catch the last minute rush before the old fogies went to their rooms for their afternoon naps.

I had the afternoon off. Boating was on the agenda. I was tired and hungry when I got back to the hotel, not mentioning the fact that I was broke and an hour late to work.

"What is the excuse this time?"

"Well, you see, I was playing marbles with the town bully when he ups ——"

"That will be enough out of you, young man. For the time you have lost from work, plus your insolence, I'm going to dock your pay."

"Oh, please don't dock me that four cents. Can't you see how bad I need it. My kids are starving, and my wife has to take in sewing."

"One of these days you are going to carry things just a little too far."

The guests began to assemble in the lobby right after supper. Some of them read, others listen to the radio, and still others play cards. On this particular night, Miss Wilson's partner wasn't here. They call one another "girls." They are all seventy, if they are a day.

"Lanslee, do you suppose that you could fill out this table? We are one short."

Goody, goody — rook. Between jumping up to answer the bell and carrying water, magazines, light-bulbs, soap, listing to every grip coming and going, I had a lovely time playing rook. It was just before closing time when the fireworks started. Sourpuss was leaning over to pick up a newspaper someone had left on the floor. I couldn't resist the urge. I let him have it in the venerable spot with a rubber ball some kid had left in the lobby. He cussed and came up. In coming up, he brought an end table with him on top of his head. He went back down. The lamp crashed to the floor a split second later. Sourpuss sat up on the floor. The lamp shade was sitting cock-eyed on his head. He got red in the face and I began to wonder, in my laughter, if one of the blood vessels might break. I laughed until tears ran down my cheeks. He didn't say a word, but stalked into his office. I went to the door of his office and stuck my head in.

"I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Get out."

The door slammed in my face. He was mad.

The next morning, my father, the owner of the hotel, arrived upon a telephone request from Sourpuss. They were in the office for quite some time. The door opened and dad stepped out. I was standing in the hallway trying to listen to the conversation.

"Lanslee, go get your things packed. You're coming home with me."

"Wait a minute, Dad, I can explain every—"

"You heard me. We are going home."

You know, I hate a person that can't take a joke.

THE NEW DIANA

Cease turning, World! Let me tell you how comely is my love.
The larks fly singing through the air at her approach;
The flowers of the field bow down before her coming.
For even the fairest things must do
Obeisance to their Queen.

The summer breezes take their gentle softness from her cheek;
The winter stars beget their brilliance from her eyes.
Her teeth lend their luster to perfect pearls;
Her hair is like a stream of molasses
Running down her chin.

—Clay Cathey

Give the Mule a Chance

by John D. Wilson

"La plume est sur la table."—Cointreau.

THE breeding of mules constitutes a very mystical problem to me. Everyone knows that when you cross-breed a mare and a particular type of jackass, you obtain a mule. That point is taken for granted, but since there is such a thing as a male mule and a female mule, why don't we let mules have mules? Just why a mere jackass-type of mule is so much better than a pure mule, if there is such a thing as a pure mule, is a matter of no little concern to me.

I can easily understand why we have mules at all: there is work to be done and they are just the thing for hard work, but it seems as though it would be much simpler to let the mama mules and papa mules interbreed to have baby mules, without the help of an interfering "jack" or jackass.

Mules are picturesque and unique, in their own gruesome way, and it is quite possible that they would lose some of their attraction if they were a pure breed rather than a cross-breed. Possibly their ears would not be so long; possibly they would not be so stubborn; possibly they would not be so temperamental, but I say, "Give the mule a chance."

It is even doubtful that they would lose these wonderful characteristics if allowed to interbreed, for, after all, which came first, the chicken or the egg? Which is more important, environment or heredity? There is strong evidence in favor of the theory that their bull-headedness is a result of their being bullied so much. I would balk, too, if my ears were pulled, if I were shouted at continually, and if fires were built under my bottom in an effort to make me work.

Mules have a culture all their own, and I for one am fully in favor of the preservation of mule-culture. When they are led across a narrow bridge they invariably balk in the center of the bridge; when loaded with city children who have come to the farm for a weekend of rustic life, they invariably lose their complacent, cud-chewing air of philosophy and buck like western broncos. They are proud and resent being made to grovel at the foot of the ladder of animals. If I were a mule (and I do have the choice, because Bing Crosby is continually asking me in that song of his, "Or would you rather be a mule?"), I would demand unmitigated respect and concern from my owner, the same respect and concern he gives his proud horse or grinning dog. If I had the respect of the people surrounding me, I would voluntarily lose my feeling of persecution and become as cooperative and amiable as the most simple-minded farm hand.

I would make people like Erskine Caldwell lay off mules, too, as well as other of the poor-white writers. Never a page passes unless a character is referred to as being ingratiatingly mule-like, or the financial condition of a particular person or family is pictured condescendingly because "all they owned was a couple of old mules." This script has

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REFLECTION

Out of the night, a soul-chilling, nothing, a nameless dream,
Bleak as the night and frightened as the weakest; it would seem
As though the heavy grey fog of infancy had come
To cloud the childish brain of some.
So I, have feared and have not feared and know not,
That embryonic spirits are abroad which grow not,
Except to lend their huge mammon masses to infant fears,
And curse the higher road within some climbing years.
So grows the thought plus age; which changes skies to grey,
In passing through this barren land, I pause in mortal day,
To wonder—to dream—perhaps to see beyond the wall,
No grim, stark ghost of time lost or spent in wandering around,
With empty hands, sightless eyes, deadened heart and all.
A spark ignites the vision head, so light has come in darkness,
I see! I cry! And wonder at my funny greatness,
" 'Tis This," I say and smile—so thick is the paper and weak
I would crush the fevered mind at will, so I think.
The sharpness of the cloud is gone and clear as the running stream,
" 'Tis This," I say and smile—so gentle in the wind,
"Yes," so come and play where flitting nymphs have been,
And weep no more—good tears flow soft and far,
Above my hanging, lightened head—a lovely star.

—CHARLES WEAVER

Down by the Lake

by Clay Cathey

(To a certain gay lady, with gentle affection)

"BUT, Emily, dear, if you never do anything a little bit daring your emotions will dry up and be useless. You'll be an old maid yet. It won't hurt you. Be sensible, girl, it can't possibly hurt you. There's nothing violent about it.

"What? You say you know it won't hurt you physically, but what about the moral damage? Why, honey, I think you must be kidding. Why, if there were any moral damage to it, everybody in the world over six years of age would be a moral wreck; and while I'll admit that this is not the most Christian age that ever was, neither is everyone alive completely degenerate. But think for yourself! How about those people that you know and admire most—some relatives, perhaps, or some good church members—would they do it? You know they would. You can't argue that it would cause any moral damage. Come on! Right now! Oof!

"Hell, Emily, you're not cooperating at all. I don't understand. You've admitted that it won't cause any physical or moral dam—. What? Oh, yes; so that's it. . . . But do you think that's a real reason? You do. Uuuumh, well, I hate to disagree with you, but I think it's just rationalization. You're fooling yourself. Oh, it is a good reason, eh? Give me some support for your conclusion. Go ahead. Why is it a good reason?

"Ha, ha, ha! Getting your words tangled up, aren't you? Me explain it? Well, in the first place, I don't see that it would be either unladylike or distasteful. Or, rather, oh, well, I can see how you might conceive of it as being unladylike, but if you really and truly think it's distasteful there's something wrong with you. Something unnaturally wrong. It's—but I don't know for sure. Maybe you really like it but are just full of inhibitions. It's a funny thing about inhibitions. They knock us out of all sorts of pleasures, but they contribute nothing to our lives. You say it offends you, but why should it? Emily, this is just another way of expressing one of many God-given impulses, that's all; and while it's obvious from the way we live that God did make a number of little mistakes, He was a pretty smart fellow in the fundamentals. And this is one of the most fundamental drives that He gave us.

("What? You don't believe that God made any mistakes? But, honey, He must have. It's quite obvious that He didn't give us a pretty enough hide, since we are the only animal that requires an artificial covering in even the hottest weather. And, of course, everybody knows that He intended to make some of us first-class people and some second class—and that all the second-class people were supposed to have black skin. But shucks, quite a number of the second-class people turned up with white skin and vice-versa.)

"But we're off the track. As I said, God was consistent enough when He was dealing with fundamentals. So look at the evidence—this urge that is distasteful to you is certainly widespread enough to be considered fundamental. Therefore, anything that contradicts it is bound to be an inhibition — something in your own mind, a figment of your imagination, an idea that has no basis in fact. It has to be, Emily. It's a question of 'is God right or are we?' But all this talking won't help you make up your mind. Be a little daring! Be human! Live! Lord, girl, don't you have blood in your veins? Is it red? Or a pallid pink! Come on, don't hold back any longer! Let me ——

"O.K., O.K., you don't have to back off so. You know I wouldn't force you into it. But I can see that you really don't have a horror of this thing. You're just too delicate in your sensibilities. The trouble with you is that you try to live completely by principles, and you can't do it. Life has got to be based on some facts too, and facts change. Consider the scientists; they have some laws which are unchanging, but they also have theories and hypotheses which are subject to revision as new facts are discovered. We have to live like that, too, Emily. You can't map out life at your mother's knee and follow those plans for the rest of your life. As conditions change your principles must change too. After all, a principle is, by definition, a rule derived from the facts; but you are trying to make all facts fit your preconceived principles. And any time you run into something that is contrary to your ideas it 'offends' you. You think it isn't ladylike. Do you realize that this 'being offended' isn't a natural reaction at all? Originally dislike of a thing—the urge to avoid it—was a protective reaction, and it stemmed from fear of pain. But now the word 'offend' has come to mean 'obnoxious,' which is another way of saying we fear that our ego will be deflated, that we will lose face, that our vanity will be punctured. You are forgetting that it is this very vanity that we must subdue before we can follow the really undying principles that we know. But then, 'Vanity, vanity,' sayeth the poet, 'all is vanity.'

". . . And look here, Emily. It's

(Continued on page 22)

The Flea

(From page 3)

"Very little except that I want to learn more."

The youth kneeled before her. "Love." he said, "Love, Romaine, is the only thing of value in life—the only thing that makes life worth living—love and its companion romance. Men for thousands of years have worshiped falsely many gods, all but one—the goddess of love, the only true goddess for men to worship. What is life for but to love?"

"But love," Romaine interrupted, "brings pain, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said, almost fiercely, "but he who fears pain, let him be without love."

To her, he seemed a god. He took her hand. The youth drew himself up and took her in his arms. He cruelly kissed her. She gasped and began to tremble and grow moist all over.

Doland released her. She sank back and caught her breath in short, sobbing gasps. She was bewildered. She wanted to spring up and run away, but she couldn't. Doland opened the window and went back to her. As she heard the ocean's song he took her head in his hands and kissed her again and again. She did not want them to, but her arms slipped around his neck. He drew her down into the couch and kissed her neck, her eyes, her ears, and her throat. The sea was roaring louder and louder. Now she shouldn't hear it. . . .

It was cold in the room. A ship's light blinked through the window. It was late. She jumped up. "I must go," she said, excitedly.

"I will see you to your home."

"No," she said, arranging her clothes in the dim light. "I will go alone." He opened the door for her and kissed her forehead. Then she left, almost running down the darkened beach.

Muttering a poor excuse about oversleeping on the beach, she went to her room. She fell upon her bed. She was stiff and tired. He had hurt her. She wanted to cry but she could not. She had found love, real love—the love of a poet.

As she undressed she felt something biting her. It was a flea. Where had it come from? It had bitten her. As she climbed into bed she noticed another one on her arm. Absent-mindedly she turned off the light.

"Love is a Gypsy," he had said. He had liked her hair and neck. He was a Gypsy. He was beautiful—he was the god of love.

"Doland, Doland," she murmured happily, as she dropped into a deep sleep, interrupted occasionally by a spot that itched slightly.

Miss Tillie

(From page 4)

for at least three hours. There was the lesson at ten, the sermon at eleven, and then the night service. Sunday was for church—and mentally Annie put an exclamation point at the end of the phrase. Wednesday night was for prayer meeting. Now Tillie had gotten into some mighty bad habits up in Winston-Salem; she never should have left Waynesboro. Of course that had been twenty-five years ago. It would make you change, Annie mused, as she walked leisurely to the church.

Tillie had been interested in the dress business, so she'd opened a shop in Winston-Salem. A handsome shop with only the finest labels in the backs of the row of dresses that hung in the neat store closets. Her life had been gay, exciting—trips to New York, the fascinating shows, the glittery night clubs. Annie shuddered. Night clubs. Well, Tillie could hold her own anywhere, and there was a certain amount of sisterly pride in that, though goodness, what was pride?

Back at the house, pride was holding its own with no misgivings. Tillie had re-read yesterday's mail, placed one letter in the wastebasket, and left two to be answered on her desk. Wouldn't do to reply in this frame of mind. She might say something she'd wish she hadn't. Heaven forbid, Waynesboro was about the slowest moving, pokiest place she'd ever been in. There was the Tuesday Night Bridge Club with the eternal chicken salad plate and Lucy May's current account of her last operation. There was the D. A. R. with the pince nezes and pilgrim-eyes of the first ladies of the town. The Altrusa Organization — Tillie snorted — consumed more Sunday night supper food than they'd ever sent to the starving Armenians. Then the U. D. C.—Tillie hooted. A clacking bunch of hens with a Confederate flag mentally tattooed over their more than ample bosoms. Tillie chuckled wickedly. Lord knows, she was every bit as Southern as they, only not in the same way. She'd read all the books about the South—"Lee's Lieutenants" and others. She was a Currin through and through — hadn't Grandfather Currin led a brigade and Grandmother Currin nursed soldiers in this very house? And to get down to her own efforts, she'd painted the real Southerners, Jackson and Lee. Took two whole years. "Monstrous undertaking," everybody had said, "but leave it to Tillie Currin. She's got determination."

Restlessly, she moved around the room, looking for the morning paper. It wasn't in the bedroom. Annie must have left it in the breakfast nook. Tillie walked through the hall, through the sunny dining room, to the smaller room behind it. Still no paper. She paused for a moment and then walked into the broad, spotless kitchen where Della reigned so absolutely supreme.

Her huge apron-enveloped figure was leaning over the sink, bubbly soap suds on strong ebony arms. Every now and then she'd peer out

of the window and mutter, "Lord, a mighty fine garden. Now I thinks I'll get me jus' a touch of onion. Gotta get m' garden fixed up right." Each vegetable was a new toy for Della and she nearly stroked each little sprout as it popped out of the ground.

"Lord, Della, what are you chattering about? I need the paper, and are there any matches back here?"

"Miss Tillie, you not in Sunday School? Mighty fine day for Sunday School."

"Blamed hot if you ask me. Too damned hot. I'm not going to Sunday School and what's more I shan't make it to church either," Tillie said resolutely. "I'd lose all of my religion if I sat in those hot pews. Della, I need a match."

Della handed her one from the huge kitchen supply and watched disapprovingly as Miss Tillie puffed smoke from her cigarette. "The paper in here, Della?"

"Yes'm, right over here. Miss Annie bro't it back so's I could see a new recipe."

Tillie gathered up the paper and solemnly walked into the dining room. "Humph!" she said to the first section and plunked it on the floor. "Nothing interesting here," and plunk went the second. She looked over the dining room that did double duty as a back sitting room. The table with its candelabra had been moved to the side and comfortable chairs put in its place. She admired the wall paper for the thousandth time, for it had been Tillie's first undertaking after Annie had induced her to give up the shop. The delicate blue shade and the dainty apple print seemed strangely out of harmony right this minute. She walked into the living room with its stiff, antique chairs, sparkling chandelier prisms, dark Oriental carpets. She stopped before the almost life-size picture of two men on horseback.

"That picture is uneven," she muttered, as she cut on the light underneath it and surveyed it from a distance. "Lord, Jackson and Lee, can't you keep yourselves straight?" she fondly inquired of the generals and gazed at her much worked over canvas. "I have enough on my mind, what with this church business and Annie." She frowned. Annie would be at church now, eyes closed—Tillie couldn't bring herself to close her eyes, ever — heart meekly beating, little grey head carefully bowed. For a minute Tillie had misgivings. What if she were wrong. . . . The gates of hell loomed strongly ahead, red hot, smokey, with an enticing little devil beckoning, a forked object in his hand and a twinkle in his eye. "Yoo hoo, Tillie!" And mentally Tillie winked.

"Hello, there, you little whippersnapper. You won't get me!" she said stoutly. The gates of hell vanished immediately.

"See, Tillie," she said to herself. "Course I'll go to Heaven. That old devil won't bother me! So there!"

And an unrepentant sinner carefully encased in a handsome black robe was rocking placidly in the dining room when Miss Annie puffed home from church.

St. Luke

(From page 5)

wish to put something across to gallery-goers—perhaps an idea, an emotion, a feeling, a sense of unity and balance, or any of the many things that painting can convey, for it is not as limited a medium as some would have us believe. Elie Faure has written voluminously defining the essence of the arts, and he has by no means exhausted the subject. The relative universality of what the painter wishes to convey should determine the fitness of his theme, although I do not mean that painting must deal only with basic elements whose significance will be patent to everyone. Such elements do not exist, thank goodness! Yet there are some emotions and some sensations that cannot be conveyed through the medium of painting, simply because they are too personal and too unique. Giorgio di Chirico, one of the greatest surrealists, has created some pictures of amazing dramatic power. Some of these convey a strange terror to anyone who looks at them, and others render an indescribable nostalgic feeling. And yet Chirico himself was becoming much too subtle when he painted two lonely tea-biscuits over a dark background; did he expect that those stale pieces of bread would mean anything to anyone but him?

Today the lack of interest in painting is due in a way to the fact that ours is an age of half-tones and that men have lost their former love for color. No longer do they dress imaginatively; no longer do colorful standards lead them to battle; the sun is dimmed in the large cities by the fumes of industry; and life is portrayed in black and white in pho-

(Continued on page 21)

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The Communists and Revolution *by Almon L. Way, Jr.*

THE Communist Party, U. S. A., advocates and works for the overthrow of our democratic constitutional republican form of government and our capitalist free enterprise economic system by means of force and violence and the establishment in America of a barbarous and tyrannical dictatorship controlled by a few Communist political gangsters under the political and economic direction of the Kremlin. At the present time the leaders of the Communist Party vehemently deny that their organization advocates the violent and forcible overthrow and destruction of our constitutional and representative government; nevertheless, the fact of the subversive and anti-democratic character and aims of the Communist Party of the United States can be proven beyond a shadow of a doubt. The best proof of the fact that the Communists are endeavoring to subvert American institutions and instruments of government lies in previous statements and utterances made by Communist leaders in the United States and other nations. The teachings of the leading theoricians of World Communism—Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Vladimir I. Lenin, and Joseph Stalin—make up the most essential and most fundamental elements of the creed and philosophy of the Communist Party in America. It is almost impossible to find any comprehensible literature and propaganda published by the Communist Party, U. S. A., that does not state its belief in and loyalty to the doctrines and ideas of these notoriously outstanding Communist philosophers. In spite of the numerous minor variations and fluctuations in the Communist Party propaganda line and the various changes in the personnel of the party's leadership, the doctrines and teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin still constitute the basic and fundamental guide for Communist political and economic action. The constitution of the Communist Party, U. S. A., which was adopted on July 28, 1945, and which is in force at the present time, clearly states in its preamble: "The Communist Party of the United States is the political party of the American working class, basing itself upon the principles of scientific socialism, Marxism-Leninism." The advocacy of the overthrow of non-Communist governments by force and violence is an integral part of the doctrines and teachings of the leading theoricians of the Communist movement.

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels emphatically declared in The Communist Manifesto:

"The Communists disclaim to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win."

In The State and the Revolution, Vladimir I. Lenin, in the plainest and bluntest terms, stated:

"The replacement of the bourgeois by the proletarian state is impossible without violent revolution."

In defining and describing the dictatorship of the proletariat, an institution that is called for in Communist philosophy, Lenin declared:

"Dictatorship is rule based directly upon force and unrestricted by any laws.

"The revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat is rule won and maintained by the use of violence by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, rule that is unrestricted by any law. . . .

"The proletarian revolution is impossible without the forcible destruction of the bourgeois state machine. . . ."

In a highly seditious pamphlet entitled Syndicalism and published in 1913, William Z. Foster, the present chairman of the national council of the Communist Party, U.S.A., made the following statement in regard to Syndicalism (a revolutionary and direct actionist labor union movement and forerunner to the present-day Communist movement in America):

"The syndicalist knows that capitalism is organized robbery and he consistently considers and treats capitalists as thieves plying their trade. He knows they have no more right to the wealth they have amassed than a burglar has to his loot, and the idea of expropriating them without remuneration seems as natural to him as for the footpad's victim to take back his stolen property without paying the footpad for it. From long experience he has learned that the so-called legal and inalienable rights of man are but pretenses with which to deceive working men; that in reality 'rights' are only enjoyed by those capable of enforcing them. He knows that in modern society, as in all ages, might is right, and that the capitalists hold the industries they have stolen and daily perpetrate the robbery of the wages system because they have the economic power to do so. He has fathomed the current system of ethics and morals, and knows them to be just so many auxiliaries to the capitalist class. Consequently, he has cast them aside and has placed his relations with the capitalists upon a basis of naked power.

"In his choice of weapons to fight his capitalistic enemies, the syndicalist is no more careful to select those that are fair, just, or civilized than is the householder attacked in the night by a burglar. He knows he is engaged in a life and death struggle with an absolutely lawless and unscrupulous enemy, and considers his tactics only from the standpoint of their effectiveness. With him the end justifies the means. Whether his tactics be legal and moral or not, does not concern him, so long as they are effective. He knows that the laws, as well as the current code of morals, are made by his mortal enemies, and considers himself about as much bound by them as a householder would bind himself by regulations regarding burglary adopted by an association of house-breakers. Consequently he ignores them insofar as he is able and it suits his purposes. He proposes to develop, regardless of capitalist conceptions of legality, fairness, right, and so forth, a greater power than his capitalist enemies have; and then to wrest from them by force the industries they have stolen from him by force and duplicity, and to put an end forever to the wages system. He proposes to bring about the revolution by the general strike. . . .

"The syndicalist is as unscrupulous in his choice of weapons to fight his everyday battles as for his final struggle with capitalism. He allows no considerations of legality, religion, patriotism, honor, duty, etc., to stand in the way of his adoption of effective tactics. The only sentiment he knows is loyalty to the interests of the working class. He is in utter revolt against capitalism in all its phases."

The original Communist organization and acknowledged predecessor of the Communist Party, U. S. A.—the Communist Party of America—made public statements to the effect that it was in favor of the employment of the means of armed insurrection, civil war, direct action, and violent revolution in order to subvert and overthrow our constitutional form of government and our democratic free enterprise economic order. The 1921 program and constitution of the original Communist Party in America stated:

"The Communist Party will keep in the foreground the idea of the necessity of violent revolution for the destruction of the capitalist state and the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat based on Soviet power."

These quotations from statements made by leading Communist philosophers and from the literature and propaganda published by the Communist movement should be sufficient to convince the great majority of the American people of the urgency for our government officials to enforce existing legislation dealing with subversive and un-American activities and of the necessity of our Congressmen enacting more effective and stricter anti-subversive activities legislation. It should be evident to all loyal and pro-democratic Americans that if we continue to permit the almost unrestricted operation of such subversive and anti-democratic activities as that of the Communist Party and its numerous allied and front-organizations within our borders, our freedom and security will be in serious jeopardy. I believe that not only should our governmental officials enforce with honesty and vigor the Smith Act and the Voorhis Act in dealing with the seditious activities of the Reds and their fellow travelers, but also our legislators should enact laws outlawing the Communist Party and other subversive and un-American movements and setting up the proper machinery and procedures to prosecute and punish those individuals and groups that participate in and encourage subversive and anti-democratic activities.

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Obscurity

(From page 7)

now, after at least an hour of walking, twilight was still setting in and there had been no change in the amount of light present. I explained this away with the same manner that I used to explain away all the other strange occurrences, though: that I was in a strange new land and everything was of the fantastic. No further explanation was needed.

I stopped to survey the distance I had traveled and decided that I had, roughly, reached the halfway mark. I was beginning to have more self-confidence now and proceeded with more vigor. Just what I expected to find at the end of the road. I did not know, but at least there must be someone there who could answer the questions that had been coming into my mind and tell me some way to readjust myself to this strange new environment. Maybe I could find the significance of all those changes in my room, the swapping of the books, the pictures on the wall, the men-supported trees outside the window. I pondered so heavily that I failed to anticipate the next obstacle in my course.

Looking up suddenly I found myself face to face with a large sphere which was spinning in midair above a bubbling and boiling pool of water. Sounds were coming supposedly from the ball, sounds of human quality, yet confused and incoherent. The ball would pause momentarily in midair and suddenly drop into the water and dance glibly about on the surface and then be tossed back up to babble some more. I decided that the best way to bypass this obstacle would be to edge around the sides, so I cautiously felt my way around the seething waters. When I had reached the other side I still could not distinguish the sounds the bald sphere was making, so again I shrugged my shoulders and passed on.

Then the most amazing thing of all happened. While I was only halfway up the road a moment ago, I found myself suddenly near the end of the road and the white building was becoming more distinct. The ground seemed to slide from under my feet and I passed along with an alacrity that amazed me. The trees rushed past my face and the ribbon of road was eaten up by my hungry feet. I panted with excitement and began to anticipate just what I would find in that shiny new building which was now only a few yards distant.

I was so used to being surprised that the next event did not puzzle me as the others. The white gleaming building which I had been so anxious to reach had turned a bleak grey as I drew closer and was not half so beautiful.

I stopped a few feet from the base and scrutinized it closely. It was awe-inspiring from a distance but upon close observation it was revealed to be old and dirty and uninspiring. There were no people in sight and, indeed, I was rather glad of it because I was sure that they would be of the same type as the ones who were supporting the trees down by the apartment house and the man holding the shining alms-cup.

There was a huge globule of a dome in the roof and the four sides which supported this dome were reinforced with buttresses formed by crumbling Doric columns. Dead ivy twined about some of the columns. Everything seemed dead and uninviting.

I suddenly became disgusted and sick of it all. I wanted to escape immediately but I saw no way out; since I was this far, I must go ahead and carry out my orignal plan to enter the building and find the answers to the questions which had arisen in my mind. I ascended the few steps in front rather tremulously, not looking forward to what I would find inside.

The black cave-like door gaped in front of me and I stepped inside. It was not gloomy as I expected, but seemed to resemble my room rather strongly. In fact, it was my room. I looked around to be sure. Yes, there was the photograph of my girl on the dresser, my original books were back in their places and the shining statuette was gone from the center of the room. The pictures on the wall were gone and the windmill had stopped turning. Outside the window I could see the glassy coat of ice on the tree limbs. I stretched wearily on the bed and tried to recall my dream, but I could remember almost nothing. The formerly definite roadway leading to the shining building was only a blur now and I could see no white building in the distance.

I yawned and stretched and slid off the bed to prepare for my usual date.

Of Lice and Men

Although I'm often rather drowsy
I'm not so sleepy when I'm lousy.

Accordions

Accordions make a peculiar noise;
They attract big monkeys and little boys.
Whenever I hear one down the street,
I wonder what we'll have for supper.

—Elwood Milton

St. Luke

(From page 17)

tographs on the screen. Mankind is slowly becoming color-blind, and therefore it has no more use for the colorist in the painter.

The craft itself has great limitations. It has become a very primitive method of communication, more so than the horse and buggy, for the painter still works with the selfsame tools that came into use five hundred years ago when the Van Eycks supposedly invented oil paints. Patrons of art have disappeared; and in place of monarchs like Francis I, who pampered and spoiled the greatest painters of his time, we have presidents and dictators who prefer to have their photographs taken instead of employing a Picasso, for example, to execute their portraits. And surely one cannot blame them after the amusing experience Igor Stravinsky had in Naples before the war. It seems that he was trying to get on board ship to go to France when he was detained by customs who insisted that Stravinsky's portrait, done by Picasso, which Stravinsky was carrying with him, was actually the plan of a fortress!

* * * * *

Millions of years after the dawn of mankind, man learned to decorate his cave-dwellings. It was even later than that when he developed the codes of moral justice that made him a civilized man. Of recent man has begun to exhibit his old savage characteristics again, and some think that the end of civilization will come in the not-too-distant future. Is it so strange then that man should cease to paint before the cycle is completed and he returns to his primeval existence?

Finger of Death

(From page 9)

officers were kept busy swatting to keep them away.

Back in the tree Chambers kept a sharp eye and ear for anyone who might sneak near him. His mind was going over past events in his life. The time he was playing a game of craps and the cops crashed in. All were captured but Chambers. He jumped from a window and escaped. He knew if he was caught now it would be the chair. Now he had to fight it out.

His mind flashed back to Fisher and Freeman. "Wonder who tipped 'em off? I'd be working on the gang now if I'd gone in with them. Killin' 'em was the only way of gittin' away."

The hot summer night was sticky and the insects seemed to get worse as the hours dragged by. The night passed quietly and slowly.

The next morning at 5:20 Chambers cautiously and silently climbed down from his perch atop the tree. After hours of sitting in a crouched position his body was beginning to cramp and ache. He slowly made his way to the edge of the thicket and peered out. This sweating it out was too much for him. He stood up and opened fire on Lt. White at close range, but missed. White calmly leveled his riot gun at Chambers and fired, but missed also. Chambers' fire was returned and the shots were a signal for opening a fussilade from the scores of pistols and riot guns. Routed from his hiding place he ran back into the wood.

Inside the wood Chambers waited expectantly. "They're sure to come in after me now," thought Chambers as he refilled the clip to his automatic. Outside he heard someone call, "All right, Jim, we have you surrounded. Come out with your hands up."

Chambers muttered to himself and kept his vigilance. Five minutes passed and he was still squatting with his back against a tree like a wildcat about to be treed by a pack of dogs. Then he heard another

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voice, "Okay, Jim, we're coming in after you."

Chambers sprang from the ground like a striking snake, and shouting an oath, broke from his cover running into the open with his gun blazing.

Detective Thomas O'Neill was about fifty feet from Chambers when he showed himself. Two bullets from Chambers' automatic whistled past O'Neill's head. He carefully aimed at the fleeing man and fired.

O'Neill's and Chambers' shots rang out almost simultaneously. O'Neill fired again.

Chambers' head felt like it had hit a brick wall. Then he felt a crushing blow in his spine. His brain went black. He staggered and fell flat on his face in a briar patch. Another bullet struck him in the leg and a fourth in his side.

The members of the posse who had been firing at Chambers on his wild run closed in about him as he lay on the ground. When they approached he was unconscious and breathing heavily. His gun, the .45 caliber weapon with which he killed Fisher and Freeman, was clutched tightly in his right hand.

Chambers was taken to the U. S. Public Health hospital at Larchmont, eight miles away, where doctors probed for the bullets. But Chambers never regained consciousness. His huge black form lay still on the white sheets with the exception of one movement in his body. As though counting the seconds of life remaining, his trigger finger worked convulsively back and forth. Slowly, it began to weaken. Then it stopped. Jim Chambers had pulled his trigger finger for the last time.

Lake

(From page 15)

only yourself that you hurt by your groundless principles and your delicate sensibilities. For you are denying the facts of life, but that denial won't change those facts. Life will continue and you will be left within a constantly narrowing circle as you unceasingly avoid those things which you consider distasteful. Go on avoiding and denying, and eventually you will find yourself unloved by God or man. You're not shutting those facts out of your life, you're shutting you out of it. For we must live in the world and not in spite of it.

"Besides, Emily, dear, you have forgotten something. You have admitted that there will probably come a time when you will want to do this of your own accord, but you wrongly assume that you can learn to do it any time you wish. Because if you never get the slightest exercise along these lines your natural abilities will wither and grow useless. And later, no matter how much you want to learn you will find that you can't. For it's true that he who never makes use of his talents, God-given or not, will lose them. So be a little daring, Emily. You spend so much time worrying over possible consequences that you never get around to doing. It's like Emerson says, 'Be true to yourself and you will find that the distant perspective of your life is straight even if it shows right angles and reversals from close up'. Come on, girl. It's courage that makes anything possible!

"What? It's too late now? You'll try it tomorrow? . . . All right, all right . . . we'll go in. But I can tell you this. You'll never learn to do a back-dive or anything else if you won't even try. Keep on putting it off and off and off and you'll be an old woman and you'll lack the muscle to learn.

Slap or Kiss

(From page 8)

They stopped the car about halfway down the mountain and got a drink of the clear, cool, sparkling mountain water. The air grew hot and dusty as they descended. Susanne sighed as they left the car in the drive and went into the house.

They settled into routine. Breakfast at seven, lunch at twelve and dinner at seven-thirty. James admired the way that Susanne managed the house. Capably and with cool efficiency.

Then he took a trip out of town, timed it just right so that he wouldn't be late for dinner, and now he had a flat tire. James recalled the scene Susanne made when her father had been fifteen minutes late for dinner last week. He walked a little faster toward the filling station that he had seen a few miles back down the road. The operator came with him and fixed the tire.

Nine o'clock! He drove a little faster. He thought he could see Susanne standing in the door, her hands on her hips, a solid fortress of wrath with cannons of anger. Would she believe his explanation or would it suffice? He remembered her father's futile attempts to get a word in edgewise. He shuddered. But she loved him, surely she would forgive him just this once.

As he drove up to the house he silently rehearsed what he would say. "I'm sorry I'm late, darling, but I had a flat tire." That even fell flat in his own mind. He slowly traversed the walk to the door and rang the bell.

She opened the door and stood there, hands on hips, just as he knew she would. She raised her hands and stretched them out and he didn't know whether she was going to slap him or kiss him.

Kind Reader, you have diligently absorbed the aforewritten details and thus are capable of rendering a decision which my own unhappy experiences prevent me from doing. I cannot continue. Please, you decide. Did she slap him or kiss him?

REJOICING IN BABYLON

The voice of the Lord came loud of old
As the prophet His message to Israel told:
"O harken, my people, dance ye and shout,
For God shall soon lead His children out
To Zion's fair hill o'er Jordan's bright strand
Ye straightly shall go from this unholy land.
Your prayers and hymns and your penitent tears,
Jehovah hath heard these many years."

Then never was seen where the great temples stand
Tribes so gay as Israel's band,
And never did pagans on Bel's festive days
Shout like the Hebrews in joy and praise.

But up from the crowd with a gladdened cheek
An old man lifted his hands to speak,
And there 'mid the laughing and blissful songs,
He told this tale to Judah's throngs:

"O fathers and mothers of Abram's God,
Ye children born on a foreign sod,
Listen and I shall a story tell
Of the feast of the harvest in Israel.
Time was when pilgrims with thankful hearts
Stood where the way to the temple starts,
And there by the house of the Levite, Obed,
The priests the joyous procession led.
There the farmers' and shepherds' refrains
Were lifted to God for the bountiful rains!
There the merchants and dyers prayed
As the singers rejoiced and musicians played.
Even the beggar, though blind and lame
Could find all health in Yahweh's name.
And there was the harlot in garments bright
Who bowed in shame at the blissful sight.
Yet into the courts of Zion's God
The grateful pilgrims onward trod,
And while the priests the offerings slayed
Prostrate Israel fervently prayed;
Prayed to the good God who sent the rain
And blessed their fields with the golden grain.

—Seth Hester

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Books . . .

JOHN T. FLYNN, author of The Roosevelt Myth and many other interesting books and pamphlets dealing with the underlying evils and errors of the swollen and dictatorial bureaucracy established by the "New Deal" administration and continued by the present "Fair Deal" administration, has completed another of his aggressive studies on the subject of our drift from freedom into the tyranny and thralldom of radical statism. I believe that Flynn's new book, The Road Ahead — America's Creeping Revolution, is one of the greatest and most valuable political treatises in the history of our American Republic. Like all his other studies of the crimes and abuses perpetrated upon the American people by subversionists and bureaucrats at high levels in our federal government, The Road Ahead was written in a truthful, factual, and objective manner. Flynn has endeavored to maintain an impartial and objective attitude throughout his book, in spite of the fact that yellow journalists, professional propagandists, and other stooges of the oppressive bureaucracy in Washington have conspired to abuse this outstanding patriot and true American with their brazen prevarications and vicious distortions.

In The Road Ahead, Flynn says, in essence, that the political gangsters and radical politicians who controlled and ran the Roosevelt administration and who now control and direct the policies and activities of the Truman administration, have been conspiring to subvert and destroy our democratic constitutional republican form of government and our democratic capitalist free enterprise economic and social system and to establish in its place a tyrannical and dictatorial state socialist bureaucracy, which would constitute the preparatory phases to the advent of bolshevistic communism. Flynn holds that socialism is the road to communism; that socialism is, in fact, communism before it has evolved into its ultimate and inevitable form. The state socialists within our Nation are concealing themselves behind such seductive and deceptive titles as "economic planners," "social democrats," "welfare statists," "social reformers," "progressives," and "liberals;" nevertheless, they are promoting the preparatory stages to bolshevistic and barbaric communism.

"The real enemy we must identify and fight at every cross-road and at all points," writes Flynn, "is the American edition of the British Fabian Socialist who is engaged in a sneak attack here as his comrades were in England, who denies that he is a Socialist and who operates behind a mask which he calls national planning."

Flynn is trying to warn the American people that whereas the actual members of the Communist Party of the United States are few in number, there are millions of crooked politicians and trouble-making agitators in our Country who are clamoring for the creation of a planned economy and who are doing the spade work for the Communists so efficiently and so effectively that the Reds do not really need to exert themselves.

"The Socialists," says Flynn, "are plotting to wipe out the traditional political and economic civilization of this country and supplant it with a system of organized social life. They wrap themselves in a mantle they call anti-communism, but they are pro-Socialist. They are not willing, of course, to concede that. They are planners. That is, they are Socialist planners, and unless they are identified, recognized for what they are and stopped, they will destroy this country.

"It is not a simple matter to distinguish the Communist from the Socialist. He is in fact a Socialist. They are all Socialists. They believe the capitalist system must go. They must be grouped together as enemies of our traditional American system. The Communists know that nothing will wreck the capitalist system more quickly and more surely than extravagant spending and the accumulation of public debt. They are for any plan that will pile on top of our creaking capitalistic vehicle new tons of debt. Our often stupid and mushy socialist reformers, who frequently know little of economics and despise its dull and dreary lessons, support public spending because its effects are immediately pleasant and they have been persuaded that it is sound policy for a private enterprise system."

In his book, Flynn presents an interesting discussion of the disastrous results of the social experiment in Great Britain—the bureaucratic and dictatorial state socialist government which is maintaining its control over the personal and social lives of the British people by means of the American "loans" (in reality gifts) extended by the Truman administration. It is a serious enough crime for the crooked politicians and radical bureaucrats in control of our national govenment to use the power of taxation in order to subvert and destroy our own political and economic system by exploiting the ignorance, shortsightedness, and selfishness of the mob; it is an even more serious crime for these unscrupulous radicals and opportunists to take money out of the public treasury in order to finance and support a program for the maintenance of a collectivist regime in a foreign nation and thus aid in the destruction and eradication of the political, economic, and individual freedom of the people of that country. The American people might not realize it, but a great portion of their taxes is be-

ing used to support a government and economic system that is in opposition to the very foundations upon which all free institutions and nations are built

"To understand what has happened in Britain," Flynn writes, "we must be clear about the use of words. We must know what socialism means in England. We continue to use the words 'communism' and 'socialism' as describing two different ideas. As a matter of fact, the words were interchangeable until the Russian revolution. Russia is a socialist country and Britain is a socialist country. Socialists differ about the method of achieving socialism, about the extent to which a country's industries should be nationalized and about the forms of administration. Lenin had become disgusted with the softer approach of the old Social-Democrats, a favorite name for socialist parties in Europe.

"We have got into the habit of using the word communism to describe the Russian organization but that organization is a socialist one. The Russians call themselves socialists. The Russians style their country the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

"Socialist propagandists from Britain say they have socialized only 25 percent of the economic system and that 75 percent remains under capitalism. That is a clever distortion. Britain has 'nationalized' about 25 percent of her economic processes but she has 'socialized' nearly the entire economic system. The state asserts the authority to make the plans for all forms of business — farms, factories, mines, shops. It decides on production quotas and priorities on which raw materials are distributed, fixes prices, fixes labor quotas and wages and determines who shall get credit at the bank and who shall not.

"The government takes over the general planning and direction of all industry. It decides which industries ought to be nationalized and operated directly by the state and which should be left in private hands under state planning and supervision. The state takes the greater part of whatever profits are possible. The state has no intention of permitting all this to remain in private hands indefinitely. The constitution of the Labor party commits it to public ownership of all means of production, distribution, and exchange — which means practically everything. A section of the party wishes to rush on to completion of this program. Herbert Morrison and his faction favor consolidating present plans before moving on. But there is no escaping the fact that they do intend to move on.

"What has all this done for and to Britain? The people cry out against the impossible prices, scarcities, scandulously oppressive taxation, bureaucratic sluggards and oppressors. Her foreign trade is being washed away. Even with billions from capitalist America, she cannot settle foreign debts save by the slow extinction of her gold reserves. And as for her moral order, her people have seen those great freedoms for which Englishmen have fought for centuries, slowly withering away— freedom from seizures and searches without warrants, freedom to work where and at what they choose, freedom to engage in business and own property, to work their privately owned farms as they choose. The law says no man between 18 and 50 or women between 18 and 40 can change occupations at will. The Minister of Labor has the power to direct workers to the employment he considers best for the national interest."

I think that every American who is interested in insuring the preservation and protection of our political and economic institutions against the notorious endeavor on the part of the internal enemies of our Nation

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to subvert and destroy these free institutions, should by all means read and digest Flynn's new book. The Road Ahead attempts to convey to all loyal, democratic-minded Americans a message concerning the great danger represented by those political opportunists and bureaucrats who control our national government and who are using the federal taxing power in order to weaken and destroy the foundations upon which our democratic republic was created —constitutional government, representative government, political liberty, democratic capitalism, free enterprise, economic individualism, social justice, and states' rights. I believe this book is "must" reading for social science and philosophy students and all others who have a deep interest in the contemporary affairs and problems of our Nation and the world. This book should stimulate a burning desire in the minds and hearts of all Americans who are loyal to the Republic to make certain that in the future only honest and upright citizens, who will strive to defend and protect our republican institutions and to reduce and eliminate the swollen gigantic bureaucracy now bossing and oppressing the American people and squandering public funds, will be chosen as our national leaders; it should demonstrate to the American people the necessity of adopting effective measures that will serve to eliminate the swollen and dictatorial political bureaucracy in Washington and to establish streamlined government and rule by patriotic and loyal Americans. Flynn's book should encourage the American people to organize themselves into a strong and powerful coalition for the purpose of enacting a militant and effective program for the abolition of all the bureaucratic red tape and burdensome limitations which shackle our business and economic life, which hinder and obstruct free enterprise, and which discourage and penalize individual initiative.

World Conflict

(From page 11)

of their own limitations and weaknesses.

Europe is lost and the Iron Curtain moves steadily westward! The lost nations can only follow the example of the Hebrews who lived on the highway of the world, but oscillated in and out of captivity. They never lost their racial identity or their religion and lived captives but free, ready to resume their national life at a moment's notice.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. To the relief of nearly all the known world, the American people have spoken and have assumed world leadership with the solemn promise that they will stand

with other free nations forever. Let us say it happened like this, as it very easily could do.

There arose in the country, intelligent, moral leadership to present the question fairly and squarely to the American people. Every means was used to explain to us the obligations, reasons and advantages of world leadership. Private funds were used to give every person in this country over 18 years of age the right to express himself by ballot. On the ballot were these questions:

1. Do you favor America assuming world leadership? **Yes** or **No.**

2. Do you faithfully promise to explain world leadership to your children? **Yes** or **No.**

3. Do you favor diplomatic correspondence becoming public property except in case of war or declared emergency by the Congress? **Yes** or **No.**

4. Do you favor recognition of Red China on the basis of a nation? **Yes** or **No.**

5. Do you favor a tighter policy with Russia on the questions at hand today? **Yes** or **No.**

It is up to you. How would you answer these questions?

Give the Mule a Chance

(From page 14)

got to stop.

The only limiting factor governing the mule's ability to work is death itself. Yet due to man's misconception of his personality, the mule is squeezed for all he is worth and thrown aside as being merely a means toward a profitable end. How can people hope for better mule-man relations when they insist upon exploiting the mule without proper regard to its personality and habits?

I, for one, am fully in favor of better man-mule relations. Maybe the mule is too, so give the mule a chance.

EDITORIAL

(From page 1)

Then arises the question, would you grade a man during his high-school days and send him to a college or a university that does not give grades? Certainly you would need some mark of capability by which you can judge a man as to his aptness for college. There seems to be little we can do there, except to train better teachers and to increase the standards of secondary schools.

Then, if a man has gone through his high school and his college, the latter having no grading system, how would you qualify him for work in a graduate school? One solution perhaps, would be on the recom-

mendation of his professors. Without a grade to work for, a lot of the casualness with which present-day students approach their work would be done away with. Your student then would have to learn out of the recesses of an inquiring mind for the sake of learning and not for the sake of an average grade that enabled him to get a degree.

Perhaps we could teach separately to the higher and lower levels in our secondary schools, giving those who want to go to college a chance to be prepared for it. It stands to reason that the field of work a man is best suited for could be better determined this way, since his only interest in a subject would come through a quest for knowledge and not through something he has to do.

The cut system in college poses a problem. Somehow it smacks of regimentation. A student in college should be mature enough to have an interest in his work that would require him to be in his classroom without the fear that he can only miss so many classes without penalty. But how many students possess that interest? Most students fall into the casual category. Perhaps this casualness is partly due to the aftermath of a war where degrees are a dime a dozen, and where a man almost has to have one to run a gas station. Colleges are prostituting themselves by handing out degrees right and left.

These questions have been raised and discussed many times without arriving at a tangible answer. The discussions usually came from men old enough to view the problem with intelligence. The solution rests with the generation with the intelligence to meet it and the time and ambition to do something about it.

The summing up is hard. Could you decrease the number of two by four colleges that dot the landscape of every state? Certainly an increase in quality of student, of teacher and of college is required. Make your degrees, from lowest to highest, something worth having. Give your student something to work for—an incentive so that he knows he has accomplished something. So many students in our time leave college without the faintest notion of what they are going to do. By producing a really educated man, you have produced a leader, a man who can be proud of himself and of the college he went to. Years of hard work are involved by men who can be both student and teacher at the same time.

INSIGHT

Be all else but superstitious
Be not inclined
To have the status of savage
man
With shackled mind.
Be all else but complacent
To ever sit reclined
Rejoicing over good old days
That ancient shined.
Strike out anew, go West,
Young man.
That is the secret, that
Is the plan.

—Wm. L. Neal, Jr.

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QUESTIONS

A A sign of omission is found with ease,
Phonetically speaking, it's found between these.

B It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think
About the difference, you'll find the missing link.

C 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year
Is spread and wished by people far and near.

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5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
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8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A FILE in the title "The File on Thelma Jordon."

B CHESTERFIELD. A form-fitting coat and a pleasure-giving cigarette.

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Winners last month: G. K. Livingston, Wm. L. Neal, Jr., Joe K. Brown, Everette Hollifield, Bill Jenerette, John T. Roper, Clyde H. Robertson, Ken Horn, Johnny Covington and James Wylie.

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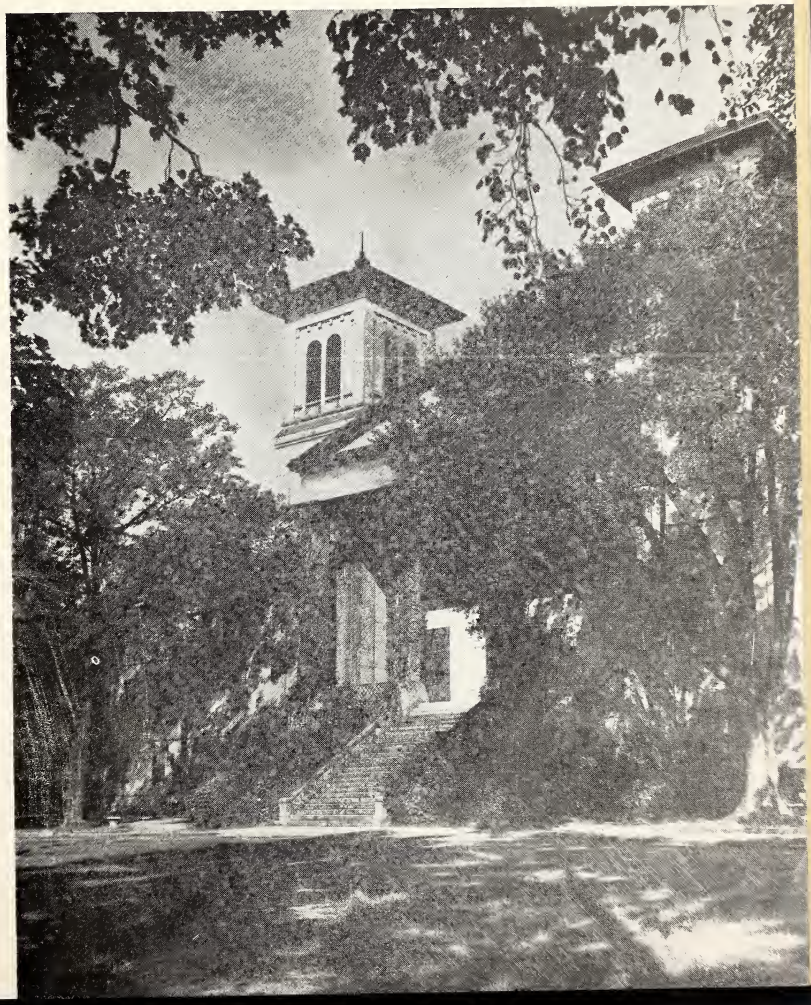

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST—SEE PAGE 28

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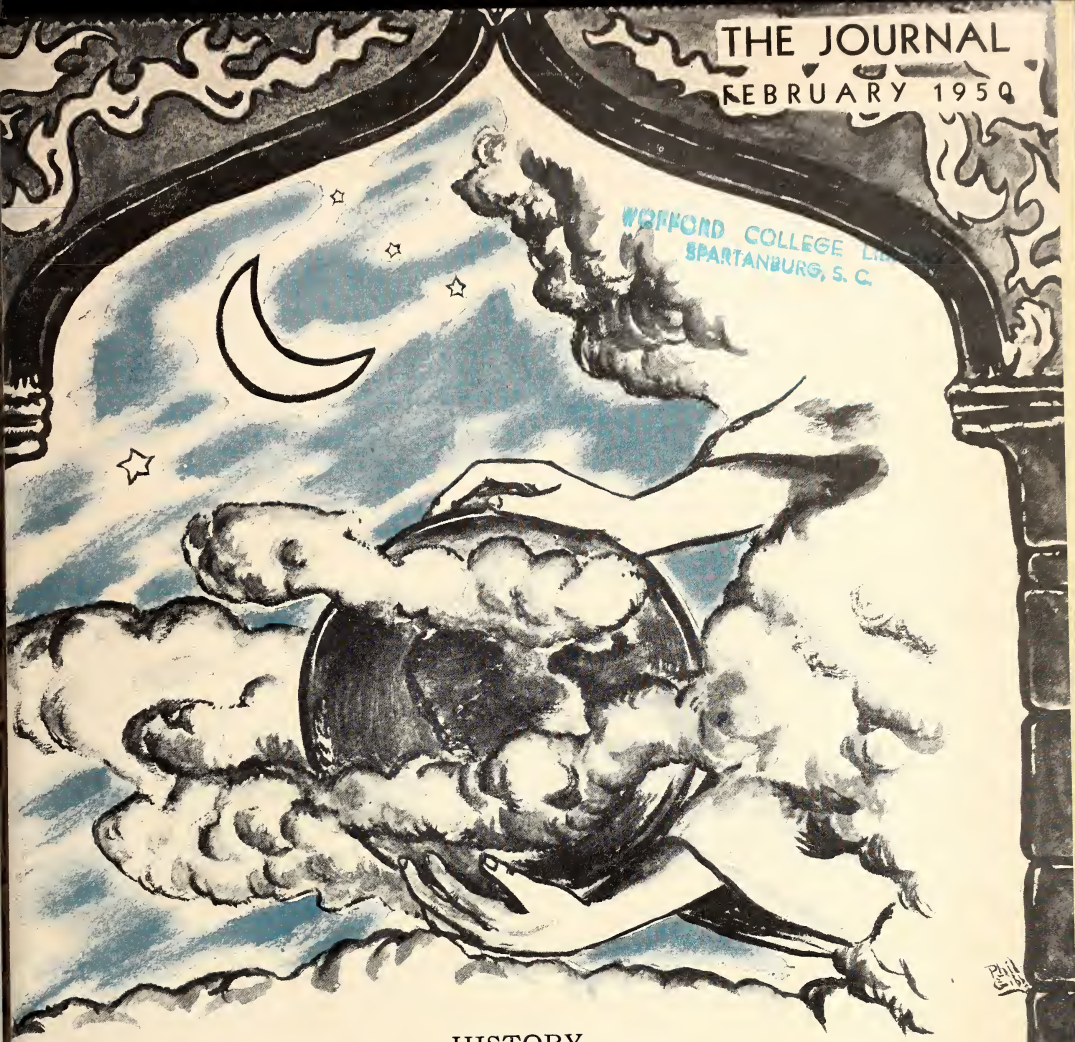

HISTORY

Pre-world, a whirling infinity of atoms,
Birthless, deathless, immutable,
And meaningless.
Whirling, ever whirling through dimensionless space,
Atoms, useless atoms,
Whipped and swirled with restless energy.
Then the great intelligence,
From this chaos of disunity, made unity,
And meaning.
From nothingness came something.
Kneaded, twisted, and aligned into the substance,
Of heavens, of stars, of earth.
Then came another creation—man.
Sublimest of them all, he will tell you,
Possessing intelligence, man had to know,
The meaning of what he saw.
Man found one key, but lives in mortal terror
Of that key's power.
He is afraid that he, himself, will again make creation
Into a whirling infinity of nothingness,
Indistinguishable.

—Charlie Jordan

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The Journal

SHORT STORY ISSUE

Volume 71, Number 3
FEBRUARY '50

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Editorial

"There are two tragedies in life. One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it." Wise words taken from one of the world's foremost thinkers, George Bernard Shaw. Certainly, it would be a tragic, if not unprofitable, experience to lose that which we have struggled for years to own. The instinct of self-preservation comes first, but after the first step comes the second, which we classify roughly as comfort. How loosely the term is used. It can mean anything from a few necessary comforts to paganistic gluttony. Conjecture one of the most powerful of desires and that would be the push for power, wealth and fame. Wealth can cure hunger, but not unhappiness. Wealth can be the basis for materially supporting a particular type of religion, but it is a poor substitute for the health of the soul. But worst of all, wealth is smallest when substituted for love, of any kind and for anything.

Consider the dreamer, who has wealth tremendous. Has he not something the unimaginative person does not? The dream is for the artist and the creator. The mammon world is built on the dreams of fools and crackpots. And after he has lived to see his dream a reality, he

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ARDOR

Ardor, Oh Ardor, break not thy loaves of bread around me,

And leave not the ghosts of old imps that found me,

Take your lean shadowy third and cast on the earth

The pearls, that swine may take of them, and death.

Ardor, Oh Ardor, bite thy tongue in half as seen,

In those who uttered when they should only dream,

To dream, to see . . . can this be all they think?

Of lust, of gold . . . from some magic waters, a drink.

Ardor, Oh Ardor, break thy back on leaves of grass,

And leave, a faltering, hesitant heart that would,

Go, as a slipping hand, not least but last.

To see thee crushed, of gasping breath and dead

And time, who, disheveled life, will wed.

—Charles Weaver

For George

by O. L. Shoenfelt

PEOPLE say I was crazy to quit just when I had made the grade. It was true that I had attracted a lot of attention and was offered a headliner in the "Garden." but I've never been sorry, not for one minute. I have all that I've asked for and that's more than plenty of big shots can say. Let me ask you, you've been covering fights for a long time. Was it worth it to fellows like Ike Novack and George Bell, who were good, but not quite good enough? Novack still hangs around the gym trying to pick up a little money as a sparring partner, but he's so punchy now they try to keep him away. He gets too many of the boys thinking.

"What happened to Bell? He dropped out of sight after the Sangre fight."

"Dropped is right, George hasn't been the same since. I've known him since he was a kid. I was the one who got him started fighting. I didn't know what it could do to you then."

"That's right, I saw you in his corner, now I remember."

"You don't remember how I started, do you? I wasn't too popular, the crowd doesn't like a fancy Dan, they want blood. Even though I had a good record—but you wanted to hear why I stopped boxing. The real story begins the night of the George Bell-Lee Sangre fight. As you know, George and I were from the same stable and we used to spar together all the time. I was a boxer; he had the hot blood that makes a great fighter; he was able to get by on guts alone, for there wasn't a gamer fighter anywhere. We would always be in each other's corner every time we fought; he would win by a knock-out and I would manage to out-point my man. George had ambition. He was on the way up, while I was content to drift along making enough to have a good time and that was all. I was in the corner for the Sangre fight as usual. I had seen Sangre fight before and I was trying to tell George what I knew. He was shorter than George, but his body was built for fighting. His legs were thin, almost spindley; from the waist up he was perfection: long gangly arms, powerful shoulders, and an iron-ribbed stomach. His bullet-shaped head sat on almost no neck and his head had been shaved to hide his baldness. Sangre was a shrewd character with a lot of experience, and it wouldn't bother him if he had to throw a few low blows to win a fight. I kept talking although I could see George wasn't paying any attention to what I was saying; he was just staring across the ring at Sangre. He knew that he could beat Lee Sangre and I believe that Sangre knew it too, for it was a dirty fight from the start, at least it was dirty on that butcher's part. You know what happened when they carried George Bell out of the ring that night; he wasn't only smashed and broken in his body, but his spirit was gone, broken by a ring killer; a man who takes pride in mauling. Sangre didn't have to do what he did. He could have finished him in the fourth round. He was just toying with him after that. In the sixth round he broke his nose, in the seventh it was his right eye, in the eighth it was his left. He was like a mad surgeon cutting just to see the blood flow. Still George wouldn't quit. I was crying when he went out for the last round. I yelled for them to stop the fight, but the house was on its feet sensing the kill and no one could hear me. He fooled them, though, for the knock-out never came. George was on his feet when the fight was over; he just walked to the corner and collapsed. I don't know how he did it, but he stayed on his feet. They gave him a big hand as we carried him down to the dressing room, but he didn't hear it.

George wasn't pretty after that. His nose was flat and both his eyes had ugly red scars around them. What was worse, his nerve was gone. He looked scared, like a little kid. The thing that held him together was gone; he wasn't a whole person any more. When I looked into his eyes I knew that he would never fight again, he never did, either; in fact, he's never been near a boxing ring since.

Something happened to me that night. For the first time I wanted to kill somebody. When I carried George down the aisle to the dressing room I swore that I would repay Lee Sangre for all that he did to George. After that every punching bag I hit had Sangre's face on it; whenever I sparred it was Sangre I was boxing; when I was shadow boxing, Sangre was there before me. I nursed my grudge through three fights until I could get a match with Sangre. By then he had quite a reputation and was known as "The Ripper," for he had torn up another boy since his fight with George. The only reason I got the fight with him was that there weren't many managers who wanted to risk their boys against a ring butcher. Sangre had a name now and only needed a victory or two more for a shot at the title.

I tried to get George to come to the fight, but he said, "It would be like fighting Sangre all over again."

I knew how he felt, so I didn't say anything else. Everywhere George goes now he carries the memory of the beating Sangre gave him. He's tried to get away from everything connected with boxing; he doesn't even come to see me any more. Most of the time he stays at home. His mother says he just looks out the window and never says anything. Lee Sangre did that.

That night, as I sat in my corner waiting for Sangre, I knew I had to do something nobody else had done; I had to make him mad. I had thought of all the ways: dirty fighting, calling him names; but, if I could hurt his pride, that would do it.

When Sangre climbed through the ropes I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck and a trickle of sweat ran down from under my arm. I watched him dance around in his corner and I wanted to go over and tell him that it really was George Bell he was going to fight. He looked the same as the night he fought George: there were no marks on his face and if you met him outside the ring it would be hard to tell that he was a fighter. His muscles rippled and glistened under a heavy coat of Vaseline as he went through his warm-up exercises. I said something about it to the referee and I noticed one of his seconds wiping most of the grease off a minute later. He gave me a hard look across the ring, but I pretended not to pay any attention, for they were putting on my gloves and I wanted to make sure the laces were tied just right.

We stared at each other, eye to eye, as we stood in the center of the ring while the referee gave us final instructions. I don't believe that man ever knew fear in his life. His proud eyes were two coal-black dots, lifeless and hard, never moving, never blinking, just staring. He extended both hands to touch gloves, but I said, "Not with a butcher," and returned to my corner.

As I stood in my corner waiting for the first bell, hate was so deep inside me that I ached. Now I wanted to get the fight over with. I wanted to be done with the whole damned business. The bell rang and I yelled, "Come and get it, Ripper."

Sangre came across the ring like a bull that has been whipped and goaded into full fury. I was surprised, because I didn't think anything could affect him that much. He was trying to slaughter me, but his blows were so wild that I had no trouble weaving in through his attack. I was able to counter almost every punch he threw. I was using plenty of steam, and all of my shots were landing. I thought he would slow down after he saw what was happening, yet it only made him madder and wilder. His seconds must have talked to him, because for the next round he settled down a little. It wasn't hard to get him started again, though, a dig in the ribs, an elbow; it wasn't hard at all, for he wasn't used to have someone fighting back with his own weapons. I really got to him in the fifth round and he went down for a three count, but he was too mad to rest and he came on just asking for more. That was when I started getting even for George. In the sixth I flattened his nose into his face. In the seventh I flicked my glove across his right eye so the laces would whip and sting just like they did to Georgie. His eye grew pink and then that coal-black dot was surrounded by red as tears flowed down his cheek. In the eighth I opened a cut under his left eye, twisting each punch until his cheek was just a mass of raw meat. There was blood on my gloves, and every time they hit they would say, splat, splat. It was a bloody fight, all right; all Lee Sangre's blood. By the tenth round both of us were covered with it. Now I could see what I had waited for: how long I had waited to see Lee Sangre, the Ripper, run like a dog with his tail between his legs. As I came out for the last bell I had to go all the way across the ring to get to him. He just stood in his corner looking for some place to hide, but you can't hide in a boxing ring with 8,000 people watching, and he knew it. He wasn't a man any more and maybe I wasn't either, for I could have stopped it if I had wanted to. I hit him just hard enough to hurt him and not knock him down. I opened the cuts under his eyes and started his mouth to bleeding again. He stood there in the middle of the ring, his mouth piece gone and his left eye completely closed, trying to brush the blood out of his right eye so he could see. In the glare of the white lights his body looked a faded crimson. I should have left him alone, but I kept thinking, "Remember George Bell, remember George Bell." I must have been thinking out loud, for he looked up at me and his battered lips formed the words, "George Bell," just before I hit him for the last time. That punch held all the hate that I had for him and he folded like an empty sack. He was done for and I walked to my corner without turning around. That was the first time I heard the crowd yelling; I had never heard them yell for me like that before. It was strange, wonderfully strange, to have everyone on their feet yelling for me. They were cheering for me and I stood in the center of the ring and raised my hands in the sign of victory. Then I went to Sangre's corner; I wanted to at least act the part of a sportsman and tell him it was a good fight.

He wasn't pretty, his nose was flattened and both his eyes had ugly red gashes around them. What was worse, his nerve was gone. He looked scared, like a little kid. The thing that held him together was gone—he wasn't a whole person any

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One Night Stand

by Paul S. Anderson, Jr.

ALONE. This one word could easily tell the story of my life. It has been knocking around from here to there, no real home, no feeling of security. Sure, I have a family, if it can be called that. There were four of us children. All of us except Ann, my twin sister, knew but one place we could call home, Lee Orphanage. Ann was the luckiest of us. She was adopted by a couple from Chicago when she was six months old. I've never seen her. I don't even know her adopted name. Ruth, the oldest, lives out in California trying to give her children a better home than she had. Melvin, the most unlucky, was killed during the war. Mother died in childbirth and I never found out what happened to my father. That's my family.

Mark Wall is the best friend I have. Mark and I have been roommates since I came to town a year ago. The boys at the office where I work are good fellows to have a good time with once in a while. I don't even have friends to help me get over this feeling of being alone. Everyone has his own private hell. I guess mine is being alone. Some day I hope I can find a girl that will have me, then maybe things will change.

Ivory-Palms, it's called. A little restaurant just off Ninth Street. One of those quaint little places like you see in the movies or read about in a book. I presume it was this sort of atmosphere that first attracted me, but the food they serve has kept me fanning the door three times a day for the past year. It's small and never too crowded, just right for relaxation and enjoyment. My favorite table is in the left rear corner behind an artificial palm where you can see everything and not be seen yourself.

I realize now that I must have been too occupied with my meal to notice the slim brunette, standing beside my table, come in. Her soft, husky voice broke through the pleasant din of clinking silverware and rattling dishes like a breath of fresh air.

"Pardon me—but may I sit with you? This used to be my favorite table before I left town several years ago. I would like to eat here again, sort of to celebrate my home-coming."

"Sure, have a seat. I wouldn't want to deprive you of celebrating."

My napkin slipped to the floor as did my fork as I tried to rise. My chair refused to slip back sufficiently to allow me to stand.

"I hope I won't interfere with your meal."

"Oh, no. On the contrary, I like company."

She placed her order as the waitress brought me another fork. I tried to appear casual as we waited. She looked around at the other people and objects in the restaurant, as if to turn back the clock. I took the opportunity for some picture study.

She was wearing tasteful but inexpensive clothes with just enough costume jewelry not to be gaudy. There was a small red-stoned ring on her right hand, but the left was bare. Her hands were well manicured, despite the roughness of them. Her face was pale and wan with a few crow's feet around her sorrowful brown eyes. She appeared worn and tired. A few pounds of extra flesh wouldn't have hurt, either. However, her new permanent not only brought out the luster of her hair, but did much to off-set her fatigued expression. In spite of the lines and maturity of her features, I wouldn't say she was over twenty-seven. Suddenly, I was conscious of something strange about this girl, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

She turned to catch me staring at her. She smiled and dropped her eyes. Embarassed, I looked out over the room and then down at my plate. She must have noticed that I wasn't eating.

"Please don't let me stop you from eating."

"That's quite all right. Your order will be here in a minute. I don't mind waiting."

I looked at the tablecloth unaware of seeing it. When I looked up, I found her gazing at me. Now it was her time to be embarrassed. Instead, she continued to look at me.

"You come here often?"

"Pretty regular. I found this place just after I hit town. I haven't bothered to look any further."

"I like it too. I used to have dinner here every day."

She looked out over the room once more. By the look in her eyes, I knew she had a very strong feeling for the restaurant.

"Since you are back, I guess I'll have to find another table. This has been my favorite, too."

"Indeed you won't, I'll do the finding of another table. I don't own this one."

"Neither do I. I don't see any reason why we both can't use it, though. I said I liked company, so if you wish, you have a standing invitation to join me any time'.'

"Thanks. I might take you up on that."

The waitress arrived with her order. We began to eat. My steak had gotten a little cold, but it was still delicious. She seemed to be well pleased with her meal, also. She treated it as her first in some

time.

"Do you think it would do any harm if we swapped names?"

She smiled as she looked up.

"I can't see where it would. Doris Vedison is mine."

"Harry Dickenson."

"Well, Harry, what can we talk about now? The weather?"

"No. I think you would be a much better subject."

"There isn't enough about me to be worth the effort to tell it."

"I don't know. I'm willing to give it a try."

"Instead of me, let's talk about you. You seem to be quite an interesting person to know."

"I was born in 1924 up in Ohio. I have black hair and brown eyes. I was in the Army for five years and ——."

We both laughed. She had a deep laughter that made you feel that it was sincere and honest.

"You don't waste much time, do you?"

"I wanted to get it over so I could hear about you."

Doris had finished her dinner. I called for my second cup of coffee and lit a cigarette. She accepted the one I offered her, bending forward for the light. She rested her elbows on the table and I settled back in the chair.

"Maybe I can tell you my ——."

A bus boy and our waitress had a collision beside our table. As the boy, tray, and dishes went crashing to the floor, a cup from the tray bounced on the table slinging its contents over the front of Doris' dress. She jumped to her feet with me not a second behind her. There was much apologizing, attempts to undo the damage, and general confusion. Finally, Doris gathered up her things and prepared to leave.

"I'll go to the door with you."

"Please, Harry, don't bother."

"No bother at all."

We started for the door stopping only to pay the check. I held the door as we stepped out into the sultry heat of a still August night. The change was very noticeable.

"Thank you for letting me impose on you in here."

"The pleasure was all mine. I'll get a cab and see you home."

"It's just a few blocks, I'll walk."

"I'll walk with you."

"I had rather you wouldn't."

"Will I see you again?"

"Yes, I'll be back tomorrow night about the same time."

"I hope you won't have to leave as soon."

She laughed as she turned to leave.

"I'll try not to get in the way of a coffee cup again."

She started toward the corner. I turned in the opposite direction and headed toward my room. I hadn't gone more than twenty yards when I heard the screeching of brakes, a woman scream, and the sound of running feet. I turned in time to see Doris smashed to the pavement by a car. It took me a second to get my reflexes to work. I dashed to the corner and began to fight my way through the assembling crowd. Out of the doorways, stores, cars and the street itself seemed to come. It looked as if they were waiting for this to happen. Someone shouted.

"Get an ambulance. This girl is hurt bad."

I finally succeeded in getting through the crowd. There she was, partly under the front of the car, lying on her stomach. Her right arm and leg bent horribly just under the bumper. The driver was staring in complete terror, half mumbling, half speaking aloud.

"I didn't see her until it was too late. I couldn't help it."

There was the wailing of sirens as a couple of squad cars arrived on the scene. Patrolmen held the crowd back as the officer in charge began to take over. The officer turned out to be my roommate, Detective Mark Wall.

"Harry, what are you doing here? Did you see it happen?"

"Partly, Mark. I was with her tonight. I had just left her."

The driver of the car came up. I didn't get a chance to talk to Mark again. The ambulance arrived about the same time. Two men dressed in white carried a stretcher while a third carried a little black bag. The doctor bent over the unconscious girl.

"She's in a bad way, arm and leg broken and head injuries. Come on, boys, let's get her to the hospital."

They lifted her to the stretcher and carried her to the ambulance.

"Doc, mind if I ride with you? I was with this girl tonight and I feel as if I ——"

"Sure, my boy. Get in."

"Hey, Harry, wait. I want to talk to you."

"I'll see you at the hospital, Mark."

The ambulance shot out into the street, clearing the way with its shrill siren. The doctor was working over Doris with nothing missing his deft fingers. He was administering first aid the best he could. We had gone only a couple or three blocks when he looked up at me.

"I'm afraid there's not much we can do for her now. She's gone."

He tapped on the glass behind the driver. The assistant slid it aside.

"Better make it the morgue, boys."

The siren lost its high pitch and the ambulance slowed down.

"It's just one of those things we can't help, my boy. I'll have to make out a report. Mind answering a few questions?"

"Not at all, Doc, but all I know about her is her name. I don't even know her address."

"I see. What's her name?"

"Doris Vedison."

I told him about meeting her and having dinner with her. We arrived at the morgue in a matter of min-

utes. The body was being lifted out, as I walked toward the waiting room. I entered and sat down. The doctor came in a minute later. He sat down beside me.

"Would you mind telling the police to give me a ring when they get here?"

"Sure, be glad to."

"Thanks, and son—take it easy."

"Why take it easy? I told you, she's—er—was just a passing acquaintance."

"So you said, but you're developing a good case of the shakes."

He went out. I looked down at my hands. They were shaking and I was conscious of wild beating of my heart. Was it excitement or feeling for the girl? I couldn't tell which, but I know I had the same feeling I had in combat. Life and death, how close they are, yet so far apart. I would spend the night sharing a foxhole with a man. We joked, laughed, smoked, and thought together, held together by a common cause. Then the next day, he would be dead. Gone just like that. Now this girl, snatched from life in a matter of minutes. Before, she was alive, experiencing emotion and having feelings just like me. Now death. There was the feeling of something strange and puzzling about Doris I had when she first sat down. I couldn't explain what it was or put my finger on it.

I had been sitting there about twenty minutes dwelling upon these unanswerable questions, trying to figure an answer, when Mark came into the room.

"Too bad she couldn't pull through. We've got the driver booked at headquarters. He was speeding under the influence, if you know what I mean."

"Yea, I know what you mean."

"Tell me what you know. Nobody seemed to know who she was, do you?"

"Doris Vedison."

"Doris Vedison? What were you doing mixed up with her? I remember her from the trouble she got into three or four years ago. It was my first assignment on the force. She killed her husband, not that the no-account bum didn't deserve it, but, nevertheless, she took a man's life. The judge gave her five years for manslaughter. She must have been out on parole."

"That girl! You must be mistaken. She wasn't the type that would do anything like that."

"If it's the Doris Vedison I know, she's the one. Come on, we'll go back to headquarters and look up the record."

We left, and as we were getting into the squad car, I remembered what the doctor had asked me.

"Oh, Mark, the doc wants you to get in touch with him, right away."

"I'll call from headquarters."

I told my story as we rode up town.

"I guess you had no way of knowing. She wasn't a bad looker, either."

We went into the station and the record room. Mark got out the girl's record. From the picture attached, I recognized it to be Doris. We began to delve into her past.

"Name: Doris Vedison Gordon; Age, 22; Birthplace, Chicago, Ill.; Date of Birth: March 16, 1924; Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; Weight, 115 lbs.; Color of Hair, dark; Eyes, brown; Identifying Scars, none; Others, none; Relations: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vedison, parents, Chicago; Marital Status: Married on June 23, 1946, to Carl T. Gordon, deceased, no children; Record: Charged with murder, Oct. 12, 1946, convicted of manslaughter, Jan. 5, 1947, no previous arrest. Her finger prints are on the bottom of the record. It seems to me that she ran off and married while at college. There was something about her parents giving her the air. They weren't brought in during the trial. As far as I know, they don't know anything about the record."

I had listened inattentively as Mark had droned through the report. I was thinking of the girl and the accident.

"I can't help but believe she was a victim of circumstance. I feel sorry for her. Mark, don't tell her folks about the record. Just let it ride, huh?"

"Sure, Harry. No need to open old wounds when it isn't necessary."

I left and went back to my room. I couldn't help thinking about Doris and the events of the night. That little picture in the back of my mind that kept reminding me of Doris. That strange and puzzling air. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what it was. Another question bothered me, too. Why had she refused to let me take her home? Was she ashamed of the place she was living? Afraid I would find out about her past? Why? I gave that one up, also, after going through all the answers I could think of.

It was two o'clock when Mark came in. I wasn't asleep. I couldn't. We started all over.

"Did you get her parents, Mark?"

"Yes, finally. They'll get here about noon tomorrow. The mother was crying. I could hear her in the background. I guess they're sorry they acted the way they did toward her."

It was near dawn before I finally dropped off to sleep. I awoke just before nine. It was a mad dash to work and then I was late. All through the morning I couldn't get the girl out of my mind.

At lunch time, I went by the station and met the Vedisons. They were an elderly couple, grief-stricken and beart-broken.

"Oh, my little girl. I just can't believe she's dead. We've tried to find her in the last few years, but couldn't."

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New York to Boston *by Lee McRae*

A Pastiche (with a reverent bow toward the shade of Saki)

THE coach was like all these beastly American cars, and Clovis found himself swept along and on board the train by a herd of people, of whom each seemed determined to be the first one on. He was fortunate in finding two facing seats unoccupied, and settled down beside his oversized bag which simply refused to stay put in the soapdishes which were evidently intended by a short-sighted designer to serve as baggage-racks.

Instantly he was seated, with the bag on end on the floor between the facing seats, the car filled to capacity, and a pretty young thing came up to him anxiously and inquired, "Are these taken?"

"Not yet," replied Clovis, delighted at the prospect of a four-hour trip with so lovely a girl. However, the Pretty Young Thing plumped down opposite him and was immediately joined on that seat by an unattractive Husband, and Clovis found himself being forced over to make room for the ample seating requirements of somebody's mother. The interlopers disrobed themselves to the extent of taking off their coats, and of course, that took up more room, too.

"How do you do?" said Clovis, from the uncomfortable corner where his person had been forced into several assorted acute and obtuse angles in order to fit between bag and Somebody's Mother. They did very well, it seemed, but no one offered to tell him so. In fact, they only looked at him momentarily and then began to talk among themselves. Clovis began to wonder whose mother the large woman was, since both Pretty Young Thing and Husband called her Mother. As the train pulled out of the station, he reached the conclusion that, barring incestuous relationships, the woman couldn't possibly be mother to both, hence she was obviously an Impostor. He received a vicarious pleasure from thinking of her as an Impostor.

When the candy vendor passed through, the Impostor purchased some lemon drops and passed them around—excepting, of course, to Clovis. Clovis retaliated by producing his most obnoxious pipe—the one his uncle had sent him from India—which he himself could hardly bear to smoke, and filling the immediate area with an essence somewhat reminiscent of seared flesh.

There was some conversation, limited to the three, and much of this was by way of whispers behind a hand. Clovis gazed blithely out the window, acutely uncomfortable, and with new cramps commencing every instant from his shoulders to his sacroiliac.

After the first stop in Connecticutt, a few passengers dismounted and Clovis yearned to occupy one of their vacated seats; but it had become a battle by now. He closed his eyes, gritted his teeth, and resolved to occupy his cramped position for a fortnight if necessary, rather than yield to the three squatters who so obviously wanted him elsewhere.

Pretty Young Thing and Husband appeared to sleep fitfully, but Impostor remained awake and seemed to expand by the minute, until poor Clovis felt like a hermit crab packed into an undersized shell.

"Why don't you move to another seat, Mother?" asked Pretty Young Thing at length. "You'd be more comfortable."

"I'd rather remain with you two," replied Impostor, with a glance at Clovis that was pregnant with suggestion.

"Somebody ought to move," offered Husband, with a pregnant glance at Clovis.

They all looked at Clovis with intently pregnant glances.

Clovis yawned and looked, or endeavored to look, perfectly comfortable.

Pretty Young Thing whispered something into Husband's ear, and he nodded.

"Why," asked Husband, "don't you put your bag into the aisle?"

"Because," replied Clovis, drowsily.

The three heads of the others came together for a brief and hushed conference.

"Because why?" asked Husband, but Clovis was apparently asleep, because they got no answer from him.

"Your neck is red," said Impostor to Pretty Young Thing. Clovis might have told her that the inflamed condition was due to the nuzzling of unshaven Husband, but instead he was suddenly very much awake and said, "My Uncle Timothy married an Indian squaw, and she had chance, an Indian?"

a red neck also. Are you, by any

He was answered merely by a stony silence.

"She not only had a red neck," he continued unabashed, "but red hands and a red face and a red tummy and red ——" he paused momentarily "—feet."

"We aren't crowding you, are we?" asked Impostor, with elaborate dislike.

"Mercy, no, thank you. At first I confess I was horribly self-conscious being so near Americans, but after the first hour or so you were so courteous in ignoring me so com-

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Dust unto Dust

by Charles Weaver

IT RAINED. God, it rained! All day, and was still raining when night finally decided to shut off the repulsiveness of having to watch it. Days like this always roused in me a maudlin coma of self-pity. I had a horror of rainy days. To me, they are a day wasted—a precious day—in an all too short life—gone, gone forever. Why did it have to rain? Whatever God there is must have a particularly nasty pathos for the human race on these days.

About twelve o'clock that night, I decided to go out for a sandwich. Anything to get me out of the crowded stuffiness of an overheated room. I went down the stairs and out the door. I assailed with vigor the elaborate fortress the night was building around me. The night! To me, it was something sometimes stormy, and very dark, and everlastingly mysterious. I knew it to be an outgrowth of the very genius that created it. I could be afraid of it, I thought; yes, I could easily be afraid of the night.

I walked out onto the railroad tracks. Faintly in the distance I could hear the obnoxious moan of a diesel engine. I would wait for the damn thing to pass. I had a positive horror of being killed by a train. It seemed that I should be afraid of a train also; there were so many things to be afraid of, things I could not understand. A train seemed to me to be the strange aftermath of a wedding between the innate forces of Nature and the artificially conceived forces of Man. I guess I thought of all big, powerful, non-controllable things that way.

It was getting closer now: I could feel the flesh begin to creep on my spine. I wanted to run, run as far and as fast as I could. Anything to get away from that monster that was coming at such a terrific rate of speed. I could see the oscillating light on the front of the train, swinging to and fro as it came closer and closer. I was too petrified to move. I just stood there and watched with glaring eyes as the thing went by, slowing down as it came into the station. I watched the train stop and a great sense of relief flooded me. Now I could cross the tracks and know I was in no danger from that thing. I stepped gingerly across the tracks, being careful not to step in a hole between the cross-ties. I started up the path that ran along beside the tracks.

A railroad employee stood on the tracks and swung a lantern he held in his hand, signaling to the switch engine. What a way to make a living, I thought. Not for me, oh, no. I would never do that for a living, trying to pacify myself, I thought. What the hell? You'd do anything you could, if you had to. When it came right down to it, you would—you'd have to. I suppose so, I thought, suddenly disgusted at the thought that I, about to graduate from college, could find no better use for my education than that. All in all, I think it would be a full life, I said, half to myself, half aloud.

The cafe stood right off the tracks in the last building on the street. It wasn't a very good cafe or a very sanitary one, but it was the only thing that was open at this time of the night. I could hear noises coming from the cafe. Sounds of a jukebox playing a hill-billy song and now and then the sound of a woman's voice. The voice was loud and shrill, and as I got closer I began to suspect that the woman was drunk. I turned the corner and walked up to the door of the cafe. I went in.

There was a woman there, all right, and she was drunk—very drunk. She looked at me as I came through the door of the cafe. I looked at her once and that was enough. She was old and ugly and her drunkenness made her that much uglier. She wasn't that old, about thirty-nine or forty at the most. She had stringy, dirty blond hair that looked as if it had not been combed in a year or two. Too much make-up, I thought, but the minute she opened her mouth I knew what she was.

She said, "Come on in, Kid, come on in; it's wet outside."

"Yes, it is," I said.

I sat down. She kept looking at me and I kept hoping that she would keep her foolish mouth shut. The counterman came over and asked me what I'd have. I told him a hamburger and a cup of coffee. He left. I looked at Blondie again. She was talking to some guy on the other side of her who appeared to be just as drunk as she was, otherwise I don't see how he could have stood her. She looked at me again.

She said, "I know you; I know who you are."

"I don't think ——," I began.

"Don't pay any attention to her," the counterman said. "She's drunk."

"Yeah, she is at that," I said, perhaps underestimating the situation.

"She does that all the time," he said, "and then comes in here and tries to pick up everybody that comes in."

"Is that so?" I said. "What's her name?"

"Laverne something or other," he

said. "Just don't pay any attention to her."

"Okay," I said.

Peace prevailed for a moment or two. The counterman went to see about my hamburger and I sat there feeling stupid, knowing the storm was going to break and not knowing just what I was going to do about it when it did. It broke.

Blondie said, "Hey, Kid, come over here." I got up and walked over there.

"Do you know Shorty?" She indicated a small nervous man behind the counter.

"Faintly," I said.

"What?" She blew her breath in my face. It smelled as if it had been mixed with whiskey and used over and over for years.

"No," I said.

"Well, you ought to meet him."

"Shorty, this is the Kid," she said, smiling, showing tobacco - stained teeth.

Shorty thrust a shaking, dirty, wrinkled hand out to me. I took it, feeling as if I had just picked up the devil.

"Here's your hamburger, Pal," the other counterman said.

I left. I was glad to leave. That woman was beginning to get on my nerves. I had nothing but cold contempt for her, not physically or mentally, but for allowing herself to get in such a condition so as to make a fool out of herself. Why can't people be fools in the quietness of their own homes, I thought. I sat down and ate.

The door opened and a fairly young fat man came in. He wasn't too fat, just pleasingly plump. On second thought, he wasn't even pleasing. He sat down right beside me. I went on eating and trying hard to mind my own business.

"Kind of late to be starting out, isn't it?" he said.

What the devil? Was he talking to me? He was looking right at me, so I guessed he was.

"Why, yes, I guess so," I said. and then added, like an idiot, "What are you doing out so late?"

"Oh, just looking around," he said. "I thought I might be able to find something."

"Maybe so," I murmured, and went back to eating my hamburger, which was getting cold.

There was a look of complete indecision about the face of the fat man who sat next to me. He only wanted the sensual pleasures of the present, caring not what would happen to him when the time came that this would be ended. He wasn't a bad-looking fellow, his cheek bones were high and hard. His chin firm, his lips were wide and middle-sized, while his nose was straight. He had a dreamer's eyes, but I doubted he knew he had them. They were fine eyes. My musing was cut short by the opening of the door. A girl came in.

Oh, Lord, not another one, I thought. I looked at her, proving I was wrong. There was all about her a sense of ripeness, a ripeness that had been recognized and handled in any way; it didn't matter, because she did not have the sense or the respect for herself to control it. She was about nineteen years old and was really quite pretty. She had tousled brown hair that had been combed recently but had also been recently messed up. Her face was bare of any sort of cosmetics and of any emotion whatsoever. She had no lipstick and a print flower dress clung to her quite provocatively. She walked straight to the back of the cafe and crammed some money into the juke box. Then she turned and walked slowly back as if she were looking for a seat. There were empty seats all over the place. She finally chose one . . . right beside me. I motioned for the counterman and ordered another hamburger. When I turned around again, she was talking to a man I had not seen before. He must have come from the kitchen.

I lit a cigarette and sat there, smoking. It was getting a little crowded. There weren't very many people in the room but the way they were situated was what was causing all the stuffiness.

The young girl and the man were talking in lowered tones and now and then the girl would vigorously shake her head in reply to something he had said. The fat fellow on my right was watching the girl with intense interest. I could almost tell what he was thinking. His face was concentrated, and every now and then he would look up, catch me looking at him, and smile sort of knowingly. I would smile back because I did know what he was thinking. Surely the girl's not that big a fool, I thought. Why, the fellow's not even attractive and he doesn't look to me as if he has a great deal of money.

It had stopped raining, so the man called Shorty went over and opened the door. He stood there and let the cool breeze rush over him. Very melodramatic, I thought. The Good Samaritan opens the door and lets in the wind of virtue to cool off a very hot situation. Just then a bellboy from a nearby hotel came in. He walked over to the counter.

"What do you want, boy?" asked the counterman.

"I want some Seven-ups and some paper cups," he said.

"Hey, boy," said the fat man, "come here a minute." The colored man walked over to the fat man. The fat man beckoned for him to bend down so he could whisper in his ear. He finished talking and I saw the colored boy step back, look at the young girl and slowly nod his head. The fat man smiled and said aloud to the colored boy, "Okay, make it in an hour—give me time to work on it."

The colored boy smiled, showing enormous white teeth. His cups

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Summer's End

by C. L. Jordan

THE BOY EDDY lay on his stomach before the open-grate fireplace. Before him lay an open book propped up on the edge of a thick Sears' catalogue. With his elbows resting on the floor, his hands formed a cradle of support for his head. The inadequate coal fire in the grate flickered and sputtered trying desperately to burn a poor grade of coal. The reflection of the fire glimmered in his bright blue eyes, making them seem a bit yellowish and very alive. His eyes were fixed intently upon the book and it was evident that he was completely lost in the world of the book's making. If one observed closely, he could see the quick, darting movements of those eyes as they absorbed excitement and adventure from the flowing river of the black and white.

Eddy Tilly was eleven years old. Though he was not exactly a robust child, he was by no means puny. The fineness of his features made him look more delicate than he really was. Dressed in his overalls and a blue chambray shirt which was no longer blue but almost white from repeated launderings, he presented a picture of the average boy of eleven years. He was a little quieter and perhaps a little brighter than most of his chums. His eyes were probably his most distinctive feature. Shy and polite, they had that trusting look about them — like a puppy's—that neither knows nor understands deceit.

Dave Tilley folded his two-day-old newspaper. He was a lean, virile-looking man of about thirty-five with intense blue eyes that usually meant what they indicated. He looked at his son. The two were alone as Nettie and their two daughters had stepped over to visit a next-door neighbor. He smiled wistfully and a bit pridefully as he looked at the passionately interested face of his son. Reading Huckleberry Finn again, he thought; must be about the third or fourth time he's read it. For lack of proper introduction Dave had never been too interested in reading fiction himself but he guessed it was all right if one liked it. Anyway, he was glad to see Eddy keen on books, for it would help him in his school work and in later life.

He had given Eddy the book the past Christmas. Considering the presents received, it hadn't been a big Christmas for the Tilley children. Dave wished he could have done better for them, but times were hard with the Tilleys. They were hard with all cotton mill folk in the early thirties. But so far they had managed to get by.

Dave knew Eddy treasured this book. He remembered with a pang of regret how he had hurt the boy's feelings by laughing at a portion of it he considered tragic. Eddy had insisted on him reading it. The part was about Emmeline Grangerford, the girl who could rattle off poetry right out of her head and not even stop to think. He remembered the sad and compassionate pity Eddy's face had shown for this poor little girl who died so young—the girl who composed odes in the form of tributes to her newly deceased acquaintances even before the undertaker arrived.

And there was Emmeline the artist, whose black, crayoned pictures filled him with pathos. There was the one of a sad and pensive maiden leaning on a tombstone sighing "Shall I Never See Her More Alas!" But the one of the sweet-faced girl standing on a bridge rail with three sets of arms—which seemed too spidery to Huck—touched him most. Emmeline prayed to be allowed to finish this picture before she died, but she didn't make it. As Twain put it, she "kinder pined away." It seemed to Dave that the boy had placed himself in mystic alliance with the sad spirit of the dead girl. He chuckled to himself.

"Son, don't you ever get tired of that book?" he inquired.

Eddy looked up with a start. A wisp of irritation for having been interrupted clouded his eyes.

"Nossir, it's the best book I ever read."

"And I'll bet I know why."

"Why?"

"Because you've got a sweetheart," kidded the elder Tilley.

"Sir-r-r? I ain't got no sweetheart."

"Young man, you don't fool your old man in the least. I know you've got a crush on Emmeline Grangerford," said Dave, with mock severity.

"Aw-aw, paw. . . ." His face showed that his father's accusation might not be so absurd after all. "You know I don't care nuthin' fer girls, an' besides, she's dead."

Dave grinned. "Okay, son, we'll drop it."

Eddy looked relieved. When his father took his enormous pipe out and lit it with a blue cloud of aromatic smoke, Eddy knew he was leading up to something. He always lit his pipe when he thought a lot.

"I talked to March today."

"What'd Uncle March have to say?"

"Well, son, we talked mostly about you."

"Me?" Eddy's eyebrows arched quizzically.

Dave said nothing. He sucked contemplatively upon his pipe,

scarcely realizing it was there.

"C'mon, paw," coaxed Eddy. "What'd he say? Has he got them squirrels he promised me?" He sat eagerly upright. His curiosity was beginning to mount.

"No, he didn't mention the squirrels. But he did say he'd like to have you come and stay with him and Sara this summer and help him raise his cotton crop; he'd make you sorta his partner."

"You mean I would make some money?"

"Sure, Eddy. Now I don't know how much you'd make. That all depends. But I know March would treat you right if you worked and earned it. Well, what do you say?"

He looked at the mirror of enthusiasm in his son's face and needed no answer. A rush of pride swept over him at this indication of willingness to work. He knew he would miss him but figured the stay in the country would do him good, make a little man of him.

Spring and vacation came at last for the impatient Eddy. Armed with one small bag of clothes, the little indispensable things which no red-blooded boy of eleven would be caught without, he was now ready to leave. Uncle March had come for him. Before he bade a sheepish good-bye to his family he had to make solemn promises to his mother that he would take care and behave himself. His two younger sisters even warned him to be real careful about snakes and things.

All this affection embarrassed him. These wimmin, he thought, always thinkin' about gettin' hurt. Nevertheless this concern over him pleased him and he was not a little touched. But he wouldn't have admitted it for the world.

On the farm Eddy found things interesting, but he missed his family, especially his dad. Uncle March was a stocky, middle-aged man who didn't say much and what he did say was gruff-like—so it seemed to Eddy. He couldn't talk to him like he did to his dad. He always seemed stiff and sorta unbending and he never kidded him like his dad. Eddy guessed the reason was that Uncle March didn't have any kids of his own and just didn't know how to talk to them. Even so, he liked his distant attitude better than Aunt Sara's excessive mothering. He wished she wouldn't treat him like a baby. After all, wasn't he to do a man's job?

As the summer wore gradually away, Eddy learned a great deal about farm life and the wonders of living things that surrounded him. He learned the value of the soil. He liked the cool feel of freshly plowed earth on his bare feet. He learned how sweet and delicious a cold drink of milk can be in the heat of mid-afternoon and how the cool rivulets of milk tickle as they run from the corners of one's mouth down his neck after too big a gulp from the dipper. He learned the deep feeling of satisfaction that comes from growing anything—creating.

He also learned that cotton growing is hard work. He spent long hours in the blistering sun hoeing the long rows of numberless tiny plants that looked like green nickels on the top of reddish match stems. He worked hard, awfully hard—his youthful imagination and dreams fired by how he would use the money he earned. There would be books to buy, of course. And perhaps a .22 rifle if he had enough left over.

Despite the hard work and the grim determination with which he went at it, Eddy was fairly well content. He worked for a goal, a prize that would be his in the end. Even Uncle March's seeming coldness didn't worry him too much when he thought of this. He watched the cotton spring up, grow, bloom, and come to maturity with a sort of paternal pride, like the father who watches his children grow and realizes they are his own creation. Eddy got an indefinable feeling of accomplishment and pleasure watching the plants grow. He felt they needed his protective care to survive. They were his responsibility.

Some nights after hoeing all day in the shimmering heat of the fields his aching back and arms refused to rest. They kept on working even in bed. And there were mornings when he would awaken to the gurgling sound of water rushing down a drain beside his window. As the rain beat a splashing staccato on the roof and window he would stretch and snuggle deeper into the cosy warmth of his bed, for he knew there would be a late breakfast and no work that day. Golly, it felt good to do that.

One day Uncle March came in and in his usual way said, "Boy, I've got you something out in the back yard. Let's go see." They went out and Eddy found a good-sized cage with two half-grown squirrels frisking around in it. He stood and looked at them in amazement and it was plain that the surprise pleased him mighty well.

"I got 'em for your birthday, boy."

"My birthday — gosh! I'd forgot all about it. Gee-ee, Uncle March, I . . . I don't know what to say . . . gee, thanks." His eyes were shining. For a moment it looked as though Uncle March might reach down and give his tousled head a playful rubbing. Instead he turned and left, saying he had to tend to the mules.

Eddy was proud of those two squirrels. He named one Dan'l because he hopped around like a frog, and the other Emmeline because she looked kinda sad and acted like a real lady when she ate the tidbits he gave her. She didn't gobble them up like Dan'l. Whenever he felt lonely he would go out and talk to his squirrels. They offered an outlet for his troubles.

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Adventure into Ether

by Jai Cordi

"ALL PASSENGERS FOR Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans will board plane immediately at gate two. Take off will be in five minutes."

The smooth, feminine voice that flowed from the loudspeaker was pleasant enough, that is, to those who weren't adept enough to perceive the anxious portent that dripped from it as I dd. This was my first adventure in the air. All my previous experiences with airplanes had been confined to the movies. I had more than a strong suspicion that this was going to be my first and last trip in more-ways than one. The soothing voice didn't deceive me. My danger-edged senses grasped at once the hypocrisy of those honeyed tones. For wasn't it old Shakespeare himself who said something to the effect that the first whisps of death's caressing fingers were often pleasant and beguiling. Something was up. Disaster floated in the air. I could tell.

I stuffed the bulky newspaper which I had been reading and walked warily toward gate two. There the great silver monster stood, labeled as the cleanest, quickest, safest, and most efficient means of travel yet devised by man. To one long accustomed to traveling on land in comparative peace of mind and to reading the newspaper headlines, the great silver thing looked like some huge carnivorous beast waiting impatiently for some human sacrificial offerings.

And I decided immediately that it wasn't going to claim me as one of its victims. I hadn't lost all of my faculties, or at least I came to my senses in the nick of time. What mad scheme of reckless abandon had ever prompted me to want to fly to Atlanta? Anyway, I was a rested man; I needed no vacation. What had I been lulled into? Flying to Atlanta! An absurd notion!

I wanted to steal silently away with as little ado as possible, but I found that wasn't going to be easy. Everyone was looking at me, their beady eyes boring into me. I knew my mind was an open tableau to them. They could tell what I was thinking. I thought I heard a couple snicker. And that beautiful air hostess was looking straight at me —a smile of contempt playing on her face. By God, this was too much. They can't accuse me of being a cward. I'll show them. I thrust out my chin, and with the grandeur of some French noble walking contemptuously toward the guillotine and his death, I swaggered over and climbed into the plane. Call me a coward, will they.

Once inside the ship and seated, my new found courage began to vanish. We met the crew—all exceedingly pleasant and affable. But exchanging pleasantries was not the thing foremost in my mind. I wanted to question the crew at considerable length as to their competence and fitness. Were they subject to day-dreaming, loss of memory, excessive nervousness, fits of any kind, etc.? Were they completely familiar with their respective duties? I wanted to make it clear that I wasn't intrusting my life to a couple of uninformed bell-hops. The crew, I will admit, was soothing—but I could tell it was only a show of bravado. I detected certain tiny mannerisms in their behavior that told me they expected the worst. Nothing short of disaster was in the offing. I looked over the rest of the passengers, trying to decide whether or not they would be fit companions with which to die, and quickly decided they weren't exactly my type. They chatted among themselves as if they didn't have a care in the world. To me such an exhibition of fake nonchalance was enough to provoke the disgust of a child.

The big engines started with a roar and after a brief warm-up, we taxied out into take-off position. The engines opened up with a thunderous blast and we were moving. The plane began to vibrate and shake violently. My stomach began a series of rolls and flip-flops. We were sure to come apart at the seams or to break in half with all this shaking. My clammy hands were bunched into two hard fists. The big black headlines of the newspaper seethed through my accident-conscious mind: PLANE CRASHES ON TAKE OFF—35 DIE. This is the end, trapped like a rat with the safety-belt around me. Tomorrow's headlines raced before me—like reading my own obituary.

I was sitting rigidly with my fingernails imbedded in my palms waiting for the rending crash when the stewardess came over, tapped me lightly on the shoulder and said I could unfasten my safety-belt. I hadn't realized we were aloft. I breathed a nervous sigh and leaned back as the plane droned smoothly. I relaxed a little.

Presently the door to the control cabin opened and out strode the captain. I sat bolt upright as he strolled down the aisle talking to the passengers. What sort of flippancy was this? Strolling around here telling everyone things were fine while leaving that young fledgling at the controls. Enough of this dare-devil lunacy. I wanted to shout, "Get

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Darkness and Silence

by Bill Jewks

NERVOUSLY HE watched each car that rushed toward him along the leaden darkness of the highway. Dazzlingly bright headlights dimmed in a gesture of courtesy when a car approached in the opposite direction; otherwise he was caught and transfigured in their glare. In the drizzling rain they made a monster of him. The unsteady shadows dancing on his body made him a multi-armed, many-headed ogre. No one would pick up a hitchhiker as wild looking as he was in this light. His brow was creased by a worried frown. There were only three hours left of his three-day pass and camp was still sixty miles distant. The tiny drops of rain blown by the wind had begun to seep through his uniform, making him more and more uncomfortable.

He heard a car motor. It wasn't a smooth purr, but it was long since he had worried about the type car he would flag. He could see it. Worse for wear, the vehicle's driver was pushing it as hard as possible, hitting a clip fifty-five miles an hour or so. Anxiously, he watched it drawing nearer and nearer, then he mouthed a harsh curse. His curse was drowned out by the more harsh squeak of sharply applied brakes. A hundred yards beyond, the car had drawn up. With a joyful sprint he reached the car. Breathlessly he shouted the name of his camp. The driver didn't answer, just looked at him and nodded. He stepped into the car, and immediately they started off.

The water had soaked through his hair and now he felt little droplets coursing slowly across his scalp with an annoying, itching sensation. It didn't matter. His trial was over and he felt a kind of elation as he dabbed at the minute streams with his handkerchief.

"Lord, I'm glad that's done with. It was miserable out there."

The driver's face remained as immobile as that of the painted plaster statues in a church.

"Have you been driving long in this mess?"

The eyes stayed glued to the road, completely devoid of any indication of having heard a sound. The soldier looked at him with slight anger and decided to give up any attempt at conversation. Instead he slouched in his seat, still dabbing at the trickling water and disinterestedly noting the passing countryside. He watched the headlights of the cars on the opposite lane. They would cast a haze on the drizzle. The widely diffused glow lessened to smaller and smaller boundaries, then would limit itself to the immediate area of the bright orbs at its source just before dimming.

Each time the cars had drawn almost opposite them he felt the driver of his swerve toward the shoulder in uncertainty. Growing more attentive to the driver's actions, he noticed how strained he seemed by the effort of guiding the car. The aura of strain spread from the driver and encompassed him as they approached town and traffic grew heavier.

At one awful moment a car stopped in front of them and the driver headed straight for it as though he would hit it. He didn't slack speed or reach for the brake. When they were almost upon it an involuntary yell of fear leaped from the soldier. The driver went off on the shoulder and slammed on the brakes. The soldier relaxed. The driver looked at him apologetically, said nothing, but started off again.

The soldier needed to talk. His mind was tightly wound about a knot of fear, and talk was all he could think of to undo it. Anything, no matter how banal, just talk for the sake of talking, for the sake of forgetting the road, and the night, and the fine drizzle.

"Many more like that and we'd have a free transfer to a hearse." The man made no sign of having heard. "This rain doesn't seem to let up at all." He watched the driver, but the eyes never flickered, never left the road. "Do you travel this road often?" Why was he silent? Hadn't he been picked up for company on this miserable night? He felt terror. He wasn't sure why. He thought the silence made it worse. Strange and unnatural. The man at the wheel who had his life in his hands, who drove, who was uncertain of the power at his control. He feared death. He held his breath when they swerved to the shoulder. If the man would only speak. If the rain would stop. If he were back in camp. If he would lose this foolish fear of death.

Compose yourself. Look out the rain-spattered window. Don't let the driver see your face. Don't let him notice your eyes that hold your thoughts. Smoke so your clenched fists won't have those white splotches on the knuckles. He doesn't even look at you. For him you don't exist. He drives oblivious to your presence, careless of your fear, indifferent about your life. Christ, if he'd only speak!

The glow in the sky wasn't just the headlights of distant cars. Town. Relief didn't come yet, but the hope of relief was there. He thought to pray. Him, praying for his life? How stupid. Prayer was foreign to

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To a Woman

by Bill Jeeks

SHE was a Gothic cathedral. Her facade was all lace and ribbons and buttons and long strands of coral beads. Underneath was a sturdy mass of flesh, huge in proportions. Her hair hung from her head in a riot of once desired color, dominated by her latest wish for red. Perhaps it was trained, yet it looked like Spanish moss, growing free. She had denied it any dignity. Everything about her reeked of perfume. It wasn't a scent of cleanliness, or youth, or love. It was the scent of hidden filth, of the aged coquette, of the eternal flirt. Even her dog smelled of the perfume. He hated both of them. Not a mature hate. The hate of a child, easily won and savage in its singularity.

Try as he would to avoid them he couldn't. In the evening, before the sun had set and before the stars were lit he would meet them. He would be walking, swinging the leash at hedges or twirling it against the concrete to see the sparks fly. Scotch would run ahead, her tail wagging and her snout investigating all the bushes, the telephone poles, the hydrants, the fences. Occasionally she would turn to see if he were following. At street crossings she would wait for him impatiently but dutifully. Then at that certain corner they would see the other two. That woman and her dog, the ugly ones. He would call Scotch and fasten her leash while she stood motionless. As soon as it was fastened Scotch would pull forward to meet them, snarling all the while.

"How are you this evening, dearie?"

"Fine, thank you. And you?"

"Oh, I manage for an old lady, old and tired."

Mother hadn't taught him the answer to that.

"Such a pretty dog you have. Real nice."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I bet you love him."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you going to the store, too, honey?"

"Yes."

"Good. Then we'll walk together. You're such a handsome little man all the girls will envy me."

She waddled. The little dog waddled too. He hated that. It looked terrible. It wasn't nice and pretty. Just a waddle. Scotch didn't like it either. He could tell by her tail and the way she held her ears and she didn't sniff around like when they were by themselves.

"I bet you're good to your momma."

Was he? Yes, he was. He went to the stores and swept the walk when the leaves fell or when the dried-up rain left little dry puddies of dust. And he kissed her goodnight every night and good morning every morning. Yes, he was good. But it wasn't "Momma." It was "Mom" or "Mother."

"I wish I had a little boy like you. I'm all alone."

"Yes."

"I'd set you on my knee and I'd sing you lullabies and I'd feed you candy."

He was too old for lullabies. When he was five that had stopped—except maybe when he was sick. Candy was not good for you, not too much, anyway. Mother said that. He did like candy, though. He thought Scotch wanted to run.

"Wouldn't you like to be my little boy?"

Her little boy? He hated her! "I guess so."

"I'm sure you'd like it. You'd love me and I'd love you and the dogs would be such friends."

"Yes, I guess so."

They were at the store.

"Thank you. You're certainly a fine little boy. Not many boys hold the doors for old ladies nowadays."

The rouge on her cheek. How funny it looked. It was round. Perfectly round like two red half dollars.

"You order what you want first, sweetie. I'll just look."

"Thank you . . . The new Time, please. And give me three of the licorice strings, and three of the tootsie rolls, and three cents worth of gum drops. Is that a dime? And give Scotch one of those. Thank you, Mr. Reuben. Good night."

"Oh, wait a minute, honey. I'll walk you back to your corner. I hate to walk alone. . . . True Detective, Mr. Reuben. I'll pay you Friday. How's Mrs. Reuben? She certainly is a pretty little thing. And so peppy. . . . Give the boy an ice cream cone with the chocolate sprinkles, will you? . . . Goodnight."

Scotch had gulped the piece of candy. She was smelling the counters. He had to pull her away from the pretzel tin because he was afraid she would do something. He looked at the lady. The long, twisted beads moved up and down when she breathed.

"Let's go, sweetheart. Here. I know how much little boys like ice cream."

"Thank you, I can't. No, thank you. All right. Thank you. You shouldn't have."

Mother said you had to refuse twice. She said it was impolite to be stubborn, though. He did like ice cream, too, even if he wasn't a

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Masquerade

by Philip G. Clarke

ABIE looked into the eyes of the people assembled about him. His eyes seemed to be begging for someone to help him and tell him this was all a terrible nightmare. But his family and friends only stood there looking helplessly back into his bloodshot eyes and at his trembling body. They wanted to help him, but they knew of nothing they could do except take pity on him. Take pity and sympathize with this brother human being. A human whose heart was full of life and happiness only a short while ago, but was now stricken with grief and sorrow. Everyone stood quietly around, not saying a word. Not knowing what to say. Only looking mournfully at each other and then at Abie.

And Abie would return their glances with a look even more dismal and horror stricken. His black horn-rimmed glasses seemed to magnify his dark eyes. Each person who looked into his bifocals saw a pleading that appears only when a man is really in need of help from a friend or loved one. But the people near him were stunned. They simply didn't know how to cope with him.

Abie pulled himself together, raised his head, and walked through the door into the next room. There on a table, covered only by a white sheet, lay the girl of his dreams—dead. He lifted the sheet back and through tear-filled eyes looked down at her face. He knelt down beside her and put his warm hands to her face. He raised her eyelids with his finger tips and looked deep into her eyes. With two fingers he touched her lips tenderly. Those brown eyes would never see again nor would those tender lips ever kiss again. His eyes closed and his thoughts went back to thirty minutes earlier.

Only thirty minutes before, one-half hour ago, she was alive. Breathing in the air that was pure. Cool, early summer air. Ruthie was on her way to the synagogue, where she was to become united with Abie. The beginning of a new life; married life with the man she loved. It wasn't until then that tragedy struck.

* * * * *

Just thirty minutes before Abie was sitting in the rabbi's office, talking with Rabbi Iceberg and Sol, the best man.

"Don't worry about the people looking at you, Abie," said Sol. "They'll all be looking at Ruthie."

"That's right, Abie," added the rabbi as he rubbed his hands together. "No one cares how we menfolk look, they all keep their eyes on the bride."

Abie appreciated their consolations, but still he remained nervous. He continued lighting one cigarette after another.

Out in the synagogue all the seats were filled. The bridesmaids had all arrived and were taking their places for the procession. Everyone was awaiting the arrival of Ruthie. Seconds passed into minutes and minutes passed into periods of anxiety.

"What can be keeping her?" asked Abie.

"Don't worry about her?" replied Sol. "Who knows, maybe she popped a garter belt."

Abie went over to the rabbi's desk and picked up the 'phone. He dialed Ruthie's number. Thirty seconds passed. Forty-five. After he had waited about a minute he hung the 'phone back in its cradle.

"So, Abie, no need to worry. You didn't get an answer, so she's on her way now," remarked Rabbi Iceberg, still rubbing his hands.

Conversation was cut short when the men heard the approaching footsteps of someone running down the hall. The door to the office was flung open and a policeman entered. He went over to the rabbi and whispered something to him. Rabbi Iceberg listened and at each word he heard, his face became paler. He slowly quit rubbing his hands.

"What happened?" asked Abie excitedly, as cold beads of sweat broke out over his face and hands.

Rabbi Iceberg walked over to Abie. "Sit down, Abie, my friend." His voice was soft and deliberate.

Abie grasped the rabbi's arm and asked hysterically, "What is it? Tell me. What happened?"

"There has been an accident. Ruthie is in the hospital," replied the rabbi slowly, no longer rubbing his hands.

Abie's heart skipped a few beats. He didn't say a word, he only walked out of the door, his pace increasing at each step. Sol ran out behind him.

Abie got in the car that was to have taken him on his honeymoon and started the motor. Sol came running to the car just as Abie pulled away from the curb. He stood in the street watching the car pick up speed as it traveled into the distance.

Abie drove like a wild man. He had his foot on the floor board and wasn't stopping for anything. The tin cans that dragged the street behind him made a terrifying noise in his feverish brain. This accompanied by flashing lights and blowing horns made Abie more on edge.

He turned onto the Boulevard and up ahead saw the dim lights of the

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hospital. As he approached, the lights became brighter. He jammed on the brakes and the tires screamed as they hugged the pavement. Abie hustled out of the car and ran up the walk leading to the hospital. He took the steps three at a time, opened the door, and went directly to the receptionist.

"What room is Ruthie Holden in?" he snapped nervously at the girl sitting behind the desk.

"She was brought in only a few minutes ago," answered the girl. "She is still on the operating table."

Without waiting to thank the girl for her information, Abie turned and ran the three flights of steps leading to the top floor. He stopped abruptly at the door to the operating room not knowing whether to wait outside or go in.

Just then the doors swung out and a man dressed in white stepped from the room. He pulled a white gauze mask from his face and stuck a cigar between his thick lips.

Abie grabbed him and asked how Ruthie was. The surgeon looked at him through tired eyes. "I'm sorry, fella, we did all we possibly could for her," he paused as he lit his cigar, "but she didn't pull through." He patted Abie on the shoulder, then turned and walked down the corridor as puffs of gray smoke trailed behind him. Abie went back in the room where Ruthie was.

Sol and Rabbi Iceberg came hurrying down the corridor. Behind them were members of Abie's and Ruthie's families, grief-stricken. Sol and the rabbi went into the operating room.

As soon as they came in Abie quickly threw the sheet back over Ruthie's face. He walked out into the corridor followed by the two men. Abie took a seat in one of the chairs at the end of the corridor and buried his face in his hands.

Rabbi Iceberg took a seat next to him and offered him a cigarette. Abie looked up, reached for the cigarette and put it in his mouth. As the rabbi lit the cigarette, he said, "Abie, I realize this is hard for you to understand ——"

But he was interrupted. Abie snapped back, "Go away, please, leave me alone. I want time to think this out, so please don't bother me."

Rabbi Iceberg blew out the match, threw it on the floor, and got up. He glanced down at Abie and then walked back over to the group.

Several minutes later Abie got up from his chair and started walking toward the stairway. Sol went trailing behind him and together they walked down the steps.

"Don't take it so hard, Abie, my friend, maybe the rabbi is right. You don't know, no one knows."

"I appreciate your wanting to help me, Sol, but if this had happened to you, I'm sure you would feel the same as I do about it. All I want is a little time to realize what has happened. And then time to find a solution so Ruthie will be happy and I will too."

"Ruthie is happy, Abie. You think it over and there'll be another Ruthie some day."

Abie cut him short before he could say any more. "Another Ruthie? Don't speak foolish, don't speak foolish!" he screamed, shaking Sol vigorously.

"After the funeral you can start all over," added Sol.

"Funeral! Funeral hell! There isn't going to be a funeral. This is to be a wedding, not a funeral."

"Come on, Abie, be sensible," his friend pleaded. "Ruthie is dead. I'm sorry, we're all sorry. Sometimes things work out like this. I know it is not good, but these things happen."

Abie remained silent. He and Sol walked down the sidewalk leading to the car. Sol got in the driver's seat and Abie sat next to him, his head tilted back against the seat. They rode in silence as Abie puffed nervously on his cigarette. Sol pulled the car to a halt in front of Abie's house.

"Sol," said Abie as he lit another cigarette, "I'm still going to marry Ruthie. I know she's dead, but we're getting married just the same."

"I can understand that all this is making you miserable, Abie, but it shouldn't make you talk like a fanatic. Some things are done and some aren't. Marrying a corpse just isn't done. They have laws against it; society doesn't approve of it."

"I don't give a damn who approves," he replied. "All these plans have been made; I still love Ruthie and want her. Nobody will be inconvenienced by our wedding. And besides, it's the only way out."

"Abie, my boy! Quit talking like a fool. You sound like a neurotic. Snap out of it."

Abie put his hand on Sol's arm. He was pleading now. "Please help me, Sol. Make them let the wedding go on as scheduled and when it's over," he paused, looking into the night, "we'll bury Ruthie, and I—I'll start all over again. Please help me get my only desire fulfilled."

Sol looked his friend squarely in the face and thought for a moment. What harm would it do? Sure, it might create a little commotion, but no damage would come from it. After all, hadn't Abie had it hard enough tonight? Maybe they would go along with him if it would make him any happier.

"Okay, Abie, I understand. I'll go talk to them and see if it can be arranged."

"Thanks, thanks a lot, Sol. You don't know how much Ruthie and I will appreciate it. Do all you can for us," said Abie, pushing down the door handle.

He slipped on the running board of the old model car and went sprawling on the street. He cursed, picked himself up and walked up to the front porch of his house. He opened the door and went inside.

Sol sat in the car watching until Abie got in. He shook his head in perplexity and drove off.

Sol pulled in at a filling station and parked the car. He went over to the 'phone and called the hospital. Rabbi Iceberg had just left. Sol paced up and down the floor waiting to give the rabbi time enough to get home. Sol called his house.

"Hello, Rabbi —— What?" Sol paused. "Yes, I got him home okay. He'll be all right if he gets his screwy way about it." Again he paused as the rabbi talked. "That's what I want to talk to you about. All right, sir, I'll be right over. Sol hung up the 'phone and went out to his car.

En route to the rabbi's house Sol wondered how Rabbi Iceberg would take this crazy notion that Abie had. How could he take it? He'd just have to take it. Shortly, he arrived and went inside.

"Rabbi," began Sol, taking his time, "Abie has the insane idea of still marrying Ruthie. He wants to go through with everything just like nothing had happened. Do you think it's possible?"

"Now hold on, Sol. There are such things as morals ——"

"I know," interrupted Sol. "I tried to explain it to Abie, but he wouldn't listen. Don't you think it could be done this once, since all this has happened?"

"I don't know. I have my doubts about it."

"Abie says he'll straighten up after the funeral, Rabbi. Surely we could get away with it this once."

"It's not a thing of getting away with something, Sol. It's the idea of the thing. You know as well as I that it's not normal."

"Please, Rabbi; I told Abie I'd have it done for him. If we go on and do it, he'll get it out of his system and settle down again. You know the state of mind Abie is in now, and if he can't go through with it, I won't be responsible for what he does, knowing Abie as I do. So please do what you can for him."

"All right, Sol, my friend. I'll call a lawyer and see what he says. You go home now and leave it up to me. I'll do all I can and you call me in the morning," said the rabbi, slowly rubbing his hands together.

"Thanks, Rabbi," said Sol, shaking his hand warmly. "It's nice of you to help Abie this way. He'll appreciate it, too. Good-bye."

"Good-night, Sol."

Sol's brain was beginning to twist now. What was wrong with Abie? Why could he be so insanely in love after death? Sol couldn't figure it out. He didn't try to. He went home and went to bed.

Early the next morning Sol and his wife were awakened by the ringing of the telephone. Sol lay still a minute trying to regain his senses.

"Answer the 'phone, dearie," barked his wife, as she turned over on her side.

Sol groped for the 'phone.

"Hello," he yawned lazily.

"Hello, Sol," said Abie at the other end of the line. "Did you talk to Rabbi Iceberg and the others last night?"

"I talked with the rabbi and he wasn't so sure about it, Abie boy."

"He's got to go through with it, Sol. I thought you were going to help me!"

"I am. I told Rabbi Iceberg all you said and he said he'd do everything he could. I'm to call him this morning and see what he's found out."

"Talk him into it, Sol. Please do it for Ruthie and me."

"I am doing all I can, Abie," cut in Sol. "Rabbi Iceberg said he had to talk to some lawyers."

Abie's voice toned down, "Okay, I know you did all you could. I can always depend on you, Sol, my friend. You've never let me down before and I don't think you will this time. Call me as soon as you've talked with the rabbi."

"All right, Abie. I'll get dressed and call him. He should be up by then. I'll see you later."

"Good-bye," said Abie as he put the 'phone down.

"What were you and Abie talking about?" asked Sol's wife as she sat up on the side of the bed scratching her abdomen.

"I told you about it last night when I got in, don't you remember?"

"I was so upset I don't remember a thing."

"Abie wants to go through with the wedding as if nothing had happened."

"Oh, Sol," she peeped. "He can't do that. It's unheard of."

"I know it, but try and tell Abie that. He's going to be a mad man if he doesn't go through the process of marrying her. I'm letting Rabbi Iceberg worry about it, though. He's seeing if it can be done."

"Poor Abie," she said, shaking her head and still scratching her stomach. "Well, get out of bed, Sol. Today is going to be a long one, so we may as well start it now."

"What's for breakfast?" asked Sol as he put on his slippers.

"I'll start you off with some oatmeal. If we have any eels left, I can fry you some," she said as she tied her robe and started for the kitchen. "By the time you get dressed, it'll be ready, so hurry up."

Sol went over to the dresser and tried to pull out a drawer. It was stuck tight. He tugged at the drawer and with one foot braced against the dresser gave a hard yank. Sol picked himself up off the floor and put the drawer back in the dresser halfway. He picked out a white shirt, put it on the bed, and took off his pajamas.

As he was dressing, his friend Abie was sitting over a cup of coffee. For every swallow he took, he added five drags from a cigarette. Abie stared at the cup and won-

dered how things would turn out. He drummed his fingers on the table. Then he rubbed his eyes, which were already red from loss of sleep. Abie had no idea how long he'd been sitting there. All he was thinking about was Ruthie. His thoughts were ended by Sol's voice.

"Abie."

"In the kitchen. Come on back," replied Abie, remaining at the table.

"Hello, Abie. How are you this morning?"

"What do you think?" Abie asked as he smashed a cigarette butt on the table. "Have a cup of coffee with me."

Sol went over to a cabinet and got out a saucer. He poured coffee into it and pulled up a chair.

"I've got news for you,' said Sol, as he blew on his coffee.

"Can we go through with it?" Abie asked eagerly.

"Wait a minute, let me tell you," said Sol, as he lifted the saucer to his lips. "I called Rabbi Iceberg and he said you can do it, provided you snap out of this daze you're in and start living a normal life again."

"Sure, Sol, sure. You know I'll do anything if they just let Ruthie and me get married. You still have the ring?"

"Of course," replied Sol, reaching into his pocket and producing a small wedding band set with imitation diamonds.

"Keep it 'til the wedding. You can keep better track of it than I can. When is the wedding to be?"

"Tonight at eight-thirty," answered Sol. "How do you feel now?"

"Much relieved," said Abie, as he poured himself another cup of the black liquid.

"Why don't you go back to bed and sleep today so you'll be in good shape tonight?"

"Sleep! I can't do that, Sol. I'm going down to the mortuary and stay until they take Ruthie to the synagogue."

"Don't be foolish, Abie. You said you'd straighten up if the wedding went through."

"After the funeral," emphasized Abie.

"Okay, pal. It's your life. I've done all I can."

"I'll be all right, Sol. I guess I'll come on back to the house for supper and stay here 'til time for the wedding. I appreciate everything you've done for me. It's really swell."

"I just don't want to see your life ruined," said Sol. "Accidents will happen, but that's no excuse to let it wreck your life. I think you'll be okay when it's all over. It'll be like getting a big worry off your mind."

Sol got up from the table and put his saucer in the sink. "I'd better be going to the office, Abie. I'll see you later."

"Okay, Sol. Thanks again and I'll contact you later."

Sol left the house and went on down to his pawnshop.

Later in the afternoon, Sol called Abie and invited him to supper.

"Does everyone know about tonight?" asked Abie, as they sat around the supper table.

"Yes," replied Sol. "Everyone at the synagogue last night will be there again tonight. I imagine others will be there too."

"I know it," said Abie. "People will come like it was a side-show, but Ruthie wanted a big wedding and she'll get it. I don't care what the people will think; that's beside the point."

After supper Sol and Abie went over to Abie's house to dress for the wedding. They arrived at the synagogue about eight and went to Rabbi Iceberg's office.

"Good evening, Rabbi," said Abie as he went in.

"Hello, Abie, Sol. How are you feeling, Abie?" the rabbi asked, rubbing his hands harder than ever.

"I'm okay, Rabbi. Now that the wedding will take place, I'll be all right. I'm indebted to you very much for making it possible," he said, lighting a cigarette.

Sol went out and peered into the synagogue. Every seat was occupied by amazed and whispering people.

"It won't be long now," said Sol, as he sat on the edge of Rabbi Iceberg's desk.

Shortly, the organist began playing. Ruthie's mother was ushered in and the procession began.

Six ushers slowly walked down the aisle, two at a time. They were followed by five bridesmaids and then the maid-of-honor. Behind her came Ruthie's father wheeling the casket in which Ruthie lay.

She was a lovely bride, looking stiff and bored. Her hands clasped a white lily. The boys at the funeral parlor had done a splendid job in fixing her up.

As she was rolled up to the altar Abie went over and stood beside the casket. Sol followed him and Rabbi Iceberg stood facing them, his hands red from so much rubbing.

When it came time for Ruthie to answer "I will," there was a short, silent pause. Then the rabbi continued.

Abie reached into the casket and picked up her cold, stiff hand. Sol handed Abie the ring which he placed on Ruthie's fourth finger. After Rabbi Iceberg had added his blessing and collected his fee, the organ burst forth with music.

Abie turned the casket and wheeled it rapidly down the aisle. He hopped upon it and the two of them went rolling out the front door. Just as the casket reached the door, it struck a small door-stop lying in the aisle. Abie felt himself falling . . . falling . . . falling.

* * * * *

Abraham Jones sat up on the floor and blinked. Boy, that was really a dilly! He shuddered, scrambled back into bed and went to sleep.

The Battle of Slantern Hill

by Jon Azell

A GUST of strong Autumn wind whipped around the corner of Langely's drugstore and caught Joe Mosby full in the face. He staggered against it and then pushed on, having defeated it, temporarily. Joe was tired, nine hours of steady hard work, plus an hour and a half overtime, had made Joe glad to see the end of the day come. The wind was getting colder and night was beginning to set in when Joe came to the Tenth Avenue Grill, where he always stopped every night for a glass of cold beer to pep him up. He went inside. Not very many people here, he thought, guess it's too early.

"Hey, Joe, come on over." He turned and looked. It was Sid Franks, owner of Franks Hardware Co. Joe liked Sid so he went over and sat down. "Well, Joe, are you beginning to like our little town by now?" Sid asked, grinning. "Yes, somewhat better than at first," Joe said, frankly. "I still don't know very many people, though," he added. "Oh, well, you'll learn 'em as time goes by," Sid said. Neither said anything for a while, the beer came, and Joe had just about finished half of his beer when he said, suddenly, "Sid, who lives in that big house over on Monk's Hill?" Sid looked puzzled. "Monk's hill? Oh, you mean the Slantern place. Where did you get Monk's Hill?" he asked. "I read it on an old sign board as I was going to work this morning," Joe said. "Well, it was called that until old lady Jessie Slantern bought it about forty years ago—it's been known as Slantern Hill since then." "Tell me about it, Sid," said Joe. "Joe, I'll tell you a story that will pretty well sum up the whole thing plus the character of old lady Slantern to boot. It concerns a boy named Billy Martin." said Sid.

"Billy Martin was probably the meanest kid this town has ever seen. He was continually in trouble over something, fighting mostly. Billy wasn't a big kid or a mean-looking one, as a matter of fact, he was rather slight and had the most infuriatingly angelic look on his cherub face. He had freckles and was constantly grinning over something. The time came when I wondered whether it was something really funny or in anticipation of something fiendish his quaint little mind had cooked up. Billy had a gang who followed him around like sheep being led to the slaughter and most of the time they were.

"Many a morally stimulating part of some young man's anatomy had been spurred into wild activity by some of Sir William's crusades. Yet, Billy remained a hero to his gang and they blindly followed him into many a place where angels would fear to tread. Such a place was old lady Slantern's house over on Slantern Hill. It had been there for years and she with it.

"People in this town did not particularly like Jessie Slantern, mainly because she persisted in vibrating her maxillaries, some swore she had eight or ten, to anyone and everyone about anything and everything whenever she chanced to run into someone who was unfortunate enough not to have heard what had happened in the town for the past forty years. She enjoyed quite a reputation. The day was to come when the red-rule of vengeance was to strike a thoroughly deserving blow for retribution. The mere fact that this crippling smash, mentally as well as physically, was to come at the hands of children detracted not one ounce from the viciousness and force of the blow. Her main point of interest was Billy Martin. Why she picked on him was never really known. Sooner or later, he was bound to hear about it and sure enough he did. He swore to get her for all the things she had said about him and his family. The utter dislike the townspeople had for Jessie Slantern plus a natural repulsion for Billy Martin brought the problem to the front and it soon had the local wall street laying odds on who would wreck the other first. The Martin side had a fiendish trust in their little toy soldier and many were heard to say that one of these nights old lady Slantern was going to bed without something she would have been better off without in the first place. But on the other hand the more stable personalities put their gold on the old lady Slantern, trusting her wisdom and experience in such matters to prevail in the end.

"In the end, as it turned out, that's where it was—the faith shown in old lady Slantern was not only misplaced but grossly overestimated. The diabolical cleverness with which young Bill and his crew of cutthroats dispatched their dirty business has never been surpassed in the annals of crime history. The death blow fell on a quiet, peaceful Hallowe'en night, that was only interrupted by nice, quiet shrieks, bloodcurdling yells and sounds of hand grenades going off in the near vicinity."

Sid paused for breath. "Joe," he said, "this story was told to me, so I cannot vouch for the truth in it, but I personally saw old lady Slantern the next day and from the looks of her, I would say it was pretty true.

"Well, the Hallowe'en night all this happened, everything was

strangely quiet around the Slantern place. All kinds of cain was being raised all over town, except around the Slantern place. Old lady Slantern didn't like it. She thought there was something abnormal about it, and, as was later proved, there was. Billy and his gang of hoodlums had silently surrounded the house and were waiting for old lady Slantern to retire for what might be her last night. Billy figured this might be all right since the only place old lady Slantern's name was listed was in the phone book.

The light in old lady Slantern's room stayed on and on, for hours; it began to seem as if she were going to wait the night out and fool the boys. Billy the Kid perceived this and right away set about doing something that would draw the victim from cover. He calmly lit, and set, a homemade bomb smack under the front door. Then he scrambled hastily up one of those old fashioned columns that held up the porch onto the roof of the porch. He sat there and waited with a self-satisfied look on his face, twirling a length of hemp in his hand. There was an ear-splitting roar that threatened to dislodge the maurauder, but he clung, tenaciously, determined to finish his ghastly work. Needless to say the front door caved completely in, leaving old lady Slantern standing right behind it, brandishing an old muzzle-loader that was too heavy for her. She was covered in black smoke from the gunpowder and really looked like something straight from the realm of 'Paradise Lost.' There were two bright spots about the size of half dollars that blinked wonderingly every now and then. There was a look of complete unbelief on her face, as if she had just given birth to an extinct Archaeopteryx. You could tell she didn't believe this could ever happen to her by the way she shook her massive head and fumbled mightily to clear her befuddled brain. Then she gave a loud shriek and headed for the wide open spaces, waving her cannon wildly and shouting, "You little bunch of B . . ." That was as far as she got. The impeccable Bill merely lowered his length of hemp and looped it neatly around the scrawny, blackened neck of the outcast. At the rate of speed old lady Slantern had generated by the time she reached the end of the porch, to be so abruptly and rudely stopped was disastrous. Her pistoning knees shot out from under her, shortly followed by her legs, and developed into a perfect example of an impromptu spread-eagle. The muzzle-loader went off with a shattering blast, breaking the hemp

and depositing old lady Slantern on her posterior none too gently.

"The shot from the gun traveled about twenty feet until it met with its destiny. It collided rather shortly with a young man, 'Blooldess Smith,' by name, who was sitting in a tree with only two parts of his anatomy showing, his head and its reciprocal. The reciprocal caught the force of the blow and immediately changed the situation. The young man landed on the reciprocal of the reciprocal, meaning his head or vice-versa. At any rate, he ran screaming down the hill, holding his reciprocal, and blabbing these words, 'I'm dead! I'm dead . . .' Perhaps he was, but he had accused the wrong end.

"In the meantime, the source of all the trouble had come down off the roof and literally flew around the corner of the house. Old lady Slantern found herself miraculously alone. Everything was quiet and peaceful, for a while at least. She slowly picked herself up from the ground and crawled painfully toward the porch, up the steps and into the battered house. She tried to shut what was left of the door but the frame work would not hold, so she gave that up too. Then she went gingerly up the stairs, dragging her muzzle-loader behind her.

"Bill had gathered his gang behind the house, all except 'Bloodless Smith,' who was busy trying to disentangle himself from the small bits of grape that persisted in becoming a part of him. New treachery was afoot. 'Brains' Martin was not satisfied, something else had to be done to atone for the humiliation 'Bloodless' had suffered at the hands of the gun-wielder.

"There just happened to be a water hose lying nearby and there just happened to be a water spigot jutting from the side of the house. The hose interested Bill, but the water spigot did not. He was much more interested in the oil barrel that was lying on two saw-bucks against the side of the house. The fact that it was lying directly under the old lady's window was sheer coincidence. No sooner thought than done, so promptly the hose was hooked to the oil barrel. A ladder lying in the back yard, where it had no place being on a night like this, was placed against the house. Another member of the gang, 'Brawny' Brown, by name, went around to the back, where he ran across an axe. Now 'Brawny' was never famous for his excessive output of brain power, so the logical thing for him to do would be to chop down something belonging to old lady Slantern—preferably her head. To appease himself, he settled for the block of wood holding up one end of the back porch. At the first stroke, the light in old lady Slantern's room went out. 'Brawny' went right on with the job

(Continued on page 26)

For George

(From page 4)

more. When I looked into his eyes I knew that he would never fight again.

What do you think they would have called me after another fight like that? It was almost killer after the Sangre fight. I've seen two fighters ruined, I can't stand many more nightmares. Say, if you ever write this story up, how about making the title just "For George."

One Night Stand

(From page 7

Mrs. Vedison broke down and wept softly with her face buried in her handkerchief. Mr. Vedison stood beside her with his arm around her shoulders.

"Where is her husband? Why isn't he here at a time like this?"

I glanced at Mark quickly. He gave me a sidelong look.

"He's dead. He was killed about four years ago."

This news made matters worse. The mother looked up with tear-stained eyes.

"The poor little thing. Alone in the world with no one to turn to. We forsook her in her hour of need."

She wept even louder, and the father sniffed and wiped his eyes.

I stayed a few minutes longer, then returned to work. I'm afraid my boss didn't get much work out of me, but I couldn't get my mind off the tragedy.

It was seven when I finished dressing. I was just going out to supper when the door opened and Mark stood for a minute looking at me.

"Harry, I've got some rough news for you. You had better take it sitting down."

"What's the matter, Mark?"

"During the course of conversation and questions this afternoon, I found out some very important news, to you. Doris was not the real child of the Vedisons. They never told her, but she was adopted in 1924 from Lee Orphanage. Her real name was—Ann Dickenson!"

"Good Lord! She was my sister! She was my sister."

New York to Boston

(From page 8)

pletey that I'm not the least bit embarrassed now."

The other three looked at each other and proceeded to ignore him some more, but it was evident they were becoming very much aware of him.

"Oh, by the way," said Clovis, "if I should do anything peculiar, please don't be alarmed for me. You see, I'm given to fits and sometimes I'm not quite able to control them. I don't feel one coming on just now, it's true, but I thought it only polite to tell you—just in case, you know."

"What— what— are they like?" gasped Impostor.

"Oh, nothing serious, so don't trouble yourselves. I froth quite copiously at the mouth they tell me, but it's nothing serious and it comes right out with cleaning fluid; at least, it does if you have your clothes run through twice. Of course, there is the odor, and that's something else again. . . ." His shoulder gave a sudden twitch and Impostor stifled a little scream.

"Ought you to be traveling in such condition?" asked Husband, as though accusing Clovis of a major crime.

"No, I oughtn't," said Clovis, completely serene.

"Why don't you move to one of the empty seats?" asked Pretty Young Thing in some agitation.

"I'm really quite well right here, thanks," lied Clovis.

"Well, I insist you move," said Husband.

"Sir, I was here first," replied Clovis unperturbed.

The three began to look around wildly, but there was nothing elet but single seats. Clovis began to hum a Chinese love song, which happened to be the most irritatingly discordant thing he knew, but it occurred to him that even more effective is a familiar tune done in a very minor key, so he glided into a version of Ravel's Bolero as it might sound if written in A-sharp. He also experimented with some original timing and the result would set your teeth on edge.

"Are you sure you feel quite well?" asked Pretty Young Thing, who wasn't feeling too well herself just then.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I do feel a bit bilious, but it was probably the oysters I had at lunch. My stomach can't always take oysters, and I'm trying to keep them down but I really do feel as though they might reappear on the scene at any moment. And I have a toothache—this one here." He opened his mouth widely and gaped at them, indicating a molar. They all looked hastily in another direction, still thinking of the oysters.

By now Clovis' cramps were be-

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coming all but unbearable. A few seats away sat a Ravishing Brunette, all alone in her seat: the combination was too much and Clovis yielded.

"I believe you don't want me here," he said.

Their silence affirmed his suspicion.

"Well," he said, rising, "I'll make us all more comfortable by moving. But do keep an eye on my bag. It has a time bomb in it and I shouldn't like it to go off ahead of schedule, so don't jiggle it."

"Time bomb?" shrieked Impostor, who by this time was prepared to believe anything unpleasant about this brash young man.

"Yes. Oh, but don't worry. Even if it should explode it wouldn't hurt anyone—barring, of course, anyone with a weak heart. I retail fireworks, you see, and all it would do at worst would be to make a terrifying noise if you weren't expecting it. And, too, of course, my company would make up to you any clothes that happened to be scorched off you, or pay the physician's bills for any burns sustained from flying sparks. But don't worry: it's not set to go off until 11:30 and we're in Boston at 11:05."

Clovis was perfectly aware that the train was already half an hour late, and as he strolled down the aisle toward Ravishing Brunette, leaving the three in great turmoil and confusion, he prayed fervently that his alarm-clock in the bag would tick loudly enough to be heard, for they were sure to press an ear to the bag when they thought he wasn't looking.

He sat down beside Ravishing Brunette and had a delightful conversation with her on Middle Eastern Art and similarly enchanting subjects, noting occasionally that he received numerous glances of weird and mixed emotions from his erstwhile traveling companions. At 11:27 he gave them a bad moment by tenderly disengaging his hand from that of Ravishing Brunette, consulting his watch so they could see him, and looking expectantly at the bag. Impostor scrambled to her feet and waddled with Pretty Young Thing in all haste to the Ladies' Room, and Husband disappeared frantically into the next car.

As the train pulled into Back Bay, Clovis went up and seized his bag, waved airily at Impostor, who was peering cautiously out from behind the door of her refuge, and he and Ravishing Brunette stepped off the train. What happened to them then is another story.

Dust Unto Dust

(From page 10)

came, so he picked them up, paid for them and left. I sat there, slightly amazed. This fat fellow was certainly sure of himself. It was somewhat funny to witness such an obvious happening and yet it was a pathetic thing to see people dealing in human cattle.

The drunk woman had fallen asleep on the counter and her male companion was vainly trying to wake her up with, "'Verne, wake up, you don't want the cops to catch you here, do you?" She only mumbled in her sleep.

The fat man was up talking to the counterman and smiling in the direction of the young girl.

I got up to pay my bill and as I did the young girl's boy friend got up and stalked out of the room. I wondered what had made him mad. He had denial written all over his face. That was a nice place for it; the young girl could be proud of that effort.

"How much do I owe you," I asked.

"Half a dollar," the counterman said.

I paid him and as I left I saw the fat man go over to the young

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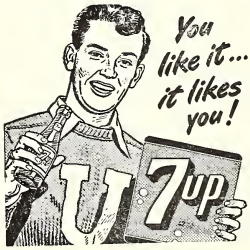

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girl, sit down beside her and begin to talk to her.

* * * * *

As I walked down the tracks on the way back, I again saw the man with the swinging lantern. To me the lantern was humanity, always swinging back and forth, unsettled, troubled, and never quite satisfied. Yes, the man with the lantern had a good job; the work was hard, but the night air was clean.

"You know, that's not such a bad job after all," I said aloud.

Summer's End

(From page 12)

Fall came and the picking of the cotton began in the latter part of September. Every evening after school—he had temporarily entered a small country school about six miles from the farm—he would get his sack and go out to the fields and pick with the Negroes. After picking a long row, funny little pains would dart up his back and his muscles would protest vigorously when he painfully straightened up. And as the fall crept into October, it became downright cold in the evenings at sundown. The needle-like boll tips would scratch stinging white marks on his cold-roughened hands. On those cold days he noticed the cotton had a peculiar sweet smell.

Finally when the fields were nothing but dead, barren stalks with empty bolls hanging with their sharp claws clutching only air, Eddy began to look forward to Thanksgiving and the realization of his reward.

On a misty day in November Uncle March approached Eddy as he puttered with his pet squirrels.

"Boy . . . I don't know exactly how to tell you this."

"What's the matter, Uncle March?"

"Well, boy, we ain't going to make a dime off our crop," he bluntly informed him. "In fact, we ain't going to make enough to pay our debts. The cotton market's rotten. All the mills are curtailin' and there was just too big a crop growed this year. Little as the price was, I had to sell.

Eddy didn't say a word.

"Eddy, I hated for it to happen like this . . . for you to learn so young that things are often this way. I hope you understand."

The boy's eyes were wide as he fought back the tears. He opened his mouth to speak but it seemed awfully dry. The swelling lump in his throat seemed to choke off the words. His voice sounded funny to him, sorta high and squeaky. He hoped Uncle March wouldn't notice.

"Sure, U-Uncle March, I un-understand."

"That's the manly way to take it, boy." With that he turned abruptly and left.

The truth was that Eddy didn't understand. He stared after the image of his uncle in stunned silence long after he had vanished. It was hard for him to realize that he wasn't going to get what he knew he deserved. He had worked so hard that it just didn't seem right. He felt he had been done a great injustice, betrayed. Bitter disappointment welled up within him. The lump in his throat swelled bigger and bigger as his disappointment turned first to seething resentment and then to hatred. He wanted to cry.

For several days the pangs of his resentment and disappointment continued unabated. Uncle March said nothing about the matter and avoided Eddy as much as possible. It infuriated him to think that he passed it off so lightly. That lump in his throat would almost choke him at times. Aunt Sara tried to console him at times, but she only made matters worse. He wanted to talk to his dad. He had learned a bitter lesson and learned it well. He would be going home in a few days and he was glad, glad to be away from his unfeeling uncle.

One day, shortly before leaving for home, Eddy slipped into the house with the intention of filching some of Aunt Sara's chocolate cake. The house was quiet and still. Aunt Sara had gone visiting and he didn't know where Uncle March was. Feeling like a thief, he crept through the house, making as little noise as possible even though he knew there was no one around. But he was wrong. Stealing by his uncle's room he happened to peek inside. Uncle March sat in a small, straight chair with his back to Eddy. He didn't hear him. The man sat mutely, as a tombstone. He sat bent over with his head in his hands. This scene disturbed him and made him feel uneasy, for he had never seen Uncle March like this—sorta humble and crushed like. It wasn't like him. He felt he had blundered upon something secret in his uncle's life. He spotted a picture of himself on the mantle.

As he tiptoed away, a thought flashed through his mind. He felt guilty, ashamed. Golly, he thought, maybe I do understand now. And I'll tell him so—tomorrow.

He ran out to talk to his squirrels.

Adventure into Ether

(From page 13)

I began to get it; something was wrong; something was going to happen. He need not pretend with me; he might as well tell me in confidence the bad news, for I know it already. That pilot must think I'm naive or something—asking me if I were enjoying the trip, trying to divert my attention from the impending catastrophe.

I was somewhat relieved when the Captain made his way back to the cabin. At least I credited him with more skill than the gawking adolescent now at the controls. With back there where you belong." Now

the captain at the controls there was an outside chance that a few of us might escape alive. Time passed. Still nothing happened. A young buck up front made repeated bids for the attention of the lovely stewardess. Great Caesar, how can he be thinking of romance at a time like this?

The plane began to fall. The ground rushed up toward us. My stomach came to my throat. I knew it. We were going to get it. Our time had come. Livid pictures of a body and debris strewn all over a hillside flashed through my mind—with the accompanying headlines. Knowing full well that it wouldn't do the slightest good, I braced myself for the horrible crash anyway. There was a tiny jar and a squall of tires. We were rolling up the runway in Atlanta. I was almost wild with exuberance. I had to forcibly restrain myself from grabbing the nearest passenger and shouting, "We're safe, we're safe. I'm alive, do you hear, I'm alive. We're all alive."

I wobbled down the ladder and made my way toward a taxi stand. A group of sight-seers were at the airport, gawking in admiring awe. I thrust out my chest. Let them look, for they were looking at a rare specimen of fearless manhood—one that rode the airways with careless ease—one with a devil-may-care attitude. Let them look, so they would know a man.

Darkness and Silence

(From page 14)

him—apparently cowardice wasn't. No, that was wrong, for he wasn't a coward. His fears were well grounded. He knew that they weren't chimeras. He was sensible—but certainly the driver wasn't. He was ekeing out more speed from the overtaxed motor. His driving seemed even worse. There was seldom the hiss of smooth, wet pavement. More often they heard the slush of the soft shoulder.

They topped a hill. He could make out the town. Neat oblongs were drawn by the street lights. Neat lines marking life, where people sat reading newspapers, listening to the radio, watching television sets. People safe in neat little rectangles of light. They descended the hill and all was gone. Again there was only darkness and rain. Surely they'd make it safely. Impossible that with the scattered homes on the town's outskirts already springing along the road, impossible that they should crash. God, surely now he was safe.

There was a traffic light, red encircled by a ruddy reflecting mist. It was over; it was done with; no more would he have to drive in this madman's car. "You can let me off at the next street light." Yeah, then he could walk to get a bus the rest of the distance to his camp. But the man hadn't answered. They were past the street light he'd indicated. What the hell was this? "I said ——" the brakes were slammed on. The driver looked at him. He lunged from the wheel to the glove compartment, fumbled in it. He drew out a pencil and a pad, and scrawled, "Sorry, this is as far as I go. Good luck."

To a Woman

(From page 15)

little boy.

The stars were lit now. The cars on the boulevard whizzed by. He liked to look at the different models. Scotch was growling at her ugly little dog and he wished she wouldn't. It wasn't friendly. The lady was waddling and fumbling in her purse and the magazine slipped.

"Would you pick up the magazine like a dear?"

The girl on the cover looked naked. She had on something that

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looked like one of Mother's nightgowns. Pretty, but she should have known better than to wear something like that while having her picture taken.

The leash slipped from his hand and Scotch was after her dog. The little ugly dog broke loose from her. The two were running and barking. Brakes screeched. Scotch ran back, her tail between her legs and her ears flat against her head. Her dog, the ugly dog, was in the road and blood was coming from her mouth like she had cut her tongue or something. He began to cry and the lady was crying. She was holding him tight. He was crying and he was sorry. She really wasn't so ugly. He was awfully sad and the tears were warm on his cheeks and tickling his chin.

"All I had. O God, all I had left."

She smelled so funny. Sweet but not pretty like Mother.

Slantern Hill

(From page 21)

and shortly the last blow fell. The trouble was the axe had become wedged in between the cut ends of the post. The top end started to slide, causing the axe handle to swing in a perfect arc. 'Brawny's' jaw stopped it, but only momentarily. 'Brawny' was lifted from his feet, carried three feet in the air and dropped on his behind. 'Brawny' didn't move; he couldn't; he was peacefully dreaming of dancing axe handles.

"Young Bill had climbed the ladder and was looking into the room when the lights went out. He had seen old lady Slantern very clean and wearing a clean housecoat, sitting on her bed with her muzzle-loader, apparently loaded, just waiting for something to happen. There was a book on the life of Carrie Nation lying on the bed. Then the lights went out. Bill hurriedly ripped open the screen and thrust the nozzle of the hose through the window pane. somebody in the gang turned on the spigot. Oil rushed out and into the room. There was a muffled 'Awk,' from somewhere inside, and then bedlam broke loose. The hose was jerked out of his hand and pulled through the window. Then the nozzle reappeared and momentarily stared Bill in the face. The hose got mad then, and Bouncing Bill went bouncing . . . off the ground. Oil dripped from his face, his hair, his clothes and, in general, he looked as if he had been dipped in oil. He got to his feet and ran, fast for a fellow with his pants full of oil.

But his dirty work had been complete; old lady Slantern's room was a total loss. Oil was everywhere; it even dripped from a corset she had hanging on a chair. Old lady Slantern herself was saturated with oil. It kept running into her slippers and she kept making a movement peculiar to the Belgian Congo, in an effort to rid herself of the mess.

" 'Carrie Nation' received a mouthful of oil. The muzzle-loader looked very happy about the whole thing, probably hadn't been oiled in a coon's age. There was a big black puddle in the middle of the bed. Bill didn't even have the good grace to use a high grade oil.

"Well, Joe, that is the story," Sid said, and then added, "What do you think of it?"

"Sid," Joe said, laughing, "that is undoubtedly the wildest thing I have ever head. Is it really true?"

"Absolutely, you come down to the bank in the morning and see. This happened years ago, and now Bill Martin has come back to town. He's a grown man now, just out of college and has a law degree. Old lady Slantern always comes to the bank at ten o'clock in the morning, and I heard Bill say he was going to be there just to see her."

"Okay, Sid, I'll be there," said Joe.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Joe went down to the bank. There were a few people in there, some at various counters. But there was a rather nice-looking young man, with freckles, standing by the savings window. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and had a pleasant look of

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expectant surprise on his face. Soon the door to the bank opened and an old lady walked in. She looked neither to the right nor to the left but went straight to the savings window and stopped. She looked at the young man; he looked at her; her mouth flew open. She swiftly reached in her handbag and pulled out a water pistol. She let fly, and caught him square in the face. Only the water pistol wasn't filled with water; it was filled with ink. She watched with satisfaction as the ink ran down a very good-looking blue serge suit, then with a smile of satisfaction on her face she walked out of the bank.

Joe looked around for Sid. Sid was standing over in the corner with a look of complete surprise on his face. Joe walked out of the bank just in time to see the old lady turn the corner in that brisk gait of hers.

EDITORIAL

(From page 1)

lives on to see his reality a grain of sand tossed and blown, wickedly, by a wind we call humanity. He has gained his heart's desire only to lose it when it is treated as though it were the blabbings of a senile old fool; one whose age prevents him from thinking clearly and logically.

Shakespeare said, "How ill white hairs become a fool and jester." Two modernistic approaches can be taken. One, age is a liability as far as progressiveness is concerned, and, two, age has as much incentive for greatness as youth. It has been said that the second childhood of man, usually responsible to age, has no progressive value for society. Has not the old man the right to his goal or desire just as much as the young man. Our goals and desires are constantly changing as our age progresses. With maturity it is hoped. Cause not the bitter tragedy of self-disappointment or disappointment for others no matter what the age or the goal. Every man, as an individual, has a right to his dreams and a right to reap the benefits of their maturity if he has worked for them.

The tragedy of gaining your heart's desire is the idea of false goals or disappointment in quality once they have been gained. Years of labor have been put into the attaining of a particular desire only to find the lack that has had the false-luster of quality painted on by a near-sighted society.

How bitter is the reward when the empty shell of a hollow triumph has been realized. The prevention? There is no real prevention. Man must make his own decisions and make them he will, whether they are right or wrong.

Temper the decision for your heart's desire with wisdom and experience gained through that wisdom. Make the decision firmly, backed by a faith that contains the absolute belief in its honesty and validity.

Make the goal strong with positive assurance that it is right and then there will be no tragedy.

DESTINY

Cry out unto the destiny!
The destiny of man,
Cry out and change the destiny,
The destiny, if you can.
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—Wm. Neal

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QUESTIONS

A An arrow and then a constellation
Plus hearty will give you my appellation.

B The stork, 'tis said, has two legs—no more,
Yet here it seems to wind two into four.

C Take these ingredients: "to heat and spice,"
When added to "taverns" I show in a trice.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A The apostrophe in the word 'EM. Phonetically speaking, this sign of omission is found between the "E"s (these) of GIVE 'EM.

B Arthur Godfrey's signature shown twice in the ad. The only difference is the link between Arthur and Godfrey shown in the lower signature.

C CHEER. The first, second, third, sixth and seventh letters of CHESTERFIELD spell out the word CHEER.

WINNERS...

Entry Boxes will be found on porch of Main Building and in Lobby of Carlisle Hall.

Winners last month: Wm. L. Neal, Jr.; Everette Hollifield, Keith Taylor, M. C. Lynn, John Covington, C. H. Robertson, James Wylie, Dewey Parr, Glenn Ayers, Carlton Sligh.

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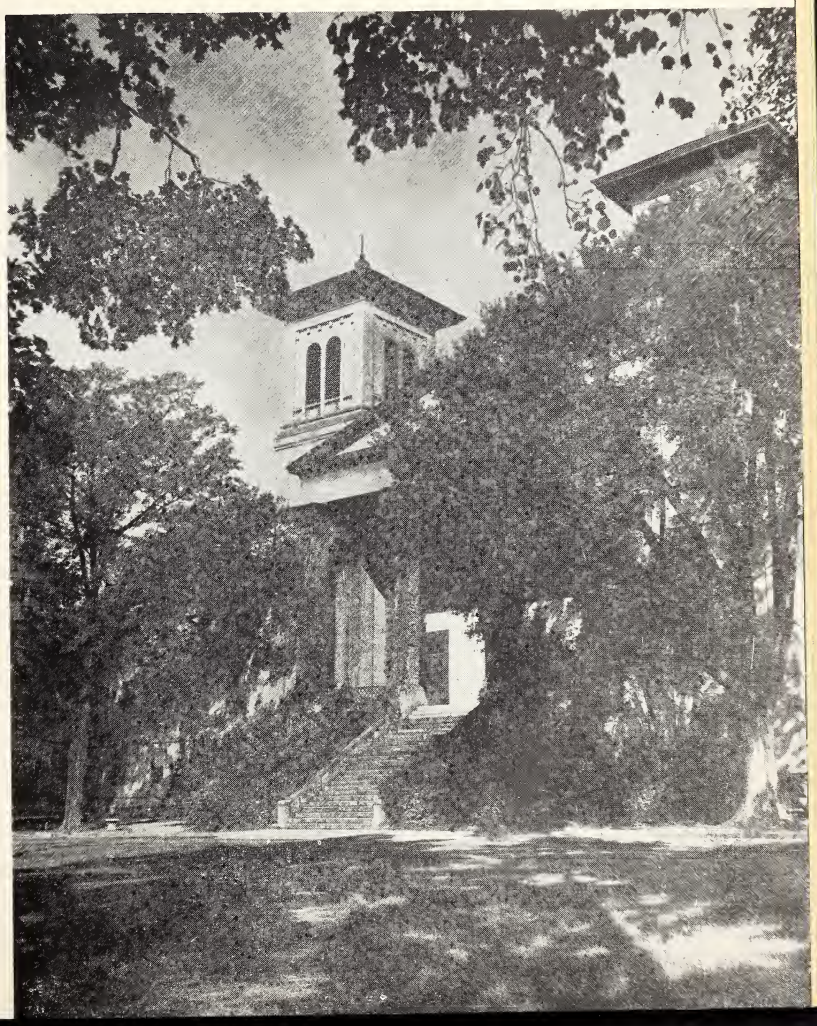

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST—SEE PAGE 28

The Journal
March '50

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The Journal

Volume 71, Number 4
MARCH '50

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Editorial

This is meant to be a sort of eulogy for a fellow who deserves some sort of a pat on the back.

Since Wayne King opened up the coffee shop across from the campus, he has been more than just the owner to the guys in Wofford's student body. He has acted in a great many varied capacities, chief among them being that of genuine friend to the Wofford student.

Wayne has been a friend, a sincere fellow who is always willing to help, and who has helped in every way and as often as he could.

It could be said that, in one sense, the true measure of a man comes in his respect to friendship. There is no more outstanding example of this than Wayne King. Every Wofford man is a personal friend of Wayne's: not just another customer. He knows each one by his first name.

To those of you who know Wayne this need not have been said, except to recognize him as he is and to commend him for the splendid role he has filled.

What more can or needs to be said of a man other than that he is sincere and genuine, and certainly Wayne King is all of these and more.

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To Wayne King

Who has been more than just the guy who runs the Coffee Shop across from the Campus.

The Quill

by Bill Suggs

In the deep delta country,
Near the coast of ole Caroline,
Where the lowly swamp shrubs flourish,
'Neath the shade of the long-leaf pine,

There flow the Indian rivers—
Great Pee Dee and the Waccamau,
And on occasion may be seen,
In places unknown to code and law,

Strange sights to the wakeful,
Wanderer's eye—
Strange tales are told that ne'er grow old,
To those who pass nearby.

The plantation region of South Carolina is noted for its awe-inspiring beauty. Beauty indeed unsurpassed in its primitive wilderness. The great swamps so widely scattered over this area have long been the source of many wild and fantastic tales, stemming from the natural fear and superstition men hold for these unfathomed wastes or for any of nature's phenomena not readily comprehensible to them. The very nearness of these treacherous wastes in comparison with their inaccessibility, serves only to increase the terrifying dread that many have for this dismally beautiful country. No doubt the Gullah Negroes with their inherent mumbo-jumbo and voodoo superstitions have helped to generate a large part of this unrestful feeling among the whites of the more isolated sections. To such persons of melancholy thought, this atmosphere might well be interpreted as one of ever-impendent gloom.

It was a warm, clear afternoon in the late summer when I came upon the ruins. It must have been an impressive mansion in its day, judging from the area the remains were scattered over, and the number of large crumbling chimneys lying about in aimless fashion. I was immediately struck with the unusually pleasant location of the grounds in spite of the obvious years of neglect, and could not see for the life of me why such an ideal spot should have been left so long in abandonment. This is still a source of wonder to me, for only a privileged few know even partially the story of one Vincent Melcliff. I believe that I am the only person to have an inkling of all the divergent aspects of the tale, and it was by the sheerest stroke of accident that this knowledge came into my possession. For it was on this hot summer afternoon that I chanced to uncover a small metal chest. I had been probing about the ruins in hope of turning up some antique relic — a musket barrel, an old coin, a bit of old china or silverware, even some brass or wrought-iron implement. Instead I came upon something I now consider much more valuable. For what I found there among the ruins so aroused my curious imagination as to necessitate a seemingly endless research in the libraries of Charleston.

It has been truly said that once in a lifetime there occurs an incident apparently so impossible, so utterly beyond mundane reason, that a person is inclined to pass it off, to push it back into the inner recesses of memory and regard it as a mere illusion of the mind. Such was my case in the incident of the Quill. For the discovery of that small chest, in view of its contents (startling as they were) was only the beginning. If I could have had any inkling that my insatiable curiosity would involve countless hours of wearied effort, leading only to conclusions so unnatural I dared not admit, yet could scarcely deny the truth of—if I could have known this —perhaps I might have been able to stifle this strange research in its budding, and thus avoid the mind-rending torture that was the inevitable result. But human nature prevailed, and each answer led to another question until the thing was pieced together in its entirety, as I present it now to you.

It is not for me to determine the manner in which the quill came into Vincent Melcliff's possession. The few scanty notes which we have on his life, and the hazy second-handed recollections of him would seem to indicate that he had a peculiar faculty for acquiring such questionable items. Perhaps we are not justified in drawing many definite conclusions

about his character from such obscure sources, and after such an elapse of time, especially when we consider that his self-appointed biographers were also his severest critics.

No one was really very intimate with Melcliff. There were merely those who came in contact with him more frequently than others. He lived alone as he preferred (except for his slaves, whom he did not consider humans), in his plantation home within several miles of the coast. "Close enough," he said once, "to hear the murmur of the sea on a calm night." To say that he was subject to extreme moodiness would be a mild statement. The few visitors he allowed on special occasions record that he would sit for hours, his eyebrows arched into thin lines, his bright eyes burning out into space, leaving his guests to their own devices. Then there were other times when he was radiant, jovial, overflowing with hospitality. He was indeed an unusual man; here all were agreed.

It was never quite clear as to the source of Vincent's inexhaustible wealth, but most people surmised that he made his money in the slave trade, for he was most evasive when his background and fortune were being discussed. At any rate, he arrived in Charleston aboard a schooner out of the Indies, bringing with him a multitude of trunks and baggage. He established temporary residence in that city and within a year had built and moved into the fabulous Melcliff Manor. There he lived in almost perfect seclusion, like an emperor with a veritable army of slaves at his beck and call. The mansion was filled with trophies and relics of all descriptions, which he enjoyed showing off in grand fashion, but still remained mysteriously silent about. The only visitors Melcliff tolerated were literary men of prominence who considered him most extraordinary, and who honored him with their presence only to take advantage of his lavish, if somewhat overbearing, hospitality. He was familiar to these chief writers and critics of Charleston, more for his pseudo-intellectual conversation than for his literary contributions, which incidentally, were invariably published under assumed names. This also served to label him as "odd" and prompted one of the leading critics of the South to refer to him as that "eccentric Melcliff." His articles were published in several of the better periodicals, and dealt largely with a defense of the South on the slavery issue. They were rather eloquent, but certainly would not be considered very brilliant today. His visits to Charleston averaged about twice a year. The rest of the time he remained in almost perfect seclusion reading from the inexhaustible supply of volumes in his library.

It was during the year that Edgar Allen Poe was traveling through the lowlands of South Carolina, doing research for The Gold Bug and other short stories of this historical setting, when he chanced, quite by accident, to come upon the Melcliff mansion. Perhaps the very dismalness of the place appealed to Poe's strange artistic senses. A gloomier location could hardly have been picked. The grounds surrounding the house were covered with massive oaks, grotesquely gnarled and instinctively oppressive. Grey Spanish moss hung like myriads of ghostly phantoms poised and waiting for the opportune moment to swoop down and invade the structure from all sides. Everything about the landscape seemed to help create an atmosphere of tension. One may imagine Poe pausing in the road in the late afternoon when the sun's rays were filtered through the limbs and moss distorting and making crooked the four tall white columns on the west side.

As fate would have it, Vincent was in one of his lighter moods, and an instant friendship was struck up between them. It took only a few short hours for Poe and Melcliff to find that they had much in common. It could not have been otherwise with two men of such similar temperament. We have no way of knowing just how long he (Poe) stayed at the manor. In fact, there were those who doubted that he stopped there at all. In view of future events, anything connected with the name Melcliff would be subject to immediate skepticism, but at this point I only cite Vincent's account of their acquaintance. He stated emphatically that the environment was a perfect tonic to Poe and that he wrote a great deal. Before leaving, he wished to present Melcliff with a token of his esteem and puzzled at great length over what he might leave. Vincent, upon learning his intention, solved the matter immediately by requesting the white quill with which Poe had just finished composing a most fascinating manuscript of poetry, entitled The Raven. The great writer was only too willing to oblige. The years passed, and the black folds of eternity enveloped the disillusioned spirit of Edgar Allen Poe.

The occasion was a visit by William Gilmore Simms and several other prominent figures. It was when the topic of conversation was Poe's merit as a writer that Melcliff produced the white quill. He then proceeded to make the startling announcement concerning its supposed origin. Needless to say, his guests were dumfounded, and

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Plato's Apology and its Meaning for Today

by Ralph Cannon

AN OLD MAN steps up to the speaker's stand before an austere group of judges assembled to hear his case. He states his defense, logically and unemotionally. The judges cast their votes, and he receives two hundred eighty-one unfavorable votes out of five hundred one cast. Again, in a spirit of defiance bordering on impudence, he asserts that he deserves a reward, not a punishment. The jurors vote again, and he receives three hundred sixty unfavorable votes. A few days elapse, while his followers vainly urge him to flee, and then he drinks a cup of hemlock and dies.

His crime? The formal accusations charge him with disbelief in the gods of the State and the worship of strange new deities, and with the corrupting of the youth of Athens. His accusers? Meletus, son of a poet, offended by the old man's criticism of the poets; Anytus, man of property and general of the army. irritated at his criticism of his employing his son as a tanner when he could have done better things; and Lyco, whose complaints are not known. Perhaps behind the charges also is the fact that he once associated with the radicals Critias and Alcibiades.

So read the formal charges, and for these crimes the old man incurs a death befitting a criminal. But the real reasons for wanting to get rid of this religious heretic probably are even more basic: He has a knack for showing up the professed wisdom of those about him, convicting them of ignorance beside his own keen, though agnostic, wisdom; such a knack will certainly make the one who practices it unpopular. Also, by the epithet which he himself applies, he is to Athens what a gadfly is to a horse: a nagging "insect" which by repeated stings at the hypocritical complacency of the Athenian "horse" attempts to goad it into a better life; such an "insect" is likely also to become an unwanted annoyance. For these reasons they proffer him the hemlock; it seems a common trait of humans to hate those who disturb their complacency and try to improve their quality.

This scene took place two thousand three hundred and forty-eight years ago; it has found a listing in history's annals as the trial of the philosopher Socrates. One of the younger associates of the wise man, a man wise in his own right, wrote down his recollections of his master's speech before the court, and Plato's Apology of Socrates has proclaimed for posterity the greatness of this martyr for philosophy. Today it forms a part of almost every classical curriculum. And truly, in spite of the opinion to the contrary which an elementary Greek student may briefly entertain after struggling his way through the original, it deserves its place of importance.

In discussing "Plato's Apology and Its Meaning for Today" at least three areas of meaning suggest themselves: for history, for individual life, and for political and social life.

From the standpoint of history, Plato's Apology and its hero, Socrates, stand at the critical stage of art, science, education, and philosophy. Among the earliest productions in formal writing, the Apology has provided an impetus for later writings of a philosophical and historical nature, a style often imitated, and a subject matter which has been a springboard for thoughtful creation in all realms of literature.

Again, charges, however true they may be, of a high degree of speculation and a lack of system in investigation, cannot deprive Socrates of the appellation of scientist. The questing intellect, the dependence on clear and logical, though sometimes incorrect, reasoning, both so necessary to science, are far from lacking in him.

As for education, though he founded no formal school and disclaimed the name of teacher, Socrates in his relationship with his younger associates left a standard for all future teachers: the achievement of a close companionship of mutual intellectual exploration between master and disciple. That such a companionship existed in the case of Socrates is attested by his own answer in the Apology to the charge of deliberately teaching others his doctrines: his young associates merely enjoyed being with him and engaging with him in his examinations of those "who thought themselves wise, though not being so." Even beyond this technique of instruction, however, we can follow the growth of education along the chain in which this worthiest of teachers was the first link, as it becomes increasingly broader and more exact. Furthermore, an attitude essential to growing knowledge is expounded in the pages of the Apology, in Socrates' precept that his wisdom lay in his understanding that he knew nothing. Impeding dogmas and prejudices melt before such an understanding.

Under Socrates' guidance, philosophy began to assume a form worthy of the attention of great thinkers. Where it had dealt before with metaphysical speculations alone, he made it deal with practical matters; where it formulated codes of abstract reality, he caused it to formulate codes of living. His interest was not primarily in "the things in the heavens, the things on the earth,

and the things under the earth," but in the things that contribute to a full and happy life. The Apology is a witness to this, in spite of what his accusers at the trial and Aristophanes in his play The Clouds would have us believe. He deserves the highest niche in philosophy's Hall of Fame for bringing wisdom down to earth.

In the realm of the importance for individual life, the Apology abounds with ethical principles and with precepts for intellectual advancement. Poor Richard's Almanac finds a rival in Plato's account of the philosopher's defense, in its wealth of practical proverbs. "The unexamined life is a life not worth living" is a maxim of value to anyone seeking to develop himself in character and wisdom. "Sin is swifter than death" is a lasting indictment of those who are inclined to sacrifice personal integrity and devotion to a cause for an overwhelming interest in self-preservation. "Good sir," he replied to a questioner who asked whether he were not ashamed to pursue a course leading to death, "it is not well said if you think that a man of any worth at all ought to calculate his chances of living or dying and not rather look to this alone, when he acts, to see if what he does is right or wrong, and if his are the deeds of a good man or a bad one."

"Virtue does not spring from wealth, but wealth and every other good that comes to men . . . proceed from virtue" is an apt argument for goodness of character, however pragmatic it may be. These are only a few examples of Socrates' ability to compress wisdom into pithy epigrams.

The old man's attitude toward his approaching death should prove a "worry repellant." His faith that the after-life can be even at the lowest level of hope no worse than a peaceful sleep gave him that "peace of mind" and freedom from psychosis-producing fears that enabled him to turn his mind unrestrained to his lofty contemplations. A similar peace must have come to others since from reading the Apology.

The time-worn but too-little-honored principle that the good life lies "not in the things of the body but in the things of the soul" is found also in this old writing. Socrates proclaimed in his defense that his prime mission in Athens was to persuade the citizens "to care for the body not more than for the soul, in what way it may be the best possible." Again, in his last moments he asked the men of Athens to hold his own sons to this principle and to chastise them if they strayed from

it, even as he was then chastising them. Two thousand years have passed, and a material-centered world still direly needs chastisement.

Perhaps the chief factor that made Socrates himself a morally great person was his obedience to the "voice" always guiding him, rather than to men's wishes. In all experiences he felt compelled by a force beyond hmself; he was driven by the feeling that he had a direct commission from the gods. He upheld this commission in the face of all dangers, even as he had upheld his duty as a soldier when placed at a post by his commander. The validity of this sense of duty to Right as a guiding principle of conduct is rarely challenged by a thinking person.

Socrates likewise had much of value to say in regard to political and social affairs. One important and common-place ideal for community living is shown by his own conduct toward his fellows in his capacity of "gadfly." In the words of one biographer, "There was nothing of the complacent self-righteousness of the Pharisee, nor of the angry bitterness of the satirist, in his attitude toward the follies or even the crimes of his fellowmen. It was his deep and life-long conviction that the improvement not only of himself but of those with whom he might have to do, was a task laid upon him 'by God,' but the task was not to be executed with a scowling face and an upbraiding voice . . . he thoroughly understood how important it is to one who would win men's souls to be 'good company.' Conscious of his own infirmities, he felt a real and profound sympathy for those who had not learned to master their frailties and passions."

Another Socratic ideal of which later politicians have fallen far short is his requirement that all men of government be qualified by demonstrated wisdom, and that they be custodians and administrators not only of the material elements of the public welfare but even more so of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual aspects. He subjected his contemporaries to these qualifications and found them lacking by a large margin. It has now become truistic to say, "What this world needs is some good, conscientious politicians"; yet weaknesses in public affairs still plague society.

But the most significant aspect of such a story of martyrdom is that it has been so often repeated. It is important to appreciate this lamentable fact in considering this final area of meaning of the Apology, that of its significance for political and social life. It is a distressing paradox that human beings suppress

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The Diaphanous Mr. Dool

by Bill Jewkes

MR. DOOL first appeared to me on a hot, bright August day. August was behaving in typical August fashion, and I had just surrendered to the overwhelming temptation to take off my clothes and sink in a cool tub of water. I had been soaking thus for some minutes, happily sipping a Tom Collins and reflecting dimly on the possibilities of talking some sense into Murdock & Brown, Publishers. Perhaps I should say "publisher," because there wasn't really any Mr. Murdock. He existed only in the mind of P. B. Brown and was there only because "P. B." thought any publishing company worth its ink ought to have an "&" like Farrar & Rinehart, Grosset & Dunlap, and just about any company he could think of that was making money.

But to get back, I was lying there thinking of three good reasons why no home should be without the latest book, the only book, by Bryan Bradford — m e — when I became aware of a presence. It was a common enough sensation with me. I had felt it many times before—at the office, in my bedroom, on a beach. Often as not it was justified. I would look up and find Miss Schnud with the Carraway proofs, or open my eyes to find my wife demanding that I let Hadnan out for the night. But, heretofore, my bathroom had remained happily sacrosanct.

Accordingly, I was not a little disturbed to look up and see a man leaning casually against the sink. He was about five feet seven, on the heavy side, fortyish, with a pleasant enough face and a sparse planting of angry red hair which grew ivy-fashion in a small patch at the top of his head. He would, in truth, have appeared altogether normal if it hadn't been for two things. He was dressed in a grass skirt, carrying a Bond Street Bowler, and I could see right through him.

Now anyone with five years at Murdock & Brown, Publishers, behind him has developed an extremely low susceptibility to surprises. So, when he took a cigarette from my Chesterfields lying on the edge of the basin and said, "Do you have a light?" my only reaction was to reply:

"Obviously not on me. Reach in the left-hand pocket of my pants." Courtesy is undoubtedly the best policy, even to transparent men in grass skirts.

"Thanks," he said, rummaging in my pocket. Having lit his cigarette he gave it an annoyed little puff. "Well, is that all you're going to say?"

"What do you want me to do?" I asked haughtily. "Send up a flare?"

"Come now," he persisted, half his face smiling, "aren't you the least bit surprised?"

"Nothing surprises me," — deliberately trying to sound like someone out of Thurber. My visitor leaned heavily against the sink again.

"Well, I must say I'm disappointed. I planned my entrance all the way down. I might have done all sorts of corny things, you know, like popping out of a pink cloud, or plummeting up from the drain." He began to pant. "But I kept casual out of respect for your intelligence—the least you might be is appreciative."

"Very well. I will herewith emit one shout of pure joy."

My guest smoked more violently than ever, filling the small room with little puffs of protest. "Say," he said finally, "you haven't had one of these before have you?"

"One of what?" I returned in my most laconic manner.

"A visitation — there was never anyone before me — you've never seen anything like me before?"

"Not since they took my heroin away. Why?"

"Well, it's just that I'm usually quite a shock."

"Mmmm, I can imagine." Then, because I wanted to embarrass him, I asked, "Do you have to go around dressed that way? You're hardly Bernard McFadden, you know. Why don't you put on some clothes?"

"Oh, we can't," he said hastily. "They show, you know. It's really very embarrassing . . . like the Invisible Man."

"I see. But why don't you make yourself completely visible?"

"I'm afraid not, old man. I'm beginning to think you've seen too many movies. We really don't go in for that sort of thing at all. No, I'm afraid I must remain as I am."

He began to hum, skipping about the bathroon jauntily and blowing smoke squares into the air. "You know, I suddenly feel quite wonderful. It's so good, so very good to be believed in for a change."

He paused poised on one foot, and looking back over his shoulder, "You do believe in me of course? I mean, you're convinced there's really a me?"

"I don't know. How do I know you're not just something I ate?"

He finished pirouetting and stood facing me squarely. "Don't be rude. I'll do anything within reason to convince you, but don't go passing me off as last night's Liederkranz. Just tell me like a gentleman what you want me to do."

"Come here," I said, reaching out my hand.

Surprisingly, he backed away. "Oh, no. You're not going to pass your hand through me, or anything like that, are you? It makes me ill, and actually hurts me."

"Don't be silly," I said. "Just light me a cigarette and that will be satisfactory proof."

My guest looked disappointed.

"For a writer, you show an astonishing lack of imagination. Suppose we do it my way."

He waved his hand, and immediately every fixture in the place turned to gold. Then he turned to me triumphantly. "Notice any difference in your water? Champagne. Well, what do you think now?"

The note of triumph in his voice annoyed me for some reason, and I'm afraid my reply sounded a bit ungrateful. "Show off," I growled. "It looks stupid. You're certainly not going to leave it that way!"

"Why not?" He sounded aggravatingly sure of himself.

"What will I tell my wife? She was here not twenty minutes ago, and she's bound to notice. Do you think I'm going to tell her the little men were here, and the place is enchanted?"

"If that's the way you're going to be, I'll leave. After all, it wasn't my idea to come here. You sent for me. The least you might do . . ."

"Hold on, old boy. You're mistaken. I didn't send for you. Why in the world should I?"

"But you must have!" His voice was choked with disbelief. "Otherwise, I wouldn't be here. We never make a mistake." He paused, reflecting a moment, then continued, "This is 10 Maple Line Drive, isn't it? You are John B. Bradford?"

"J. Bryan Bradford," I corrected.

"Then I'm in the right place. There's absolutely no doubt. You must have done something." He thought a moment. "Boiled any toad skins lately? That's been known to work. Twined any woodbine?"

"You can have all the wolf-bane you find. My voodoo days are behind me." Who did this guy think he was?

"I simply don't understand it. You must have done something. We got a deucedly violent current."

"Have it your way then," I went back to sipping my Tom Collins.

"Well, no matter. As long as I'm here I might as well grant a wish or two. What are you drinking?"

"Tom Collins. The liquor's in the dining-room cabinet."

He was out the door before I finished, and I had to shout, "You'll find the ice in a bowl on the kitchen sink."

"What did you say, dear?" My wife, puttering around in the cellar, overheard my directions.

"This is wonderful, don't you think, darling?" I hoped she would-

n't think, and heard a faint, "If you like it, dear," from somewhere in the bowels of the house.

My friend, for so I'd begun to regard him, returned in a few minutes with a drink in each hand.

"There," he said, a little out of breath, "I mixed you a fresh one."

He set his drink on the edge of the tub, and sat on the floor close by. "There's no reason why we can't discuss this comfortably."

He began to sip his drink contentedly. I could see the blurred but definitely silverish liquor trickle down his throat and lose itself in a dim blob somewhere about the position of his stomach.

He noted my slight grimace.

"What, may I ask, is so revolting?"

"You look like an anemic thermometer."

He looked down at himself. "Most indelicate of you to notice," he answered icily, and immediately clouded so that he resembled nothing so much as a large elongated bubble. "There!" and again he settled back comfortably.

"Now then, allow me to introduce myself. My name's Dool — Lawrence Doon Dool."

"Dool," I repeated, as though to impress the name on my mind.

"Yes," he sighed, "isn't it awful? I tried to have it changed to something a little more euphonious, but they wouldn't hear of it. I've never quite forgiven Mother, although it could have been worse. Had I been born a girl, it would have been a failing of Mother's. Only yesterday ——" he broke off. "But let's get back to you. What would you like more than anything else in the world?"

The question left me cold. I had often, in my less busy moments, imagined myself in the position of being granted anything I might wish, and there had been a number of fantastic fulfillments in my dreams. On one occasion I had made myself invisible and raised hell with Murdock & Brown, on another occasion I had imagined myself given the power to write the world's greatest novel. Confronted with the real opportunity, I discovered there was nothing I greatly desired that I didn't have. So after what must have seemed (considering the question involved) a ridiculously long time, I said, "I can't think of a thing offhand."

Mr. Dool sat up suddenly, causing his drink to spill over the floor. "Oh, come on, let's not carry a joke too far. You must want something, everybody does—even I," he paused, "have a few modest desires."

"No kidding, I can't think of anything."

"How are you fixed for money?"

"Twenty thousand yen a year."

"How about the house?"

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Blessed Are the Meek

by Ed Berckman

WHEN I opened the front door of our Shanghai apartment in response to the ringing of the doorbell, I was greeted by a grinning face, its mouth almost toothless.

"Missy home?"

The Chinese at the door with his pants rolled up to his knees and his shirt open baring a yellow, bony chest might have been mistaken for an ordinary coolie. But he was of a slightly higher class, a gardener, as indicated by the potted plant that he was bringing to my mother. He had a wide forehead and might have been handsome but for his pointed chin. His face was perpetually sad except when it brightened for such moments as this. Performing an act of kindness brought him the pure and uncontrollable joy of a child, it seemed. His face was one broad grin when my mother thanked him profusely for his gift. The plant was not especially pretty and she did not need it. But she appreciated his generosity and thoughtfulness and, despite what she knew about him, she felt sorry for this poor servant. For to most people he seemed very simple, meek, and obeisant.

He had certainly appeared that way to the Japanese soldiers during the war—at first. But later they found out that he was not altogether what he seemed to be. Or did they realize that? Anyway, this is the story that was told about him:

In the first place old Wong—for that was the gardener's name—loved flowers, any and all kinds of flowers. That was why he enjoyed year after year doing the same old thing, of tending the small garden in the spacious back yard of our apartment house — why he was content with his meager wage which had to buy rice for his wife and five children who were not yet grown. Not that he could have got a better job. But this was why he was happy in his work.

Every year old Wong delighted in watching the seeds and bulbs that he planted push their way through the soil into the fresh spring air, then bud, and finally burst into bloom as he kept the garden well fertilized and as free as possible from weeds and destructive insects.

Wong was proud of his flowers and he would give them to all who wanted them and many who did not really desire them but accepted out of courtesy. If anyone was out looking at the garden or greenhouse and happened to express an admiration for a particular flower. Wong would immediately pick some of them and present a bouquet to the admirer.

And if any tenant had a favorite flower, the old gardener would keep his apartment supplied with those flowers as long as they were in season. Mrs. Christiansen always got her dahlias; Mrs. Pierson's apartment was filled with jonquils; old man Koussetsovich never failed to get his snapdragons. My mother's favorite was a vine-like thing. I don't remember what it was called, but he brought us so much of the stuff during the spring that our apartment looked like a greenhouse.

If an early frost or blight killed any of Wong's plants, his heart was broken and he always blamed himself. He was infinitely careful to see that everything was all right, and of course such losses were almost never his fault.

In short, Wong's garden was his life, and each flower that bloomed was another success in life and made him, as a success makes anyone, feel that his existence on earth was worthwhile.

Now, when the Japanese took over Shanghai after Pearl Harbor, things were changed all over the city, and our apartment house was no exception. Although the building was still American-owned, the little men from Nippon tried to take over the running of the place as much as the American manager would let them —which was pretty much since the American knew that there were internment camps and even torture houses which might at any time send him an invitation that he could not refuse.

The Japs did not cause much trouble to the tenants. They evicted a few Westerners and moved in some of their own citizens; they were responsible for a fuel shortage, but that was city-wide. By and large, the home life of foreign tenants who remained was not radically altered.

But as for old Wong, that was a different matter. The Japanese had their own ideas about the garden. As there has always been and probably always will be in China, there was a food shortage that year, a scarcity of vegetables and meat as well as rice. The Japs' problem of feeding their army, much less that of feeding the native population, was made more acute by floods in the preceding year.

To combat this shortage, the new puppet government had ordered that all available land was to be used for cultivating rice and other edible crops. Parks were transformed into rice fields; lawns were plowed up; flower gardens became truck gardens. That is, most of them did.

When the Agriculture Bureau officials came to our apartment house, they sought out Wong and gave him his instructions.

"You are to grow turnips in this garden. Nothing but turnips. You will notify us when crop is ready and we will come take away. You have about one-third acre here. We will check to see that you get full harvest."

Wong thought a moment. "All right, sir," he said, "I will grow turnips. But the season for planting has just passed (it was then January). I cannot grow turnips this year."

The officials consulted with each other. After a short discussion the one who had spoken before announced, "Do not grow turnips this year. We return and inform you what to grow."

Three months later they returned with the new instructions. (Bureaucracy is not restricted to the United States.)

"You must grow cabbage in this garden. That is official order. It is in permanent records. Cannot be changed."

"Can do, sir," said Wong, "but unfortunately all cabbage seeds were planted two months ago. It is too late now. However, next year I will grow cabbage. Very sorry."

"Well," replied the official, "it cannot be changed. But next year be sure to plant cabbage in time.

"Of course, sir," smiled Wong, with a bow.

The officials left. They had done their duty; it was not their fault that no cabbage was grown in Wong's garden.

Wong was also happy. He grew all his usual flowers that year, carried them to the tenants, and did not worry at all about cabbage.

When the next February rolled around and it was time to plant cabbage seed, Wong went to work again. He went out and planted seed, was very careful to make a big affair of it so that everyone could understand what he was doing. The invaders might have spies anywhere. That spring Wong worked his plants faithfully. Everything was coming along perfectly.

Then one day Wong made a trip to the office building in which the Agriculture Bureau was housed. He went to see the official who had given him the instructions about the garden. After wandering around the halls as if lost, he finally stumbled into the office for which he was searching. He stood for several minutes just looking at the people as if he did not know what to do. Then he saw the official and went to his desk. After a moment the official looked up at him.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Excuse me, sir, but my cabbage plants are not right."

"What?"

"There is something wrong with my cabbage plants."

"Wait a minute. Who are you?"

Wong told him.

"Are you a farmer?"

Wong explained that he was a gardener of the apartment house. The official looked in his files and soon understanding dawned on him.

"Yes, now I remember. You are to grow cabbage."

"That is correct, sir. But cabbage is not right."

"What is the matter?"

"I do not know, sir."

"You do not know! You know nothing. I will send assistant to your garden tomorrow to see what is wrong."

It did not take the assistant long to discover the reason for Wong's apparent dismay. The discovery did not seem to please the Japanese.

"Pig! Stupid fool! This is not cabbage. These are flowers. How can you grow cabbage when you plant flower seed? Have you no sense?"

"So sorry, sir. I make mistake. Evidently seeds were mixed up. It will not happen again."

"Brainless loafer! It is already too late to plant cabbage now. How can you Chinamen be so dumb! Be

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The Higher Power

We are Creation, all things
Were made for us. All
Subservient to our will.
We are mighty, everlasting, gaze upon
Our works and see
The strides we've made,
The culture we've forged,
Our wonderful machines
That think. Feel the
Metal. Observe the artistry,
The perfection they have.
Racial prejudice? Oh, that,
We've always had that,
It's immutable. What's
That? War? Not now.
Not with the conquest
Of the atom, of hydrogen. We'll
Have peace in our time.
Look at that machine!
Feel the beauty of its
Strength, its soul. That
Will last forever.

—Wm. Neal

Awakening

by Charles Weaver

THE door to the room opened very quietly, making just enough noise to wake Stephen up. It was pitch-black and he could see nothing. He had seen no one come in, yet the door had opened, and someone had opened it. Doors just don't open by themselves. Suddenly, over in the corner, he saw a faint outline. The outline of a man. Tall, and by the stooped way he stood, he was old. The figure stood there not moving, as if it were waiting for someone to speak. Stephen opened his mouth to say something. No sound came out.

"My son," said a voice, soft, yet so loud that it thundered into his brain, "I will only stay a little while, so listen very carefully to what I have to say. How ill-used are the faint values we have within ourselves; to the strong, nothing is impossible, and lastly, if you would win, so you may conquer your desires, you must breathe deeply of some fledgling air."

"But how will I know these things when I see them?" asked Stephen, his voice cracking, for he was still afraid.

The room was silent. Stephen switched on the light. The room was empty . . . there was nothing. Only Stephen smelled a faint odor, a musty odor, like an old hat, no . . . like an old bunch of clothes that had been left lying for years in a trunk. There were some old clothes up in the attic like that, some clothes of his grandfather's that his mother had been saving. He actually knew very little of his grandfather except what his mother had told him.

His grandfather had been a minister; he knew that; there were some old books of his stored up in the attic. He had never known his grandfather; he had died two years after Stephen was born. Yet, somehow, he was proud of his grandfather. His mother had told him a finer man had never lived or a more strange one. He wasn't the ordinary kind of minister either. Oh, he had always attended to his church affairs very efficiently, and to his congregation, but he was a very strange man. He had periods of moodiness, when he did not talk to anyone or see anyone, but took long walks in the orchard that lay directly beside his study. He always took these walks just when it was growing dusk. Sometimes, his mother said, it looked as if there were someone with him, talking to him, and sometimes the wind would carry faint sounds back to the house where she stood looking. She could almost imagine he was talking to someone. But she never really found out. And when he died, he took whatever strange secrets he had to the grave with him.

"Stephen, what is the matter?" His mother's voice came to him from downstairs. He blinked his eyes and rubbed them.

"Stephen," his mother's voice was stronger, then she walked into the room.

"I saw your light. Why, Stephen, what is wrong? Did you have a bad dream?"

"No, mother, I just had a dream."

"What kind of a dream, Stephen?"

"There was a man in the room, tall and sort of old; his voice was very soft and low, yet I could hear every word just as if he were as close to me as you are, but he said some things to me that I don't understand."

"What did he say to you, Stephen?"

Stephen repeated what the old man had said, word for word, amazed that he remembered it so well.

His mother sat there, not speaking or smiling or trying to reassure him like she usually did when he had a bad dream and was awakened in the night. Her face had a strange look on it and she blinked her eyes as if she were going to cry. At length she said, "You go on back to sleep now, dear, everything will be all right in the morning."

His mother got up slowly from the bed and turned out the light. Stephen closed his eyes after having looked around to see if the room was empty, or more in hopes of seeing the old man again. The room was dark, not even the glint of the moon shone in the room.

When Stephen awoke the next morning, the sun was bright and cheerful as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened at all. He got up and went into his mother's room. She was lying in bed, awake, and looking at the ceiling very pensively. Stephen walked over and sat down on the bed. His mother gave a start and seemed to notice him for the first time.

"Good morning, dear, did you sleep well after I left?"

"Yes, ma'am." And then he added, "Where is dad?"

"He went after the morning paper."

About that time Stephen's father came into the room carrying the morning paper under his arm.

"Good morning, son."

"Good morning, dad."

"Son, what is this your mother has been telling me about the nightmare you had last night?'"

"It wasn't a nightmare, dad."

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know; I just don't think it was a nightmare."

"Suppose you tell me about it, son."

Stephen told the story as he had told it to his mother the night before. His father's face grew taut; he clenched his fists and there was

an unholy look in his eyes. His father stared out the window.

"That old fool . . . that old fool," he said.

"John, you must not speak like that," his wife said.

"He told me he would do something like this and there isn't a thing I can do about it."

"You don't know, John, you don't know; it was probably a bad dream."

Stephen's father turned and left the room with a stricken look on his face. Stephen had never seen him act like this before; he didn't know what to think.

Stephen's father was a tall man, very distinguished looking, with a straight, sharp nose and black wavy hair. He had eyes of the most unholy blue and they could spit fire when he was angry. He had thin lips and most of the time, unsmiling, as if he were afraid of something.

Stephen didn't know what to do. There was an occasion once when his father had just returned from one of his many "business trips" to find his mother gone. He looked just like that then. Stephen's father had finally gotten his mother to come home again, but not before there was a violent argument. The only thing Stephen remembered about that was the words he had heard through the study door.

"John, you will never get the chance to do that again. I will not have my son finding this out."

That was all he had heard and even so, he was too young to figure out what it was all about. He wouldn't have remembered it if it hadn't been for the look on his father's face.

"Mother, what is the matter with dad?" he asked.

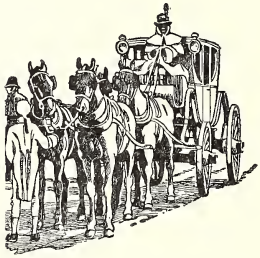
"Nothing, dear, you come on with me and we'll get some breakfast."

His mother looked worried and she was beginning to be very jumpy in her actions. Stephen followed her downstairs and had some breakfast.

"It's time for the school bus, Stephen," his mother called from the kitchen.

"All right, mother, I'll see you after school is out."

All day he tried to figure out what the trouble was. Something was on his father's mind and he didn't know just what it was. He thought over the words that the old man had said to him. He could understand most of them but the last part. What was "fledgling air"? And where was he to find it? Somehow he knew that here was the answer to the whole problem, or at least to his problem. It worried him. The thing had been too realistic to be a dream but he did not want to tell his father that,



not after what had happened this morning.

When he was out, he climbed on the bus and kept hoping that it would go faster so he could get home. He wanted to ask his father what "fledgling air" was. Or should he? It might make his father mad, or it might make his father act like he did that morning and he never wanted to see that again. But he was going to ask him anyway; he had to know. Eventually the bus came to his house and he got off. His father hadn't come up from the fields yet. Stephen thought about going down there and asking him but he guessed it would be better to wait and talk to him that night. He went into the house.

Gradually, the rest of the day passed; his father came up from the fields and put away the animals for the night. They were prosperous, to be farmers. They had fine grounds and fine animals, plus a native love for the land. But Stephen's father never had seemed quite satisfied with the farm He was always going somewhere on business.

Supper passed very slowly and just when they had almost finished, Stephen decided to ask his father what "fledgling air" was. He didn't know exactly how to ask him, though, but he finally said, "Dad, you remember what happened last night?"

"Yes, son."

"Well, can you explain the last part to me?"

"What are you talking about, son?"

"When the old man said I must 'breathe deeply of some fledgling air.' "

His mother gasped. Stephen's father tuned livid with rage.

"Don't you dare mention that around me again, do you hear?" he shouted. "I've got no time to try and answer for your silly dreams."

"Yes, sir," Stephen said meekly, and just a little afraid.

His father was so upset that he left the table. Directly the door to the study slammed and the key was turned in the lock.

Stephen finished his supper in silence; not even his mother said much. When he had finished, he went up to his room and lay across the bed. Now what had he said that had upset his father so? He hadn't meant to do that; he only wanted to find out. Stephen began to think of all the old man had said to him and tried to associate it with something he knew. He began to think of the musty odor that was left in the room when he had switched the light on. The musty odor . . . maybe that had something to do with it. It had to have; it was the only thing that he could swear was real. He knew he had smelled that. Now where . . . the clothes, his grand-

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On Happiness

by C. L. Jordan

WHENEVER one sits down and seriously ponders the reasons and purposes of human existence, his thoughts will not travel lightly over man's quest for happiness. The hunger for happiness as opposed to suffering is innate. The human organism is imbued with the incessant desire for a happy existence. It is one of the greatest single motivating forces of life. A tremendous importance is placed upon happiness—perhaps too much so.

Happiness is not guaranteed. There can be no surety of it, as it is often elusive and treacherous. A famous philosopher once remarked that the person who sought for himself the completely happy life in a world of tempestuous evil was like a beggar dreaming himself king. This is quite true. A great portion of the earth's surface is a chaotic maelstrom of suffering. Ever-expanding shadows of human misery creep steadily over greater and greater portions of the globe. The unhappy people greatly outnumber the happy. And yet it is an ironical paradox that we live in a world that has supposedly liberated itself from the binding shackles of ignorance by virtue of knowledge. Knowledge has been a blessing to man; also it has been a dreadful scourge to him. It is indeed a sad state that knowledge and happiness appear to be incompatible and have little in common. This makes somewhat dubious the value of our great knowledge, for it always seems to end up in the wrong hands. Another strange paradox of our modern civilization is that intelligence and happiness are rarely found in the same individual.

We in the United States live in a bountiful country and are graced with more advantages than it has ever before been man's good fortune to enjoy. We are a prosperous country where all should be serene. One can look at the world and see many obvious causes of unhappiness. Certain portions of the world, devastated by war—live in fear, poverty, want and disease. This is evident. But what of the United States, where we are fortunate enough to be spared the misery and suffering that envelop many other countries? Why is it that we are not as happy as our advantages should make us?

People in the United States are vitally concerned over happiness. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are the cornerstones of our republic. The expression is echoed the width and breadth of the land. Just as we demand security, so we are growing more and more to demand happiness. It has become a right instead of a privilege in that we feel we are entitled to it, partially explaining the great emphasis placed upon happiness. And indeed, we are living in a country under conditions that have every right to make most of us reasonably happy. A gigantic empire of muscle and steel is convulsing in frenzied haste to produce the countless conveniences to make our lives pleasanter and less boring. Our lives are filled with mechanical gadgetry, but still we are not the happiest people in the world. The answer must lie in things other than material.

Too many people fail to realize that happiness must be achieved. It is not simply a gift of the munificent and smiling gods—or governments. We first must know what to expect of happiness. Tragically, the concept of happiness has been distorted almost beyond recognizable form in sentimental and escape literatures of the cheaper fiction and love stories and to a great extent by both radio and motion pictures. The hard-rock values of happiness have been disfigured by the sweetly distilled poison of these agencies into something so highly idealistic that it is as unattainable as it is false. People have been led to expect too much in order to be happy. Life must be all velvet and rose petals. Those who seek and expect only the delicate pefume of flowers and are afraid of the thorns will not get the most from existence. The timid and the overly sentimental who treat happiness as a fragile hot-house flower that must be nurtured under the most idyllic conditions in order to live and grow will be doomed to disappointment in a world of tough weeds.

The wise never expect for themselves a completely happy life. It is foolish to do so, for to be happy all the time would mean a boring and desolate existence. Life would become stale and distasteful. One would not have the yardstick of varying emotions that make life interesting. Life is made interesting and zestful by the very fact that it is sometimes tangy, sharp, raw, harsh, and cruel as well as pleasant and joyful. How delightful it is to drink in the rare beauty of a balmy fall evening with its brilliantly varied autumnal dress while remembering a bleak and dreary winter's day. It is by contrast that we are able to evaluate anything, happiness included.

Life at best is a compromise for most of us. Were all our whims, desires and dreams granted, the imperfection of our present-day would be mere child's play compared to the chaos that would result. It is only common sense that there must be compromises along the way. Every person cannot have all his dreams and ambitions come to pass, and the quicker one realizes this and accepts it, the better off he will be. It is the impractical and foolish ro-

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The Cowpens Monster

by O. L. Shoenfelt

I WOULD say it was about eleven o'clock when I turned the nose of my Plymouth south on Route 29 from Gaffney. My companion, Jimmy Roberts, was sitting with his head leaning back against the seat, almost asleep. There was so much interference on the radio from the nearby cotton mill that I pushed the off-button and the sudden silence made it seem as if I had been thrust in a glass bottle which I could see out of but was devoid of sound. My thoughts soon outsped the swiftly moving car as the speedometer needle hovered on sixty and then began to climb steadily upward. I was jarred out of my dream world by a sharp curve and allowed the needle to coast back until the red glow of the speedometer light changed to a pale green.

The moon, casting off some of its ghost's glow, painted the landscape with a soft silver snow. The peach orchards, in bloom, on both sides of the highway drifted by in a world as unreal as the crystallized forests in an ancient cave. The highway, damp with dew, was a shining path that cut its way through hills and across the flatlands, spanning railroads and rivers alike; never ending, spawning from one into many.

As we approached Cowpens the road ahead swung down a hill; into a lazy "S" over a railroad trestle, and finally into the town itself. When the headlights of the car threw their wide beam up the embankment that led to the railroad trestle, I saw, or thought I saw, the Cowpens monster. It was a dark bulky form that slunk off the foremost edge of the bridge and vanished behind the embankment. I sat up and strained to see what had appeared and disappeared before my eyes in a split second. I thought I saw a pair of yellow eyes gleam in the darkness, but the car gave a sudden lurch as we started over the bridge and I felt the left rear tire give way. I jerked my foot from the accelerator and prepared to have the car swerve from the road; however, it continued along its normal course across the trestle and down the other embankment until I glided from the road onto the red clay shoulder. Jimmy sat up quizzically.

"Say, where are we anyway?"

I quickly told him about the tire and he climbed out to inspect the damage. The last of the air was escaping with a vengeful hiss and the tire settled with one last little gasp. We decided that it was best for one of us to walk into town and get help; the other was to stay and watch the car. I tossed a silver dollar, and as it spun through the air it gave off a dull glow, throwing back the moon's light. The coin landed on tails and I started my walk to town.

It was almost pleasant walking along side the highway on this mild spring night. Ahead I could see the high-tenson lines cast against the sky and I set them as my first objective on the way to town. By dividing the trip into small parts it would go faster and give my mind something to think about. As I walked along I noticed little sprays of mist, almost invisible, hiding in the gullies and low spots, gathering their strength for a more energetic attack upon the counstryside. The dampness of the night held the sweet scent of a million flowers close to earth, creating a perfume that was overpowering to the senses. From beneath the high-tension lines I could see the glow of lights from the town. Suddenly it struck me! Since I had left the car, there had been no sounds or movements of anything alive. There was no noise from the animals around the farm houses, no dogs barking in the distance; even the birds seemed to be caught under the spell and were quiet. Except for the hushed, almost silent, sounds of a windless night, all was still. I flashed my light about me; all was mute to the point of being unnatural.

I passed the Cowpens city limit and a minute later a 35 m.p.h. sign. The solidity of the buildings that now surrounded me gave me assurance and I hurried on towards the Pure Oil Station at the fork in the roads. I arrived only to find the door locked and a night light burning in the rear of the station. From the corner I could see the length of main street and all the stores were dark except for a few whose windows emitted a faint gloomy light from somewhere in the back of the store. The two stations at the other end of town were dark and the town looked as if it had been swept by an all-conquering horror.

I started to retrace my steps, but on second thought decided to look for the owner of the gas station. There was no name on the door and all the nearby buildings were dark. I gave up a hopeless task and started back to the car, crossing to the other side of the road in hope of obtaining a ride from a passing car. I felt ill at ease and quickened my pace several times until I was breathing so heavily that I was forced to slow down. I thought of the "haunts" and old wives' tales and suddenly felt ashamed.

The mist I had seen before had now taken on a character of its own and the white stuff was beginning to creep over the landscape surrounding the trunks of trees, giving them the appearance of floating in the air.

About half-way back I felt the presence of something in the brush

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The Final Act

by Wm. L. Neal

A SINGLE shot pierced the hot stickiness of the July afternoon. Two or three people came out of Anderson's Drug Store and walked over to Doc Taylor's office, a low, squat, white building across the street. A couple more came up from Donegan's Dry Goods and were followed by old man Moss and anybody who was in his grocery store and meat market at the time.

They found him by the side of Doc Taylor's office, under the old tree that faces Lander Street. His fingers were limp but one of them was still in the trigger guard. He wasn't a pleasant sight, because he had placed the shot pretty good—right against his temple. Guess he wanted to go quick. He was an insurance man, working for the Southeastern; name was Jones, Will Jones.

He had only lived in Greenston for four-five years. An outsider. Might be some family trouble, or money. Money was always a good excuse.

The crowd talked about him and pushed up close to where they could see him. Meanwhile Doc Taylor went inside to call the Leeville ambulance. He said there was no use hurrying, because a man in that shape probably wouldn't linger long.

Doc came back out and said, "Well, I called the ambulance. Can't do nothing but wait now."

"Did ya call his wife, Doc?"

"Called her brother. Thought mebbe he'd better break the news to her."

Jim watched most of them go away when the Leeville ambulance came. Two men in white got out, then another man came out with a black bag. The two wearing white clothes took Mr. Jones off of the ground where Doc Taylor had propped him up with a pillow and laid a blanket under him and put him on a funny thing, a sort of white table with wheels. Then they talked to Doc Taylor a long time; the man with the black bag talked the most.

Jim's aunt was talking to a crowd of people there on the front porch and he listened as he watched Mr. Jones opening his mouth wider and wider every now and then.

"They ought to do something for him, take him away at least. It's not decent to let him lay there dying."

"Who got to him first, do you know?"

"Some say it was Tom Moore, but Harry Tatum said 'twas Jimmy Satterfield."

"Wonder why in this world he ever did it?"

"John Finley said he gambled, been helping hisself to what he collected on policies."

"Harry Gaillard said that Doc Taylor said that he had cancer. Been worrying over that."

"I heard that it was some kind of family trouble. He and his wife ——"

A car passed by slowly; the driver looked over where Mr. Jones lay. The sun beat down with more and more heat, and dust from the cars lighted on the white table with wheels. Mr. Jones still opened his mouth every now and then like he was trying to breathe.

People passing by Doc Taylor's would stop to look. Jim muttered to himself, "Why don't they get away, let him die in peace?"

Jim got up and went inside the house for a drink of water. He let the water run through the dipper until it was cool somewhat, then lifted the dipper to his mouth and drank. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve, then went back outside on the porch.

The white table with wheels was still there. Most of the women had left Aunt Ezzie's front porch and there was only one or two people standing near Mr. Jones. Some men were on the steps of Anderson's Drug Store and old man Henderson was talking to them.

Jim sat down and watched. The cars still slowed down as they passed by Doc's office. People still stopped as they came downtown to while away the time. Mr. Jones still opened his mouth every now and then.

Shadows began to grow into the shade where Mr. Jones lay. The hot, sticky air that comes right before sundown caused Jim to sweat just sitting there. Even the flies were still; the heat being too much for even them.

Jim called Spot to him and patted him without taking his eyes off of Doc's office. The dog settled down on the step below Jim and let him scratch his ears. Chimney sweeps flew up in the air, because the sun was almost down and it was getting dark.

Finally he could see Mr. Jones no longer. But he watched until the Leeville ambulance turned on its headlights and pulled away from Doc's office. Then Aunt Ezzie called him to his supper.

He just picked at the hot beans, cornbread and onions.

Aunt Ezzie noticed it and asked him bluntly, "What's the matter, boy, not hungry?"

"No, I guess I jest don't feel like eating any supper, Aunt Ezzie."

"Well, if you get hungry, jest come in and eat it cold, boy, any time you get ready."

"Yessum."

He watched the pendulum swing back and forth until he got dizzy-headed. Eight, nine, and finally ten struck on the clock.

"You're not afraid to go home by yourself, are you, Jim?"

(Continued on page 26)

The Third Shelf

by Philip G. Clarke

THE black coupe sped around the curve and continued down the lonely road. A smooth-shaven, young man was behind the wheel and his petite, brunette bride sat close at his side. Together, they laughed and joked in happiness. They should. Only four hours before, they had made those sacred vows each to the other and now they were man and wife.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad we got away from the bridal party. I thought we would never shake them loose."

"What was there to worry about, dear? If they had caught up with us, they weren't going to do anything."

"How do you know? I heard from Agnes that they were going through our luggage and scatter things all over creation."

"Well, Ann, darling, they didn't catch us so we have nothing to worry about now. We should be near Carson City; see any signs of civilization outside?"

"We just passed a filling station. There's a barn over on the left. Nothing that looks like a city, though. Are you sure you got reservations all right?"

"What do you take me to be? Of course, dear, everything is, as we used to say in the army, copasthetic."

Ann laughed and moved closer to Jack. On into the night sped the little car down the lonely road.

They drove quietly along until Ann broke the taciturnity, "It sure is a dark night, honey. Have you ever seen it darker?"

"No, I haven't, looks like the inside of a coal mine at midnight," chuckled Jack.

Just as he concluded his facetious remark, he motor sputtered, gave a few coughs, and conked out. Jack muttered profanely under his breath and steered the car off the road. He got out and opened the hood.

"Hand me the flashlight in the pocket," he called to Ann, who remained in the car.

She leaned over and pushed the button to the glove compartment. The lid swung down and she put her hand inside, feeling around for the light. Not finding it she answered, "It's not here, Jack. Are you sure you put it in?"

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed, "I told Bill to take care of it for me. Guess he forgot it. He had enough to worry about helping us get away. I'll try and see by the headlights."

He leaned over the motor and adjusted something here and moved something there, but to no avail. Each time Ann tried to start the motor, it would not even make a grinding noise.

Jack swore at the motor something awful.

"Jack," called his young wife, "quit using that horrid language. I told you about losing your temper, now control yourself or else."

"I'm sorry, dear, but this damn motor would make anybody wild. Oh, well, what's the use of worrying about it? Pull out the pup-tent and we'll make camp here for the night," he said in a joking voice.

"There must be a house somewhere around here," replied Ann. "We might as well start walking for the nearest one and call a mechanic on the 'phone." She climbed out across the seat, turned off the lights, and took the ignition key out. Arm-in-arm they started walking down the road.

Thirty minutes later they were still walking and had seen no sign of a house, much less another car.

"Seems like a car would have passed us by now," said Ann wearily. "My feet are beginning to feel as if they're made of amalgamated metal."

"Here, darling, let me carry you, you must be dead."

"No, thanks. I can make it okay. Did you just feel something?"

"Uh—oh, I think we're in for a little rain. What a honeymoon this is turning out to be. But it'll make a good story to tell our grandchildren."

Cold rain began to fall and a chilly breeze blew across the barren countryside. The stillness of the night turned into roaring thunder and blinding flashes of lightning.

"Looks like we'll be drenched, dear, but there isn't much we can do about it."

"I don't mind it, Jack. I'll bet this turns out to be one of the most bizaare honeymoons in history," she laughed.

A flashing crack of lightning illuminated the outline of a house a few hundred yards down the road. "Looks like we're in luck tonight," said Jack, as he broke into a trot.

"Slow down. I can't run in high heels."

"Come on, dear, just this once, let's run," panted Jack.

"What difference does it make? We're wet all over now," she replied, holding him back.

"Okay, sweet, you win. We'll be there in a few minutes and maybe they'll have some dry clothes you can change into."

Another sharp flash of lightning showed their new haven to be a large, two-story frame house. They stumbled up the rock walk leading to the front door and huddled under the small roof that protruded over the door. Jack knocked on the door.

"Wonder if they have a telephone?" muttered Jack, as he wait-

ed for a response. "I don't see any telephone lines around, but maybe they have a car."

He knocked again, harder this time. Still no sign of life, but the door swung open about six inches. Jack pushed it open all the way and went inside the room. Ann followed him in and he closed the door behind her. Jack reached into his coat pocket and retrieving his cigarette lighter, lit it. They looked around and saw a few pieces of broken furniture here and there. Evidently no one was living in the house; not by the way it was kept, at any rate. Ann eyed a candle-stick on an old table and picked it up. Wiping away the cobwebs, she held it for Jack to light.

"Anybody home?" shouted Jack.

The echo broke the stillness of the musty air. Ann jumped and grabbed him. "Don't scare me like that!"

He laughed and only said, "Listen."

Neither heard a sound except for the steady beating of the rain on the tin roof and an occasional outburst of thunder.

They walked into an adjoining room and looked for a telephone. Then into another, only to find nothing resembling one.

"The people that lived here probably never heard of a 'phone." said Jack in disgust.

When they had covered all the downstairs rooms, they returned to the main room, which at one time, must have been the living room. Adjacent to the opposite wall was a stairway leading up. Jack held the candle-stick higher, so as to knock down the cobwebs, and started ascending the steps. His jittery wife held his coat-tail in her hands and went up behind him. Each step they went up cracked and squeaked under their feet as though it were going to fall through. When they finally reached the top of the stairs, cold sweat had broken out over Jack's face. He held Ann by the arm and they looked down the hallway.

"Look at all those doors, honey," said Jack, "this dump looks like a hotel. There must be ten or more doors leading off from the hall."

Ann could only utter a trembling, "Uh-huh."

"Well, maybe we'll find something. Let's start on this side and work down," he said softly as he opened the first door on his left.

They went in and looked around. Seeing nothing of importance, they went into the next room. On the inside of the door was a key which feel to the floor when Jack turned the knob. Ann gave a small cry of fright and then realized what had happened.

"Let's go, Jack. I don't like it here. Lord only knows what we'll find in the other rooms. Please, let's leave."

"Don't be afraid, darling. This is nothing but an old abandoned house. We'll give it the once over and when the rain stops, we'll hit the road again."

"All right, dear, if you think it's safe; anyway, I'm not afraid with you with me. I could be here alone, but thank God," she sighed heavily, "I'm not."

Half-way down the hall they discovered a door that was locked. Remembering the key on the floor in the second room they had entered, Jack raced back for it. He returned in a moment and inserted the key into the hole.

"That's odd," he remarked, as he pushed the door open, "I didn't turn the key and now it's unlocked."

He peered inside the door and cautiously walked in. When the two were inside, it looked more like a mausoleum than a room. A long table stood in the middle of the room and book shelves ran all around the walls. They looked over the musty volumes and then, simulta-

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The Quill

(From page 4)

probably even then most had their doubts as to the authenticity of the thing. The owner seemed to take the gift quite as a matter of course, and although the pen caused considerable speculation for a time, it was apparently soon forgotten.

Sometime after Poe's death, Melcliff took the quill for his regular use and noticed nothing at all peculiar about it for a very long while.

He was sitting at the desk in his study in one of his more pensive moods. It is quite possible that he may have been thinking of Poe and of the span of time and space that separated him from the present world. He had never been a deeply religious man, nor had Vincent, in the acceptance of the usual doctrines. Still it was hard to conceive of that dynamic personality passing forever into oblivious nothingness. The quill was in its regular place. Vincent picked it up dreamily. At that moment the great German clock in the hallway began to boom the strokes of twelve, and on that instant the quill began vibrating queerly between his fingers, as if alive! Vaguely, out of the dim recesses of memory, he heard the voice of Poe echoing hollowly: "It seems, Vincent, that my mind is more active between the late hours of twelve and two." Already Melcliff's sensibilities were clouded. His hand still clutching the quill, was jerking wildly in mid-aid, and his mind was too numb to feel any sensation of fright. The last sensible reaction before the trance became all-consuming, was of his hand dipping as under some unseen pressure. It was then as if it were severed completely from his arm. Without thought or feeling, he wrote at a furious pace. Then all was total blank.

There was no awareness of time having passed, not even as if he had momentarily dozed. There was a faint musty odor about the room that gave the immediate impression of being the same which one experiences about a tomb. The coals were beginning to die on the hearth and there was a deathly chill wind sweeping through a partially opened window, whisking the curtains into a weird dance, as the low-burned candle flickered wildly.

Frantically, Melcliff gathered up the fluttering notes accumulated on the desk. Shaking them together into some semblance of order, he rapidly scanned the first page. The writing was in a strange hand, not at all like his own, and yet it only took a moment to register in his fairly-bursting head. There could be no doubt about it. Thumbing slowly through the notes, incapable of any emotion, he found several poems, a short-story, all unfamiliar to him, and last of all, a copy of The Raven, as he first saw it. Glancing up, he saw the quill in its proper place nestled against the velvet interior of the chest. The full weight of the whole experience suddenly settled about his weary shoulders, and he slid from his chair onto the plush carpet in a deep slumber.

As soon as he had sufficiently cleared his mind the next morning, Melcliff considered the events of the previous evening. He could arrive at but one conclusion. The mind of Edgar Allen Poe, in those late hours of the night had been transmuted through the medium of the quill into his body! The thought was at once revolting, and yet—intriguing.

It is not recorded that any visitor saw Vincent Melcliff after 1859, when he went into his strange seclusion and turned away his slaves. There was only Saracen, who cared for his master in spite of his "crazy fits," till the advent of Sherman's troops, and the big fire of 1864, which erased Melcliff Manor and its insane owner from the face of the earth.

Saracen's children tell of the weird voice their father heard from the closed door of his master's study, resembling not at all his normal speech. They tell also of the fear that children had for the house, and of the berserk way in which the dogs would bark in passing.

This is the last portion of Melcliff's story, so let his thoughts be expressed in his own words or as nearly as I can remember them, for it is in his last recorded words that we see the final damning effect of the illusion (?) of the quill.

"I have realized for sometime now that I am losing the last remnant of sanity. It was a pity that the critics of Charleston turned away the manuscripts I sent them while under the influence of the quill. I suppose the reports of my condition, along with the preface I wrote informing the world of my weird obsession was sufficient confirmation of their suspicions. They returned them to me unread. Then again—perhaps it is best. For if they had read them, the awful truth would have been self-evident. His distinctive abilities could never be duplicated. As literary men they would know that. I am glad I spared them the knowledge that I suffered. Sherman's troops approach—my attacks have increased in fury until I fear the next will be my last. My sane moments are even now drawing short. I feel the blood beginning to pound in my brain—the quill lies before me in its velvet chest. Perhaps in later years some fool may find it and enjoy the ravings of a maniac! I must hasten (here the words began to trail off irrationally)—the time is short—the last word the quill wrote last night was—nevermore—!"

I have attempted to reproduce the last few lines of the story as I saw them. The northern troops found the house caving in as they arrived. Melcliff had burned it down upon himself. His bones were found in the ashes; all of Poe's manuscripts from the grave were burned also, if they ever existed. That is the story of Melcliff and the quill. If

it seems that I have been contradictory in places, it is because I have woven his account in with the material gathered from other sources. In conclusion, let us return to the discovery of the chest, for it only remains for me to elaborate on the contents found within, as you are no doubt aware by now of what was found there.

I was sitting on a mound of brick gazing at the surface of the lid where I saw the inscription Vincent Melcliff. I had never heard of the man. The box was not locked. I lifted the rusted catch and strained. It opened. There before my eyes were the yellowed pages of Vincent Melcliff's diary, in a rather poor state of preservation. I picked them up gently; even then they were beginning to crack. I laid them on the ground and read them one by one. It was the account of the quill completed shortly before his death. I finished them spellbound, and glanced into the velvet lined chest. There was a white plume. I raised it gently, with an odd feeling of reverence. The quill that wrote The Raven! Incredible — then I heard the opening thunder clap. So engrossed was I in meditation, that I failed to note the gathering clouds. Startled, my hand crushed the feather. It disintegrated immediately. The rain suddenly poured in torrents; I made an effort to save the yellowed notes but it was too late. They, along with the remnant of the plume that had fallen to the ground, had been beaten into oblivion by the driving rain.

I spent the next few months in research, delving into the life of Melcliff with meticulous detail. No stone was left unturned and this story is the result of my effort. It has remained unpublished for several years, while I debated whether or not to present it. Now you, the reader, must share in my secret—one that has cost dearly in many sleepless nights, and you must make a decision as I have made. Was this wild account merely the rantings of a hopeless madman, or was Edgar Allen Poe at times reincarnated in the person of Vincent Melcliff?

Sometimes, in order to assure myself that the entire experience was not all the dream of a hot summer's afternoon, the fantasy of a wearied mind among the ruins of a stately mansion, I occasionally open a small metal chest that I keep well-hidden, and fix my eyes on the velvet-lined interior, where there is, just in the center, a white, faded streak; the imprint—the unmistakable imprint—of a quill.

Apology

(From page 6)

or kill, in effect if not in actuality, those whom they should most nurture—their prophets. An old Greek wise man drinking his cup of hemlock, a Galilean preacher bleeding upon a rough cross, a little Hindu in loin-cloth falling under the pain of an assassin's bullets; a newspaper editor being threatened by a burning cross, a crusading columnist being called dirty names — time and again such scenes reenact themselves, wherever some fearless prophet dares to penetrate the iron folds of tradition or authority of position and call self-righteous hypocrisy and complacent corruption before the judgment of truth and justice. Like Socrates they deserve reward for their services, but instead they are forced either to cease their warnings and criticisms or to drink their cup of hemlock. Many have willingly accepted the cup rather than give up their crusade. And, fortunately for men, the crusade is not always lost with the crusader. In spite of man's stubbornness at being improved, the work of the prophets may continue prodding until men are improved in spite of themselves.

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We should be thankful that our disregard and hate of those who follow their god in spite of all and seek to prod us out of our follies cannot prevail. We kill our prophets, but we cannot kill their prophecies.

Mr. Dool

(From page 8)

"Wouldn't touch a stone of its ancient foundation."

"Have all the children you want?"

"You obviously haven't met Bryan and Yaenger."

"Seriously now," he said, taking an exasperated little sip of his drink, "stop lying there like a walrus and think. You can't possibly have everything you want. There just isn't a person who has—even Harry Truman. Give it some thought. What do you wish you could have more than anything in the world? Come on!"

"O.K., all right. I want eternal happiness!" I tried not to smile.

"Don't tell me you've read that too! You know perfectly well I can't grant you anything so intangible as happiness." Apparently he was quite annoyed. Calming down, he took a long sip of his drink, and before he had a chance to swallow, he spoke. His words had a curious gurgling sound. "Try again, and let's leave the Brothers Grimm out of this."

I had been quite sincere when I told Mr. Dool that there was nothing I wanted. I honestly believed it. And I guess it would have gone at that if I hadn't happened to remember P. B. Brown and the trouble I was having persuading him to publish my book.

I decided to give it a try. What if I was a bit tipsy? At worst this would turn out to be a slightly higher grade day-dream. "On second thought, there is a little something."

"Ask, m' boy, and it will be granted." Dool's face had lit up like a 42nd Street neon sign.

"Could you get a book published for me?"

"Easiest thing in the world! But why should you have any trouble getting it published yourself? You're fairly well known—you work for a publishing house—if I remember correctly, you even made the bottom of the Times best seller list."

"All true," I said proudly.

"Then I don't see why you need me at all." He looked as though he were about to leave.

"But you don't understand! This one isn't like my other books—this is literature! It's—an expose sort of—attacks all the phony philosophies and customs that have been holding us down—I call it 'Moves or More?'!"

"But why can't you get it published?"

"Too hot to handle. P. B.'s conservative, cautious. He's afraid of consequences."

"Say no more, m' boy. You traders in bound culture will have it set for fall release."

"Have another Tom Collins?" I offered generously. My friend refused.

"No. I'm afraid I must be going. I promised the 'Six Jolly Boys Who Meet on Thursday' Club that I would speak to them today on the misconception of the chain and groan. If I hurry, I'll just manage to be fashionably late."

Anxiously I asked how I could get in touch with him. "Oh, I doubt that you'll have any further need of me. I'll attend to our little business on schedule. Don't worry or think I've ——"

"But I'd like to see you again. Couldn't we get together for a drink sometime?"

"We will," he said, "circa 1996."

A moment later, all that remained of Mr. Dool was a wisp of cigarette smoke and the stale dreg of Tom Collins.

"Wait a minute," I shouted.

His voice came back faintly, "Yes?"

"The bathroom—what about the bathroom? How will I explain to my wife? She'll think I'm nuts!"

My tub became procelain again, "sorry." The voice was almost inaudible.

In the succeeding three weeks, what with launching Forth-Right Carraway's new book and ghost-writing Ulalume Dust's autobiography, I began to relegate Dool to that particular limbo reserved for things I think I dream. Of course, there were a few disquieting reminders. Our water, for one thing, despite anything the plumber could do, persisted in tasting peculiarly like champagne. The son and heir had what the wife thought a mild case of colic diagnosed as precacious dipsomania. Aside from that, there were long stretches when the whole Dool affair assumed a "never-never" aura which made it difficult to accept. In fact it would have been merely a question of time before I pooh-poohed the whole thing into oblivion if it hadn't been for an incident that occurred one morning early in September.

I had just sent the first draft of "Stardust" to Ulalume Dust for approval and at ten o'clock cleaned up everything in my after-you've-had-your-coffee file. Reluctantly, I looked under the tab labeled Desperate-for-something-to-do and began leafing idly through a gross of unopened memos from P. B. I opened one absently and scanned its message.

Date: August 27, 1949

To: Mr. Bradford

From: P. B. Brown

Subject: Moves or More?

Book impossible publish — what thinking of Bradford? Suggest revision. Delete statements where you imply no difference between a Demo and a Republican; statements to the

effect divorce has made formality of marriage unnecessary: The chapter "Children are Bred, Not Born" ——

The angry little note read on and on. There was nothing in it P. B. hadn't already told me. "That bumplin," I thought, "if I deleted everything he wanted me to, the book would have no meaning." I wrote "raison d'etre" absently on a scratch pad and made a mental note to work it into the conversation that evening at bridge. Angrily, I opened another memo dated the same day.

Date: September 8, 1949
To: J. B.
From: P. B.
Subject: Your book

Excellent job, Bradford, excellent. Suggest see me at earliest convenience.

Ten minutes later I was leaving P. B.'s office with a sizable check, a raise in pay, and an invitation to dinner a month from that Thursday.

The bridge party that night was the success that every reason in the world to celebrate could make it. I brought up several of the two hundred-odd champagne bottles I had filled from our private fount, in token of my new found prosperity, insisted that each guest take some home. Their protestations were squelched, and the evening was made a success.

Later, just before I went to bed, I produced a candle from my desk's inwards and, placing it in a holder, lit it. My wife sleepily eyed me. "Bryan, if you're planning to put that in the window for our prodigal son, don't. He's in bed with the blind staggers."

"Question me not, woman," I said majestically, setting the candle on the top of the desk. "I burn this in gratitude to one of my own personal, private clients. That's all you need know."

My sleep that night was a deep, happy one.

Had I known, had I even suspected what the next three weeks were to bring, my slumbers would have made Lady Macbeth's galloping insomnia seem like a slight case of nervous tension.

In due time we ran off a first printing of "Moves or More?" About fifty thousand copies, and there followed a brief period in which I had that rare pleasure of seeing great green and white pyramids of my brain babe decorating windows of the better book shops. For a time, I even appeared at Brantan's once a week to increase the value of my books personally by three and one-half cents (the catalogue value of my autograph in ink) for my clamoring public. My triumph was short-lived. Of the fifteen thousand copies sold in the first two weeks, fifteen thousand fell into unappreciative hands. Every cleric in the land big enough to rate radio time blast-it, every organization from the W. T. C. U. to the D. A. R. condemned it. The Boy Scouts and the Elks damned it. It was banned in Boston, of course, and even Hamilton Fish cried, "Shame!"

P. B. Brown, the cries of "Red" ringing in his ears, found his back uncomfortably close to the wall. With an un-American activities investigation pending against him, and worse, how much worse? $105,000 worth of "Moves or More" cluttering up his bins, he took the little man's way out and fired me publicly in a three-day campaign that dyed me a crimson hue that no other publishing company would touch with a "New Republic." This wasn't too hard to take. There were jobs other than writing. But other things occurred to make my position at home difficult. I noticed it one night when the wife came home one evening leaving her aplomb behind her.

"You aren't your usual efferves-

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cent self, sweet," I remarked at dinner. She failed to respond and the meal began to acquire the chill of Torquemada's inquisition chambers.

"I was asked to resign from the 'Limited Editions' selection board today." Her eyes were full of hurt.

"Great Jehova, why? A woman of your prominence and especially since it was you who held out for "Lady Chatterby's Lover" in toto and netted the club a quarter of a million."

"It seems," she answered, assuming a brightness she didn't feel, "it seems that a gal what's been livin' in sin ain't fittin' to delineate the public's taste."

"What you mean, woman, 'livin' in sin'?"

"Well, our dear prexy, the Lily Maid of Astabot, left off reading 'Winney the Wiggler' long enough to peruse your little volume—particularly the 'Is Marriage Necessary?' chapter. She hinted in the broad little way at board meeting today that we had been—'without benefit of ring and book'—I think she said."

"Bad cess to her," I scowled sympathetically.

"Well, you can treat it lightly, but I feel definitely challenged. I told them they might not believe me, but if they chose to investigate my marriage certificate would be on display alternate Wednesdays. Then I excitedly left center."

"You done right, wife." Despite the banter we were both indignant and a little hurt, and we both knew how the other felt.

A few nights later we reaches a climax when Bryan the younger casually asked what "illegitimate" meant. "Why does one of your tender years ask, monkey?" I was amused at the earnest expression on his small puckish face.

"Because Nancy Sue said that her mother said I was."

"Oh, Bryan, this is absolutely the last straw." My wife was visibly upset and unmistakably serious. "What are we going to do?" She was dangerously close to tears. "All those letters from perfect strangers accusing you of unmentionable crimes. You've been fired, publicly disgraced, and now this! I'm beginning to feel like Mrs. Oscar Wilde!"

"Now, Midge." What can one say? She rose from her seat, came over and sat on my lap, her head snugged at my chest.

"Did you have to write that marriage chapter?"

As the days passed I saw that the situation was one to be handled by no less a person than Lawrence Doon Dool. Since his first visit had been an accident, I hadn't the faintest idea how to go about getting him to materialize again. I remembered something he'd mentioned about toad skins, and accordingly went to the butcher's with the request.

Mr. Tannerbaum eyed me suspiciously. "You mean frog's legs."

"Toad skins," I persisted.

"Toads gives worts. Anyway, I ain't got none. Never had none." Mr. Tannerbaum was hopeless;

Miss Peal, the florist, was my next visit.

"Woodbine? I thought that was mythical, like the golden fleece, or the apple of discord. Whatever do you want with woodbine?"

"To twine it," I said curtly, and stalked out. Going home, I carefully reconstructed the day on which Mr. Dool first appeared, and when I reached the house the first thing I did was to mix a Tom Collins and climb into the tub.

"Mr. Dool, for the sake of my wife and child ——"

"How very maudlin!" The voice was at my elbow.

"Lawrence!"

"I got your current. What do you want?"

"Don't you know?" I asked incredulously.

"I'm afraid not. You see, I've been sort of out of touch with earthly things since I saw you. I—uh—I've been deliciously involved with Agrippina. Nothing wrong, is there? Your book was published all right, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it was published all right! What I'd like you to do now is un-publish it."

"I'll thank you to remember I'm not being written by H. C. Anderson! You know perfectly well I can't black-mamba all those books out of circulation—even if I wanted it. Besides, coming from an author, the idea strikes me as a little odd."

"Dear Lawrence, hear me. Since its publication, I've been accused of everything from trafficking in white slavery to breaking the Treaty of Utrecht. My wife has been elected Miss Jezebel 1949, and my son has been sent home from school with a jag on, thanks to the high class grape juice that flows from our taps. I need you, Dool—like Smith needed Pocahontas!"

"Yes, I see what you mean—and I'll see what I can do. And now, if you'll excuse me? I broke seveal rules to come here again. We're not supposed to knock twice, you know. Ta-ta, I have a feeling Agrippina is just about to go."

"Bless you," I said, "if my hair were long enough, I'd dry your feet. But before you go, there's one thing I want to make sure of." I leaned over to the tap and, turning it on, sampled the liquid. Water never tasted better. "I'll leave a Tom Collins in the window for you any time you want to come back down."

"You touch me," and Dool promptly vanished.

I slept a full eight hours that night and faced the day with confidence. "Things will look up," I told the wife, and look up they did. Two weeks later I received a call from P. B. at 4:30 a.m.

"Hello, J. B. This is P. B. Speaking." I cupped my hand over the

mouthpiece.

"Midge, Midge! Happy day! It's P. B., and he's alphabetizing."

"What time shall we expect you for dinner this evening?"

"Dinner?" I repeated dully.

"Of course. I have you two down for this evening. You haven't forgotten, have you?" He sounded hurt.

"But I thought I was fired, P. B. That is ——"

"Discharged?" he detonated. "You, m' boy?" His voice dripped with incredulity. "As if I'd fire one of my best-selling authors! Why, it was the only way I could get you to take—ah—a rest."

"But ——"

"Now, I don't want to hear another word! I'll expect you and your charming — er — wife this evening. Seven-thirty satisfactory?"

"Fine," I said mechanically, and hung up the receiver. "The old troll is up to something." And he certainly was. I learned at dinner that night that "Moves or More?" was in its fourth printing and had already sold 150,000 copies. Midge made the triumph complete. Two evenings later, she announced the Lily Maid had invited her to lunch and had persuaded her to accept the nomination for presidency of the Limited Editions Selection Board. My cup was running over.

A few months later all the episodes of the year of shame became a family joke, and in all that time I hadn't once thought of Mr. Dool. But one afternoon while I was browsing around the house, Midge shouted from the cellar, "Bryan, what are all these bottles of water down here?"

"That's not water, Sweet, that's champagne."

"Well, I just tasted it, and of that's your idea of a proper brew, you can't come to my baccharal."

Meek

(From page 10)

certain to plant cabbage seed next year. Do you understand?"

"Of course, sir. I will not make mistake again."

The official turned and spat in disgust as he walked off.

The flowers that Wong "accidentally" planted that spring were the same kinds that he had planted every spring for twenty years. Again he carried flowers to the tenants and was very happy all year.

In the following February an Agriculture Bureau official came to the garden to personally see that Wong planted cabbage seed and nothing else. When the job was done, the official gave Wong a final reminder.

"You must cultivate thoroughly. Remove all weeds. It is necessary that you have large crop.

"Of course, sir," said the old gardener.

But the official had not seen the last of Wong. Before long the old Chinese was again in the Agriculture Bureau office.

"So sorry, sir, but cabbage plants not come up. I not know reason."

The official's reaction was even more explosive than the previous year. And when he examined the garden the next day, his rage was boundless.

"Descendant of a cur! Miserable donkey! You are a hopeless imbecile! You have dug up all the cabbage plants!"

Wong looked down at his feet. When he raised his head his face showed a sheepish, stupid, apologetic smile.

"So sorry, sir. I only try to remove all weeds."

"Remove all weeds! Ai ya, why must this fool be in my district!"

He stared at Wong's face, its now

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Manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of education.—Ernest Seton

blank expression apparently representing an equally blank mind, started to say something, then stopped; he walked off, shaking his head and muttering curses.

That was the last Wong ever saw of him or any of the officials from the Agriculture Bureau. There was no more fuss about turnips or cabbage or planting seasons. Most people guess that the official labeled Wong's garden "Unfit for Cultivation" or some such thing and dismissed it from his files, though probably not from his memory. At any rate flowers grew as usual in that garden the next year, and no one ever suggested planting cabbage there again.

And so Wong continues to grow flowers and carry them to the tenants, and get the utmost happiness out of it all.

But now the old tenants that know the story of what happened to Wong during the war—they don't laugh at him and joke about that "crazy old gardener" as they used to. For they know what the Japanese never seemed to have discovered during all their years of conquest: That the average Chinese is not so completely dumb as he seems to be. Not even meek old Wong.

Awakening

(From page 12)

father's clothes that were locked in the old trunk in the attic. Stephen got up and tiptoed to the door. He opened it and looked out. There was no sound from the hallway or from downstairs. He started to climb the steps that led upstairs to the attic. A step creaked and he stopped to listen. No sound. They must not have heard it. He went on until he came to the door that led into the attic room. His father had built a room up in the attic just to put junk and things to be kept in.

Stephen opened the door and went in. The room was dark but there was a faint odor of musty clothes in the room. The moon was shining in the window, casting weird shadows on the floor and in the corners of the small room. Stephen noticed the corner that had the trunk; there seemed to be some vague outline standing over the trunk. He switched on the light and there was nothing there but an old battered trunk. But the odor of old clothes was stronger now, particularly near the trunk. The trunk should have been locked but it looked as if the lock had been recently taken off. Stephen walked over to the trunk and opened it.

There was nothing but clothes in the trunk, a couple of old suits, a battered old felt hat and a minister's black coat. This was the coat his grandfather had preached in. Stephen lifted it up and felt the pockets. There was nothing in the pockets but it felt as if it had something in it. He ran his fingers down the lining of the coat. There was something in the coat, it felt like a small book. Stephen looked for a way to get into the lining of the coat. He searched for a hole in one of the pockets. There was none, but down near the bottom of the hem there was a torn place just big enough for him to get a couple of fingers into. He worked the object down and pulled it out. It was a book, a small leather-bound book with his grandfather's name and "personal notes" written on it. Stephen opened it and began to read from it.

The entry was not dated, so he did not know when it had been written. It wasn't very interesting anyway, just some sermon notes and some hand-written notes for the minister's personal use on the side. He thumbed through the pages swiftly until he came to a spot that caught his eye. He saw "fledgling air" on the page. He turned back to the start of the section and began to read.

"Helen's son was born today. They have named him Stephen, a good name, for he will be a good man, if his father will let him. I have great hopes and plans for the boy, but his father. . . . I don't know."

From there, he had some notes on a sermon he had preached on a Sunday two weeks after Stephen's birth. The title was, "The Greatest Sin of All," and it was very deep because, even while reading it, Stephen could not find out exactly what he was talking about. Then he came across a personal note written in on the page.

"Archimago, the guileful great deceiver. Good illustration, but I do not know how to explain it so people will understand it. Perhaps if I could use a real illustration I could put my point across; perhaps I should say 'John' instead of Archimago. But do even they know?"

Stephen read on, shocked, because he was beginning to see what his grandfather was talking about. He came to the words "fledgling air" and written under these words were some more that made a great deal of sense to Stephen.

"I used 'fledgling air' in my sermon last Sunday. Watched the mouths fly open . . . didn't think they would understand. I tried to explain but I don't think I succeeded. I told the people that it was inexperience, but I really wanted them to see that I meant pure and wholesome. I don't think they understood, so I said this to them: 'The fledgling air is the air of purity that you must breathe before you can hope to be a man of God. It is the initial step in Christian religion. You must find it within your soul and make it a part of your breath of life before you can really be alive, or else you are a hollow shell and only see things as they are

and not for the meaning that is in every act, every word, and every deed.'

"John was at church last Sunday sitting with the rest of the Deacons. Helen and the baby were sitting a few rows back. I wondered why John didn't sit with his family . . . now I know. During the sermon, as I was explaining 'fledgling air, I noticed John. He was very uncomfortable and kept turning his head slightly to see if anyone was watching. I think he was embarrassed at his obvious show of guilt. Some of the congregation noticed it too. I knew and John knew I knew. Helen listened very carefully to me and once or twice I saw her hug her child as if she were protecting him from some unseen evil. Near the end of the sermon, John was sweating and was very nervous. He kept his eyes downcast near the end because he knew then what I meant and who I meant."

Stephen knew now what the words meant. He knew now why he instinctively disliked some of the things his father did. He knew now what he would do with his life; as grandfather would want him to do. A sentence down at the end of the page caught his eye. It read:

"I do not think John will ever be back to my church again, for I have found him out."

It was all clear now, the whole mess. The dream. His father's anger and the funny look on the face of his mother.

There was a strangled cry behind him. He turned around. His father stood there, a wild, horrible look on his face, almost as if he were the devil himself. He saw the small leather-bound book in Stephen's hand and the understanding look on his face. He dropped to the floor and terrible racking sobs shook his body.

Happiness

(From page 13)

manticist who expects bubbling joy all the time and never knows despondency, pain, and grief. The great truth is that man has the equipment to overcome despondency and grief if he will only use it.

The most sheltered people in the world often turn out to be the unhappiest. Pity the child whose parents try to shoulder his every burden and responsibility. They put him in a corner and isolate him from all the brittle and scarring thorns of life. They isolate the child because they themselves are afraid. They labor under the absurd illusion that they won't let Johnny have it as hard as they did. And in turn, little Johnny, unless he is an exception, accustomed to the smugness of his overprotection, will not have the balance and equilibrium necessary for meeting some of the darker aspects of life on half-way equal terms. This is not suggesting that every youngster should be turned out in the street to shift for himself. It is only to say that a child should not be spoiled for living by isolating him from it. Happiness built around isolation has a frail superstructure indeed.

Discontent gnaws at our hearts for other reasons. To a person wandering aimlessly through life with a great amount of leisure time in which to do it, it is remarkably easy not to be at peace with himself. Trite as it may sound, man is so constructed that he must have purpose and direction, or he is liable to flounder helplessly in labyrinths of gloomy pessimism. These wanderers are often easy prey to extreme and senseless radicalism, and this type will follow a leader who manifests strength and has a cause —no matter what it may be.

People may become so concerned over happiness that they overly scrutinize their individual lives in re-

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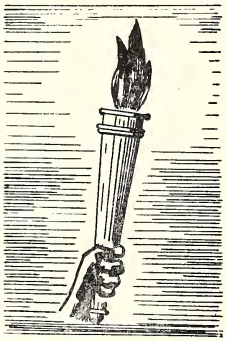
spect to it. We worry and convince ourselves in doldrums of self-pity that all is not well in our lives. Many never realize happiness or state of well being for fear of losing it as the curious mechanism of the mind often takes the negative approach to things. It would be well to take a positive approach and remember that in life and happiness this maxim usually holds true: he who picks the berries also has the scratches.

Monster

(From page 14)

across the gulley from me. I don't know if I heard or saw it, yet I could tell there was something. My light didn't show anything, so I jumped across the ditch. I didn't quite make it and as I struggled to get to the top, two evil yellow eyes about six inches apart appeared in the beam of my light. My nostrils were filled with a scent of wet fur. I relaxed my grip and rolled down the bank, scrambling up the other side in a wild effort to get away from there. I ran toward the safety of the car, but the fog that had captured the road seemed to grasp and cling to my legs, slowing me down and almost tripping me. I couldn't stop. I ran and ran until I could see the shiny outline of the car and with one last effort I crossed the road to the side of the car and leaned against it panting. I closed my eyes from the effort and tried to gather my senses. I called, "Jimmy!" but there was no answer. "Jimmy!" still no answer. I jerked the door open and the car was empty. He was gone. At the rear of the car I found the jack still lodged under the bumper. It was at an angle that indicated the car had been jacked up but had fallen off. My mind painted a morbid picture of Jim caught under the fallen car. There was nothing under the car. I sat down on the fender with a sigh of relief and then I saw in the soft red clay, animal tracks, as big as a human hand; only there were long claw marks in the place of fingers. The light showed many more tracks along with the footprints of Jim. I tried to get some story from the tracks, but they were only a jumble to me. I found where it had tested its claws on my back tire, cutting the sidewall until you could see the cords running through the rubber. I couldn't think. I flashed the light in the nearby fields; there was nothing. At last I sat down on the front



seat of the car with my feet on the runningboard, wondering what I should do, wondering what would happen next.

I didn't have to wait long, for a movement in the grass told my already alerted senses that something was there. My first impulse was to lock the door, but what if Jim was out there? I couldn't run and leave him. I felt for a weapon, but the only thing I could find was the flashlight I already had in my hand. All was silent again and my nerves strained against my mind until I felt exhausted as if from physical labor. The sound came again; this time I could trace it as it circled the car. Waiting until it appeared in front of the car I threw on the headlights. I was blinded by the light and it was several seconds before I could make out a form crouched in the grass. As my eyes became accustomed to the light I could make out the form as human and finally as Jim. I jumped from the car with a shout, only to have him lunge at me with a stick. He was still blinded from the full effects of the lights and I dodged his blow easily. I cried, "Jim, Jim, it's—what in the hell are you trying to do?"

"Damn, I thought you were trying to steal the car. I had just started to jack up the car when I saw something moving out in the field and I thought it was your idea of a joke to sneak up on me. No sooner did I get out here than I heard the car fall off the jack. I knew both of those noises couldn't be you and that something was wrong. The first thing I thought of was someone taking the car."

"I think I know what knocked the car off the jack. Look at these prints and rear tire."

So the first hints of the Cowpens monster were established. To some it remained a myth, but enough proof, the slashed tire and the prints in the red clay, was found by the people living about Cowpens to maintain it as fact. The state police were called in and bloodhounds put on the trail, but by then the monster had disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

Final Act

(From page 15)

"No'm, I'm not afraid."

He went out of the door and down the walk, then onto the sidewalk. He could feel the hair rising on his head when he passed by Doc Taylor's, just like the time he was carrying papers over by the cemetery. He shivered, all over. And then he ran.

It was like he was standing still and Anderson's Drug Store, Donegan's Dry Goods store, old man Moss's Grocery and Meat Market, old man Miller's house, the oak

grove, and the old oak tree with the swing Mr. Blackmon had fixed, were going by him. But he was breathing as he did when he raced around the bases when he hit a homer in the grove. He grabbed the chinaberry tree and swung around it and went over the wooden bridge. The twelve steps he took three at a time and slammed against the screen door.

He yelled, "Dad!" as he scooted inside. "Dad!"

"Jim. What's the matter, boy?"

"Oh, Dad. I saw him. I saw him. All afternoon I saw him. Up at Doc Taylor's. They wouldn't take him away, they wouldn't take him, they wouldn't!"

"Slow down, son, slow down. Who did you see?"

"Mr. Jones. It was Mr. Jones, and he ——"

"Yes, boy. I think I know. They told us down at the mill. Come back to the kitchen and have some cocoa and we'll talk."

He poured the cold cocoa from the pan on the stove. He filled two glasses and set one before the boy.

"Now, suppose you get it all out of your system, son. Jest talk and tell me all about it."

"I heard the—the shot, dad. I was over at the school swings playing. Aunt Ezzie saw him fall. She was sit-sit-ting on the fr-front porch. And then I saw the Leeville ambulance come. And they put him on a little white table with four wheels. and they left him there, they jest left him there to die. Oh, dad, it was awful!" Why did they do it? Why? Why? Why?"

The trembling and the words stopped like he was drained dry by now.

"I don't know, Jim. I jest don't know."

They sat there a long time, not saying anything, just sitting.

"Wash your face and hands, son. You got to go to bed. You've seen a lot for a kid of 'leven."

Jim finished washing and then pulled down the cover on his bed. He heard his dad winding the 'larm clock in the other bedroom, not talking to his mother, because she was away visiting. Then he saw Mr. Jones opening his mouth and trying to breathe like a big-mouth sucker he'd caught once.

He went into his dad's room and said, "Dad, dad! I'm scared, I'm scared! Lemme sleep with you tonight. Please, dad, please?"

A pair of tears rolled down from his face and fell onto the cover of his dad's bed.

Third Shelf

(From page 17)

neously, gasped in horror. Ann screamed and automatically Jack threw his arm around her. There on the shelves, being used as bookends, were glass jars full of some liquid. In each jar was a human head. Heads large and small, black and white, heads of men and women.

On the opposite side of the room, a pair of grey eyes watched from behind a panel.

Immediately after seeing the jars. Ann and Jack turned and started for the door. There was a streak of lightning, a deafening roar of thunder, and Jack, startled by the intensity of the storm, dropped the candle to the floor. He pulled out his lighter again and fumbled with it. But he did not get it lit in time to see why his young wife gave a muffled cry.

When Jack had the candle burning again, Ann was not beside him. She wasn't even in the room with him. He shouted her name and ran out into the hall looking for her. She wasn't in the hall. He ran in every room screaming and searching for her, but she had vanished.

"Ann! Ann! Darling! Where are you? Answer me! Ann!" But he received no answer.

In desperation he ran back into the room from which she had disappeared. He looked on the table and what he saw made his heart skip a few beats. Then it accelerated into a beat heavier and faster than any warning tom-tom drum. There on the table in the middle of the dire room was a new jar. Inside was his wife's beautiful head.

Only it wasn't as beautiful as it was the last time Jack saw it. Her neck had been severed about two inches below her chin. Draining blood was beginning to mix with the lucent liquid in the jar. Jack gave a blood-curdling scream as he stepped backward. He turned and ran toward the door in delirium only to be met by a huge, eerie man twice his size.

Two burly, outstretched hands reached for Jack's neck. He ducked, then lunged at the intruder. They both fell on the hall floor grappling in a kill-or-be-killed struggle.

Jack was outweighed and the odds against him were many, but he put up a terrific struggle. Over and over the two rolled on the floor, one hammering his fist into his adversary, and then the other. Jack was using superhuman strength in this time of need for it, but he was overpowered. The intruder raised his arm repeatedly and brought bone-crushing blows to Jack's limp body.

Then, slowly, the intruder picked up the cadaver and carried it back into the room.

In five minutes, Jack and Ann were together again. Their heads were facing each other in two glass jars, side by side, on the third shelf.

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QUESTIONS

A If you locate me, you'll see this modern age,
Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.

B Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too,
Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.

C What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C,
Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

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5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A BARBARA HALE. An arrow is a "barb"; a constellation is "Ara"; hearty is "hale."

B THE FIGURE 4, is made by the manner in which the Stork's legs are crossed.

C MULLINS. To heat and spice is "mull." Add taverns (inns) and the whole answer becomes Mullins.
WINNERS...

Entry boxes will be found on porch of Main Building and in Lobby of Carlisle Hall.

WINNERS LAST MONTH

Hugh Erwin, Jeff Griffith, Wm. Neal, Francis Nicholson, Pete Brockwell, C. H. Robertson, Joel Carrol, Dewey Parr, Jack Barber, Maxie Lynn.

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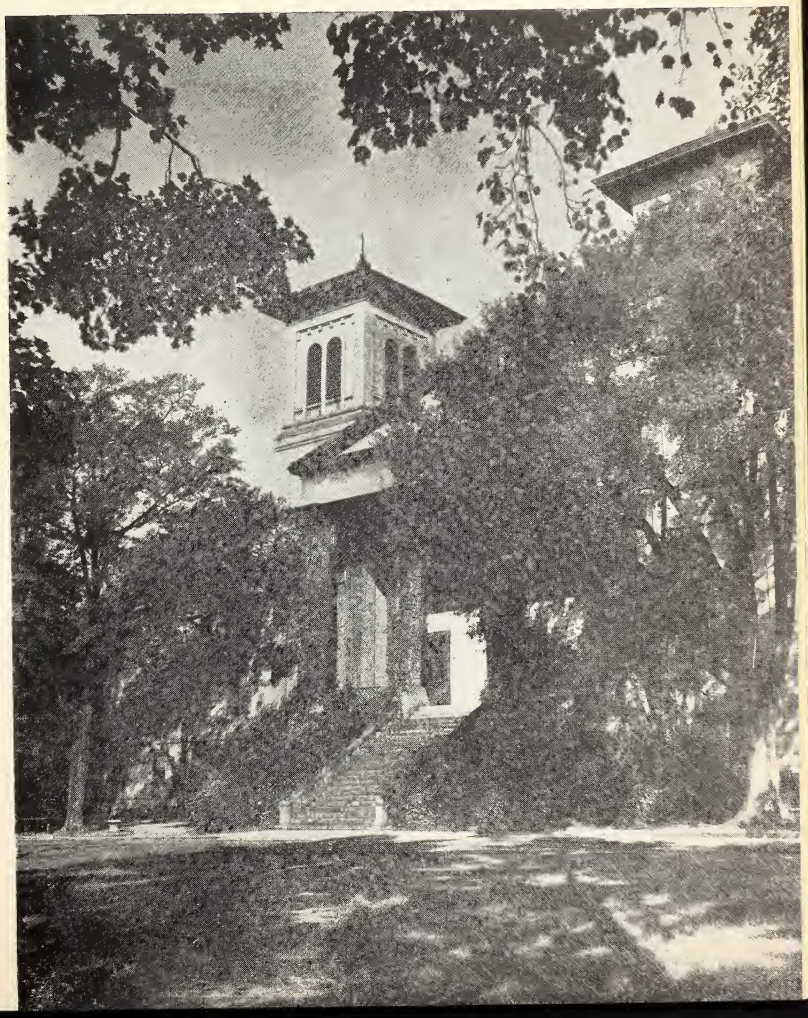

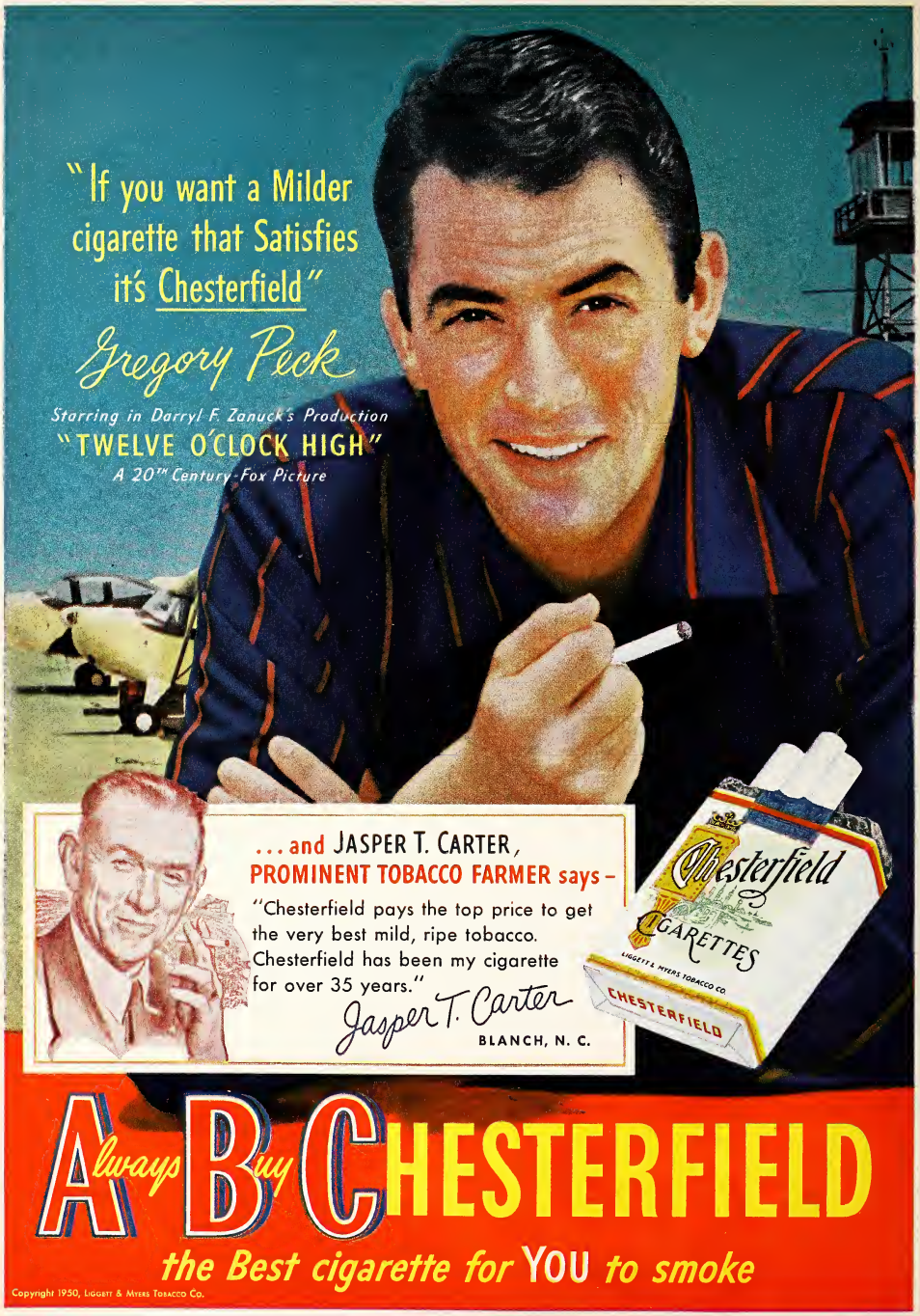

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST — SEE PAGE 23

The Journal

May - 1950

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The Journal

Vol. 71, No. 5
May '50

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Editorial

There is one cloud of obscurity no one will believe, and that is—the truth. If you doubt it, make a statement (if you have the nerve) that has been under the literal nose of man for generations and he, as a whole, will passionately call you a liar of the vilest kind. But on the other hand, bald-facedly tell an outrageously silly lie and then you can sit back and listen to the pleased assent running on waves of approval over all humanity. Therefore, the only real lie is that which is told to oneself and fervently believed.

But let us be more specific; get down to cases, so to speak. Memories are short for the most part; too short for pleasant recollection. We can remember the big things that have happened to us because they stick out in our minds. But it is not always the biggest things that contribute the most to memory. Perhaps it is a composite of a lot of little things that have long faded into the dust of forgetfulness.

It is perhaps sentiment to say the following, but this is the swansong of the seniors . . . the seniors, that group of men who have passed just one small phase of that unfathomable unity we know as life. College (by this we mean the four years spent here in acquiring what is known to the outside world as

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To the Seniors...

Who comprised the main contributors to THE JOURNAL *for the past year, with the wish that their careers will be ever successful after graduation.*

Jidda

by John D. Wilson

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author, who graduated from Wofford last June, is now in Arabia in the United States Consular Service, and has generously contributed to* THE JOURNAL *this picturesque description of Arab life.*]

As the boat nears the shoreline you suddenly have the idea that you are about to enter another world, and to all appearances that is correct. Jidda is known as the gateway to Mecca and in many respects it is also the gateway to the Middle East. Cairo may claim to be the most cosmopolitan of the cities in this section of the East, and Damascus, Beirut or Jerusalem may boast of a more vivid history, but Mecca is the true heart of the Moslem world; it boasts of the Khaaba stone which draws every Moslem like a magnet to the Shrine of Mohammed.

As you draw closer to the city you see a maze of sun-parched buildings, most of them several stories high, and an occasional minaret which breaks the monotony of the skyline. It looks very much like an illustration from some Biblical story but as you draw closer still the buildings begin to take definite shape and the hazy pinkness you noticed from a distance is not noticeable any more. A sudden whiff of the stench, as the wind changes direction, and you are more than ever convinced you are in another world.

You stroll down one of the narrow, tortuous streets and feel as though you are smelling the same air that has been present for centuries. There is only one wide paved street which snakes its way along the waterfront and on into the infinity of the desert beyond, all other thoroughfares being narrow, cluttered alleyways that never run straight for more than a few feet in one direction.

The atmosphere is hot and stifling between these gaunt, awkward buildings and the sun bears down unmercifully, parching everything in sight. It has a sterilizing effect on the emotions of the people and everyone who comes to Jidda feels its strong power. The natives retaliate by moving as rarely as possible. Only the foolish Europeans and Americans are mad enough to show any signs of motion.

It has been said that an Arab carpenter doesn't know that such a thing as a square exists, and an Arab waiter or servant never puts a tablecloth on straight; there is no proportion, no symmetry, and this is typified by the buildings. Each one leans heavily to the right or to the left, and assumes a posture all its own. The minarets that rise above the skyline here and there are lop-sided, too, and each one would, in its own right, put the Leaning Tower of Pisa to shame. The place looks very much as any ordinary city would to a man with a very bad hangover, only there are no pink elephants.

Technicolor movies have you conditioned to expect one solid blaze of oriental color so it is rather surprising to find the only brightness is an occasional dash of blue or pink. Oftentimes the minarets have colored domes but outside of this, the gaudy rugs of the merchants in the bazaar, and the somewhat wild headdress of the natives, the only other color is the monotonous beige of the coral clay buildings.

The doors and windows on all the buildings look as though they were added as an afterthought on the part of the constructor. The windows are covered by lacey wooden lattice affairs, some of which pretend to be balconies, and the doors are huge slabs of hand-carved wood blocking a gaping hole. Not all of the buildings are inhabited, most of them just waiting for the yearly influx of pilgrims on their way to Mecca during the haj season.

There is an overabundance of animal life in these narrow alleyways. Goats, donkeys, and people all vie for the traffic right-of-way. There is a stench of decay: decomposing animal waste, decomposing buildings, decomposing trash and litter, all to remind you that you are now in Saudi Arabia. It is a smell of apathy, to a Westerner a horrible odor of laziness and a do-nothing spirit. But only to the Westerner is it horrible; the natives revel in it and thrive on its very unpleasantness.

And it is difficult to separate the odor from the noise. It is as though those two important faculties of man have been blended into one sense, and you cannot smell without hearing . . . hearing the braying of jackasses, the bleating of goats, the honking of poorly-driven automobiles and the occasional spontaneous cry of playing children.

But along Jidda's one paved road, the one winding along the waterfront into the desert, stench and sound become separate again. The din is terrific. Due to a sudden increase in the amount of wealth in

Saudi Arabia, many people have been able to buy automobiles during the past few years. They cherish these blazingly red and blazingly yellow Buicks with an ardor undampened by their skimpy knowledge of machines and mechanics. To them the most important part of the automobile is the horn, and in order to keep a close tab on its operation, the driver blows it every few feet. When a motorist approaches another car on the road, law requires him to blow his horn; when he passes a pedestrian, again the law requires him to blow his horn; also, when he sees a goat or donkey in the street, which is often; when he turns a corner; when he slows down; and in short, at the slightest provocation, he blasts away on this Satanic loudspeaker of Western development. Not just a courteous toot or a polite beep, but a loud series of nerve-wracking blasts. To one unfamiliar with native horn habits, nothing less than a sound recording could give the proper interpretation to the amount of noise here during the day.

One very large portion of the city has been taken over by shopkeepers and merchants who have formed what is known as the local "Suq" or bazaar. Here in shops of dust, litter, and confusion, one may buy practically any product on the market. Rash as it may sound, that is an unrestricted statement. It seems that the lack of native industry and produce forces the Arab to import his wares, so he is very thorough while at it and imports a little bit of everything. You may find shiny new Gillette razors and bulky oversized Fisk tires side by side with intricately woven Persian rugs and finely made Syrian jewelry. It's a five-and-ten-cent store gone mad.

The Arab (at least the Saudi Arab) has no native art, little native music, and his culture is a negative one. He imports what fine cloth he has from Damascus, Calcutta or Birmingham; his food from neighboring countries, and luxuries, in general, from anyone desiring export trade. The one really native product a person may buy in the local Suq is sandals, and these are more than likely copies of those worn by Arab neighbors to the north. A great deal of silver workmanship is in evidence, but this too shows signs of having a Cairo design, a Damascus influence, or a Baghdad flavor. The native probably figures that there is no use in troubling himself with originality when such can be had so easily from his neighbors. They are partly justified, of course, by the barrenness of the countryside and the lack of a suitable market, but this is only one example of their tendency toward the negative.

But then I'm judging Arab culture, so to speak, in a geographical sense. A map of the Arab world of a hundred years ago would reveal a different set of boundaries than those we see on a map today, and it is condemning to draw lines now and try to separate the Saudi Arab from the classical Arab.

Also, I do not suppose we can expect a country or a people who have lived for hundreds of years in one manner to start importing automobiles, electric generators, and shiny new gadgets and adapt themselves to these products in what we love to call the good old American way. The Arab is complacent merely because he has no reason to be aggressive; he is lazy (according to our standards) simply because there is no immediate reward for his being industrious. Only recently have traces of our highly developed markets been seeping into the country, and indeed it will be many a year yet before Jidda has a plumbing system, an electric-lighting system, or any of the other so-called advantages of the Western world, but the blood has been tasted and I doubt if the country will remain in its shell of isolation for many more years as it has in the past. In reality we might even be justified in considering ourselves a corrupting influence—it all depends on what you consider progress and where you draw the line between complacency and contemplation.

I don't think I'm being rash when I say that Moslem law, as set forth by the Koran, has as much direct influence on its subjects as any other major religion. The Saudi Arab eats, sleeps, drinks, speaks, and plays to the tune of the Koran. There are glaring exceptions, of course, as there are in all such cases.

The most notable religious influence here is in the complete lack of recreation; there is absolutely nothing to do in the way of diversion. But this helps the people maintain their state of lethargy and evidently they like it, for they haven't budged for many hundreds of years.

Partly as compensation, the Arab has developed conversation into a form of recreation, and almost an expression of art. The protocol connected with the serving of coffee in an Arab home is something to make the U. S. State Department burn with envy. You are never allowed to enter a native home even for the slightest reason without stopping to partake of his hospitality, which is usually manifested by a series of small cups of coffee. He talks easily and fluently with his cup of coffee in front of him and when he praises he does so effortlessly; when he swears he does it eloquently.

The coffee is served much as it

(Continued on page 20)

Deep Freeze

by Philip G. Clarke

THE red light on top of Police Car 3 blinked on and off as the shrill cry of the screaming siren blasted inside the heads of the car's two occupants, Lt. O'Brien and Sgt. Mulligan. Automobiles pulled over to the left and right of the road to let the speeding police car pass.

"Take the next road to the right," said O'Brien, "and cut the siren."

Sgt. Mulligan snapped a switch and the shrill screaming began to die away. He slowed the car down and turned into the road that led up to the estate of Morris Wheaton, young executive of the Ajax Refrigeration Company. The police car came to a stop near the front steps.

"Want me to stay in the car?" asked the sergeant.

"No," replied O'Brien. "Come in with me."

Both men got out and as soon as they had reached the porch Morris Wheaton had the door open.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he greeted them as he stood in the doorway dressed in slacks and a smoking jacket.

"Are you Morris Wheaton?" asked O'Brien as he walked inside.

"Yes," answered Wheaton.

"I'm Lt. O'Brien and this is Sgt. Mulligan."

"Glad to meet you both," said Wheaton, taking them into his study. "Will you have a drink?"

"Never drink on duty," replied O'Brien. "What's all this about your wife missing?"

"A short while ago I was in the back of the house. When I came to the front and came in here I noticed a car leaving the house. It went down the road and turned onto the highway. I called Maxine, my wife, to see who it was but she did not answer. I searched the house but could find her nowhere and then decided she was in the car that I saw leaving the grounds. Then I called headquarters and reported it."

"You seem pretty calm for a fellow whose wife has just been kidnapped," snapped O'Brien.

"I'll have to tell you, Lieutenant, my wife often leaves without telling me or any of the servants. She has some friends who come out and pick her up. . . ."

"Male or female?" cut in O'Brien.

"Why, female of course," answered Wheaton. "But they always bring her back."

"What makes you think she won't be back this time?"

"Just a feeling I have, Lieutenant. For one thing I didn't recognize the car. And, too, Maxine and I have an engagement with the VanSnootens in less than an hour. Maxine knew that and she had not dressed to meet them."

"Did you notice the make of the car or the license number?"

"I couldn't see the license number but the car looked like a new Ford or Plymouth."

"Who do you know that owns a car of either make?"

"No one," answered Wheaton. "All our friends have either Cadillacs or Buicks."

O'Brien quickly shifted his eyes to Mulligan and then looked back at Wheaton. "Give us a description of your wife, Mr. Wheaton. And you take it down, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir," snapped Mulligan pulling out a notebook and pencil.

"Maxine is . . . "

"Full name?" cut in O'Brien.

"Maxine Dalrymple Wheaton. Thirty-one years old. Brown hair, brown eyes, five five, about 115 pounds. Wait, here's a picture of her," continued Wheaton picking up a portrait from the table.

"A very beautiful woman," remarked O'Brien. "May I take this picture back to headquarters so the ID officer can make some prints?"

"Certainly," answered Wheaton. "Take anything if it will help you in finding my wife."

"Just one more thing, Mr. Wheaton. Do you mind if the three of us search the house once again for your wife. There is always that possibility."

"Surely, Lieutenant, you and the sergeant just follow me."

After covering every inch of the stately mansion Lt. O'Brien was convinced that Maxine Wheaton was not anywhere inside.

"Let's give the grounds the once-over," suggested O'Brien.

"Let me get some spotlights," said Wheaton as he opened a closet door. He took two large battery operated spotlights from the shelf.

The three men covered every spot near and around the large house but to no avail. Not a trace of the woman was found.

As Wheaton and the policemen were going back to the porch they heard an automobile horn blowing and the screeching of tires on the road down in front of the Wheaton mansion. This noise was followed by a crash and the shattering of glass. The men whirled around and turned their spotlights in the direction of the crash. They saw two cars that had just run head-on and telescoped into each other.

"Call over the radio for an ambulance," commanded O'Brien to Mulligan. "Come with me, Wheaton," said O'Brien as he broke into a run toward the two wrecked cars.

O'Brien looked inside one of the cars while Wheaton examined the interior of the other.

"How many in it?" asked the lieutenant as he jimmied the door open of the car he was inspecting.

"A man and a woman," answered Wheaton. "Both look like they're out cold," he added.

"I've got a man over here, but he hasn't got a head," called O'Brien. "Let's have a look at your two."

The police lieutenant walked over to the other car and stuck his light through the shattered window next to the driver's seat.

"Uh," he muttered. "Ghastly looking sight, isn't it?"

"Terrible," was all Wheaton could say. Then he added, "What a beautiful woman, Lieutenant. It's a shame she had to go this way. Yes, a very stunning woman."

Sgt. Mulligan came running up. "The ambulance is on the way, Lieutenant. I notified the highway patrol, too."

"No need for the ambulance to hurry," remarked O'Brien slowly. "From the looks of it, these folks need a hearse, not an ambulance. Let's get them out, they may have a spark of life in them yet."

Sgt. Mulligan braced one foot against the side of the car and tugged at the door. It came open and at the same time glass fell to the ground and shattered.

"Don't cut yourself," warned O'Brien, "let me help you get the bodies out."

The men gently picked the man's form from the car seat and laid him on the grass along side the road. Then they reached in for his woman companion and laid her down beside him. O'Brien and Mulligan knelt down beside them and felt for a pulse beat.

"Feel anything?" asked the lieutenant.

"Not yet," answered Mulligan trying vainly to get some indication of life from the woman's pulse.

"This one's gone," the lieutenant said as he stood up.

"So is the woman," added Mulligan wiping a bloodstain from his hand to the woman's dress.

"Can I do anything?" asked Wheaton walking over to the two policemen.

"Nope," replied O'Brien.

"That other fellow probably never knew what hit him. What a mess; he's on one side of the seat and his head's on the other side. Oooh."

Just then the faint sound of a siren was heard by the trio as they stood beside the two wrecked cars. The sound became louder and louder and the red and white lights of the ambulance could be seen coming in the direction of the car wreck. Close behind the ambulance was a state highway patrolman. Both vehicles came to a halt and the men got out.

The two men from the ambulance followed by the patrolman came up to O'Brien and the others.

"We too late?" asked the ambulance driver.

"I'm afraid so," replied O'Brien. "Hello, Jim," he greeted the highway patrolman.

"Hi, Lieutenant. Looks like a mess."

"It is," was his answer. "Look on the seat of the rear car."

The patrolman and the two ambulance attendants walked back to the wrecked car and peered inside.

"Ugh," said the policeman.

"There's a cardboard box on the floor in the back. We can put the head in it. I'll get some sheets to wrap the bodies in," said the driver as he walked back to the ambulance to get three sheets.

As the attendants wrapped up the three bodies and put them in the ambulance, Lt. O'Brien gave the state patrolman a report of the accident as he had seen it. Shortly, two wreckers arrived at the scene and the two cars were pulled apart and towed into town.

"Getting back to your case," said O'Brien to Wheaton, "we'll do all we can. In the meantime, if anything breaks, let us know."

"I will, Lieutenant," answered Wheaton.

Sgt. Mulligan turned on the ignition, started the motor, and the police car rolled down the road to the highway and on toward the city.

Morris Wheaton went back into his study and poured himself a drink. He sat in an easy chair staring into space.

Back at headquarters O'Brien and Mulligan reported to the chief.

"And you say you didn't find a clue to Mrs. Wheaton's disappearance?" asked the chief.

"No, sir, not a single one. Only that she was possibly carried off in a new Ford or Plymouth."

"I don't know what's coming off in this town, O'Brien," stormed the chief. "Twelve beautiful women have just disappeared into thin air in the past six weeks. Where are they going, or who's taking them off? That's what we've got to find out."

"Still no ransom notes for the other eleven women?" asked O'Brien.

"No, that's the hell of it. Usually in a kidnapping case the kidnapper tries to get money in return for his captive, but in these cases, the women have just disappeared and nothing has been heard of them since." The chief picked up a half-smoked cigar and put it to his lips. "What's your idea?" he asked as he struck a match on the sole of his shoe.

"It's hard to say, chief. I've never read or heard of a case similar to

(Continued on page 22)

The Mind According to Herbart

by Pedro Sanjuan

THE flowering of psychology during the past century has clarified and revealed mental phenomena that had previously been obscure and even unknown. Today, the pall of ignorance that once hid this strange world has been partially raised due, above all else, to the inspired intuition of Sigmund Freud, who, not so long ago, developed a new kind of psychological approach. Even though Freud's theories have been widely criticized, there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that through his efforts modern psychology came into being. From the time of its birth, during the days of Cartesian rationalism, psychology had dealt exclusively with the conscious. Freud, through his explorations into the realm of the subconscious, revealed a new point of vantage from which to explore the human mind. But it is not Freud with whom we are going to deal here now. We will go a little further back to one of his predecessors, the German philosopher, Herbart, whose theories of intellectual perception, even though they are of a highly speculative nature, are nevertheless closely related to the psychology of the subconscious.

Johan Frederick Herbart, the first realist in the field of psychology, was born in Oldenburg on the fourth of May 1776, and he died in Gottingen on the eleventh of August 1841. Herbart's realism, like that of Schopenhauer, was rooted in the idealism of Fichte. In Kant's categorical imperative, Herbart recognized the vestige of scholastic dogmatism that had imposed its mandates upon man during the Middle Ages, and by denying the theory of the three faculties of the soul, which Kant still retained from scholasticism, Herbart reduced mental activity to an interplay of perceptions which according to him were the simple elements that made up the human spirit. Notions that enter the sphere of consciousness do not become ornaments of the spirit, Herbart affirmed, but rather they become its component parts. To differentiate a moral education from an intellectual education seemed utter nonsense to Herbart, since the human will is the determining factor of morality, and human conduct in general is conditioned in turn by the power of assimilation, or in other words, by the degree of knowledge that a man acquires. In this Herbart coincided with Socrates and Plato, whose conceptions of virtue were ethical, for to them virtue was inseparably associated with culture; according to Socrates, he who knew or understood what was good would be virtuous. This Herbart reaffirmed by saying the heart is in the brain and that the enlightened man has to be both moral and virtuous, while the idiot must perforce be wicked. Nothing in the spirit (by which Herbart meant the mind) is innate. No original forces or causes exist there, for the presence of these elements would eventually defeat the very purpose of psychological study since they could never be determined to the satisfaction of the psychologist. The "construction" of the mind, therefore, depends solely upon a process that can be broken up into several successive stages. In its natural state the mind is apparently empty—it is a shell enclosing a vacuum. But this "continent" devoid of contents is gradually filled with perceptions of which the ego becomes conscious.

The mind, really then, does not actually exist until a hypothetical primary perception is recorded. Herbart did not even bother to consider the potentialities of the dormant mind, for to him the mind was in effect merely a series of associations.

In searching for a basic pre-existing element in Herbart's theories we can find nothing else besides the soul; but Herbart treats it as something indeterminate and inactive. In the midst of a flux of ideas that emerge and disappear either by associating themselves or repelling each other, the soul, lazy and inert, does absolutely nothing. Therefore, even though Herbart admits the existence of the soul, he reduces the mental process to a mere psychic mechanism. Reason, judgment, memory, and imagination all stem from the original process of association. Feelings are transitory states of mind: grief is due to the tension that results from the struggle between two hostile ideas; pleasure, on the contrary, reflects two complementary ideas; desires are fixed ideas which occupy fixed positions in the upper plane of consciousness, but they enter into a different phase when a new idea surges into the mind affirming that the desire can be satisfied—this new idea is called a volition.

The "construction" of the mind goes on regardless of whether instruction is systematic or not. But in order to develop a clear and orderly arrangement of ideas with a minimum amount of friction, it is necessary that during the artificial process of instruction due regard be paid to the existence of certain scientific laws that regulate the natural process of perception, and which are as exact as those that govern the movements of the planets. We see, then, how Herbart builds on the ruins of the primitive idea of the innate, the new conception of the

mind that is later to be explored and explained to us in detail by Freud.

Herbart calls each modification of the perceptions that are assimilated and modified by the ego, the Real-ego. Just as the ego is capable of modifying these perceptions, the ego also develops different facts due to the action which the perceptions have upon it. Herbart's theory of perception explains the construction and the functions of the mind by bringing two elements into play. On the one hand we have the ego, that is, the individual; on the other hand we have the non-ego, that is, everything that is not the ego. For convenience this may be condensed by saying that the ego is consciousness and the non-ego, perception. Let us say that A, B, C, and D are perceptions—the things that are perceived. The first perception, A, enters into the realm of consciousness which up to this point is in a state of purity because the construction of the mind has not yet begun. A modifies the ego, and the ego thus modified becomes Real A—Real A is conditioned by the first perception, that is, we may define its actions by saying that they are of the a type. This first perception exists in a vacuum; it has entered the mind freely, without finding any obstacles in its way, but by itself it amounts to nothing so far. One perception only is like no perception at all. This we can readily see when we realize that if there were nothing but one of us humans in all creation—that is, in empty limitless space—that person would not exist, for there could be no comparison, or in other words, no way of differentiating oneself from nothing, and no way of likening oneself to nothing. Of course, in psychology, as in philosophy, the origin of things constitutes the heel of Achilles. The problem now is to determine how the first stimulus happens to enter the mind. But that like all first premises must be accepted without any further explanation. Such questions, anyway, annoy philosophers greatly because one can very easily wreck their whole systems if he insists on being so impertinent. This is not a weakness in Herbart, though, for the most insignificant of the bearded savants as well as the mightiest (yes, Kant, Locke, Aristotle, etc.) would see their imposing philosophical structures rock and shake were we to insist on the why and how come of their basic assumptions. In philosophy, gentlemen, that just isn't cricket.

But (coming back) as we had seen, nothing has yet taken place in the mind. Perception B will have to penetrate its confines so that by comparison perception A may become a reality. By our previous

definition, part of the Real-ego will react like b after perception B has entered. When the Real-ego has undergone this second transformation it recalls that previously it had reacted like a. This is the first time the Real-ego notices its previous state, for now it can compare a with b, and when perception C attempts to enter the realm of consciousness, b prevents its entrance. Why? Herbart says that the mind prefers the status quo and is loathe to change; b then is an obstacle to the entrance of C. Once C has entered and has transformed part of the Real-ego into c, then c becomes an obstacle to the entrance of perception D, and so forth. One of two things might conceivably happen during this process. B might be weaker than a. A struggle arises in either case and the stronger element wins out. The important thing is the struggle itself that goes on between the state of mind and the new incoming perception, for it is during this struggle that a and B come in contact with each other. They arrive at a compromise, and the mind is thereby enriched because, even though B and a are not identically alike, still there are certain similarities between them. Even though we said that the Real-ego, which had reacted like a was transformed at the entrance B and thence part of it reacted like b, we really said that only for the sake of clearness. Actually B became b plus a. C and b plus a then become c plus b plus a.

When a perception has anything in common with an existing state of mind, that is, when a, the state of mind, and B, the new perception, have anything in common at all and are not totally different, a instead of wholly obstructing the passage of B, will actually partly facilitate its entrance. C upon entering will probably have more in common with a plus b than B had with a, for two afford more contacts than one. And thus, the more perceptions that enter, the greater are the chances that new perceptions will find points of contact with the Real-ego. Gradually the structure of the mind becomes more complicated. We may liken the mind to a sponge which acquires more and more pores until it is able to absorb a much greater number of ideas than it could when it had only a few pores.

But since there has to be a struggle, due to the occasional complete difference between a new perception and everything that makes up the Real-ego, then there will be winners and losers. Herbart calls such a struggle "the drama of the spirit." When a completely foreign perception is strong enough to superimpose itself upon what up to then constituted the Real-ego, then the perceptions that have lost the fight will sink from the superior plane of consciousness where they had estab-

lished themselves, and they will go to a crypt-like region in the mind, where they will form a subconscious subsoil. The realm of the conscious exists in the first plane; the vanquished elements of the former Real-ego pass to a lower region, but when the elements that constitute the Real-ego have worn themselves out with use, then the quiescent, hibernating, and temporarily defeated perceptions will themselves storm the realm of the conscious. We see here plainly Herbart's nearness to Freud. In this drama these vanquished characters that remain subdued for a period of time tend, nevertheless, to regain their former status when the time is ripe. Herbart conceives the mind as a theatrical stage with many characters playing their roles on it. All this sounds thoroughly materialistic, and yet Herbart affirms that materialism is absurd. This is why he feels the necessity of introducing a colorless element into the workings of the mental mechanism. This element is the soul which has no origin and no desires, knows nothing of itself, and is dormant. Moreover its nature is totally unknown. All this is tantamount to denying the soul, and herein lies Herbart's weak point.

This whole system, in spite of its weaknesses, is nevertheless an amazingly ingenious system. It was one of the points of departure for the further advances in the field of psychology that came after Herbart's death. This theory of perception struck a new note which was to be elaborated later, notably by Freud; and so Herbart can be considered a predecessor of modern psychology. But regardless of later developments there is an element of truth in his theory applicable even today in regard to education.

The mental struggle which Herbart mentions arises from a lack of a systematic process of instruction in the education of the individual. Perhaps it would be wise to try to show greater coordination between the different fields of knowledge in our present approach to pedagogy.

EVOLUTION

In breechcloth he heard the cry,
"Away with God! The Egyptians
Will save us or else our gold will
Persuade Nebuchaddnezzar.
Powerful, invincible Nile or the
Lion of the North. None can harm us.
And so they came and shut up
Hezekiah like a bird in a cage.

Might is right and we are
The mighty ones. Years brought
Truth to the myth and the
Stimuli, so strong at first turned
Now to grain-given alms.
Thus, when the barbarian hordes
Poured down from the north, there
Was none to resist them.

We are young, we can stand alone.
An ocean lies between our fair land
And those who could do us harm.
Hands off, this sphere is ours,
No interference tolerated. None.
But then they listened, the chief spoke,
"We will make the world safe for democracy.
This is the war to end all wars."

Demobilize, demilitarize, five-five-three;
A league of peace lovers;
Let there be peace; oh, let there be peace!
May the world remember me as the one
Who sheltered peace under my umbrella.
And there was peace—until
Vacillation sent steel monsters
Rumbling across fair earth,
Irrespective of inked paper vows.

A weapon so terrible that Brave Men
Shiver in Morpheus, and condemn
The destruction it brings. Diabolical
Power, earth-shattering force, this
Is the long sought-for *Mana.*
None can withstand it.
Now we are all-powerful,
Invincible, ever-lasting.

He huddled in the cave and rested,
Rested from the nightmare. Surely there
Were others! Not he alone!
Was Mana that complete?
Words came as slow, pitiful gasps at death:
Man has ever evolved upward;
Verily there have been retrogressions,
But man always survives to rise again.

—Wm. Neal

Retrospect

by John Roper

IT WAS a bright autumn day in September when I walked down to the Fieldhouse for the first time as a potential college student.

I was excited and tense as I watched flocks of other boys waiting to take placement tests for positioning in classes. The upper classmen had spread terrible rumors throughout this somber group of yearlings as to the horrors inside these classrooms. Being rather young in comparison to the rest of the boys, I believed all these things, and I was overcome with fright when the professor said, "Go." It took me several minutes to finally concentrate on the first question. It seemed only a matter of minutes when I heard a terrifying shout, "Stop!" I dropped my pencil and broke out in a cold sweat for fear he would think I was cheating. Then we started the second part, and so on until we had finished the entire test. From this point we were given a few minutes to calm our nerves and were then sent to another room for the final test. It was not so very different from the first, except I did get brave enough to clear my throat without fear of expulsion.

When the day ended, we had taken three tests and were sent home, to return the next day for registration.

That night I vividly portrayed each incident to my younger brother, who didn't seem too interested, but nevertheless he listened contentedly.

I retired early in anticipation of a big day ahead.

I rose early, consumed a meager breakfast, bid my family good-bye, and raced to school on my souped-up motor scooter.

Again there was that same group of freshmen from the near-by states, and a few foreigners from above the "Mason-Dixie."

The tense excitement was dying down as each student was becoming assimilated to the life of a college student. I was destined to be one who would stay excited for four years, if I lasted that long.

Inside the Fieldhouse, they asked each of us to fill out a "ream" of paper giving the life histories of each of our ancestors as far back as possible. It must include at least three generations or you were busted out. Then we went to seventy or eighty desks giving away our money and signing up in courses which we had never heard of. Here again I was a victim. They evidently wanted to get rid of me in a hurry, as I was signed up for six classes, including four labs, one drill, and a total of nineteen and one-half semester hours.

But the worst was yet to come. I was instructed to come back two days later and start claasses. But where were my classes? I didn't know where the Main building, Science Hall, Annex, and so forth, were. I was new, and didn't know my way around. This problem I surmounted with the help of various upper classmen, promising to come to their rooms for a little sociable "rat" session afterwards.

After I found my rooms, I went about meeting my professors. This was the easiest part of all, because assignments begin promptly on the first day here.

At four o'clock each day, I mounted "ole faithful" and started home, delivering papers on the way, to help combat the high cost of living.

For the first month, all went well. I studied "real" hard every night—I hadn't been called on a single time, nor had I undergone a single test. Why, I decided to become Phi Beta Kappa, or sumpin. The latter prevailed, however, as I was assigned six tests in two days. They are called mid-semesters, and the Profs. are anxious to get the grades in so their pay isn't docked. We plead for more time, but it is no use. I stay up all night studying and I am nervous and excited when I enter my first test. The Prof. hands out the papers and begins to pace up and down the floor. The boards creak beneath his feet, and his eyes are staring great big holes through us.

I look around the room, everyone looks puzzled. Some bright kid in the rear of the class asks the English Prof. if this is a Greek exam, and the enrollment drops by one.

This incident caused me to tremble and shake all over. Before the test is half over, the bell rings. The nice little man at the front of the class says he realizes it was a little long and difficult, but he would "take that into consideration," which is that famous expression that usually precedes membership in the S. S. S. (Society of Shafted Souls).

Out of my six tests, one dear ole soul gives us a short, clear, concise, true-false test. This was in R.O.T.C., and it so utterly surprised me until I missed seven out of twenty.

Mid-semester reports come out and I was almost owing the school quality points. Having the highest regard for my Profs., and showing deference to each and every one of them, "I think I was shafted." Bull sessions started in order to elect a president of the S.S.S., and I was unanimously elected to this position, which relieved the agony of my blue slips somewhat. At our first meeting, we decided that the Profs.

hunted tricky questions, minute parts of the lesson, and any other thing they thought they had not discussed in class, in order to trick us. We agreed they were not trying to teach us, but were trying to set records on the most failures, the record having been set the previous year by a now-retired Prof.

I struggled through until the finals, trying to satisfy myself through rationalization. I didn't study, threw my books in a corner, and went to the movies and ball games during exam week. Believe it or not, my exam papers were extraordinary and pulled my grades up to the then-coveted "C" average. This gave me hope to try again the next semester.

What, registration! Here we go again. Another "ream" of paper, seventy or eighty more desks, more labs—I just can't win for losing. What do they do with all this paper, send it to Russia on the lend lease?

The freshmen are about the same, except minus a few displaced critters and the addition of a few trembling souls.

These new "rats," bless their hearts, are in worse shape than we were, because they don't have as many to share their misery.

School is great now, why, I am practically an upper classman already, WITH the exception of passing this semester's work! Turning over a new leaf, and deciding to do better work, I take great interest in my work, especially in two of my classes which I actually don't mind going to. Try as I might I can't succeed. WHY? Well, the grading system here is a little different from most colleges. To make it simple for the Prof. and the Administration, your grades can go only one way—down. If you are a good boy, however, they will give you the same meager grade you achieved during your rattled and unsettled first semester. This system is referred to as the "Belligerent Bracket for Bored Bright Boys," which is similar to India's caste system.

Most of us grin and bear it, some few protest, but—oh, well, we were burdened with too many students anyway.

Well, the weeks begin to drag by. as each day we walk into a classroom and listen to some "Phenomena" commonly referred to as a lecture, the definition of same being:

"That which is delivered from the notebook of the Prof. to the notebook of the student, affecting the minds of neither of the two."

There is only one thing that will save me, the fraternity dances are at last due. For seven week-ends I can forget school, for one night

at least. Or can I? Just let a Prof. know you have a dance on Friday night and you can bet with odds that you have a test on Saturday. This is to keep "ye old curve" crooked. If that isn't enough, he will assign you multiples of books for parallel, and don't forget that term paper.

Now this thing, er—term paper —is the pride of all freshmen. Here is how it works:

The brighter students dig up all their references at least two nights before the paper is due, so they only have to write it the night before.

The night the paper is due, all the freshmen get panicky, several crack up but are handled by the experienced upper classmen. Those lucky ones settle down before midnight and start to work.

Being in this above-mentioned group, I settle down about midnight. I gather around my typewriter with a little bag of "Robert Mitchum's Roll Your Own," and in the smoke-filled atmosphere, begin on my masterful creation.

I am writing on Juvenile Delinquency, and have received loads of information from such authorities as "Red" Skelton and others. I start on my paper around twelve o'clock, but not being able to type but one-hundred and ten words a minute, I am forced to overcut my first two classes in order to finish it.

I hand it in, and, at one glance, with the help of a super accurate ruler, the Prof. deduces that I have overrun my margin by 1/1600 of an inch. Being a quick thinker, I blamed it on the typewriter, so—he very kindly accepted it and informed me the highest possible grade I could make was a "D," due to this error.

Glad that this was over and wishing that school was over as well, I searched for a way to get out of Chemistry Lab.

Having thought of an intricate way to get out of this Lab, I rushed over, picked up some impure Yellow Phosphorus, laid it on some wire gauze, stuck a Bunson burner beneath it. The results were even better than I expected. I almost lost two fingers, burnt up a fourteen dollar pair of pants, and almost set the Lab on fire. You ask did it work? You can bet your bottom dollar it did. I got out of a two-hour Lab on Wednesday to have my hand bandaged, and had to come back for three hours on Saturday.

But don't let anyone tell you that a liberal education, and college life is not the best life in the world.

I would like to take these last few lines to apologize to anyone who feels hurt by the foregoing remarks. And to prove I am sincere, I asked one of the most intelligent Profs. on the campus his opinion of this artcle.

He read it . . . glanced up . . . looked at me rather sternly . . . and made only one comment. . . .

The more I see of guys like you, the more I believe in birth control.

Man and Immortality

by George Maughan

WHEN man begins to consider man, the possibilities are unlimited. It is our intention in this interpretation of man to briefly explore the origin of man and in somewhat more detail the immortality of man. No one person or word can answer the question: What is man? Analyzed chemically, the average adult is composed of ten gallons of water, twenty-four pounds of carbon, seven pounds of lime, one and four-fifths of phosphorous, a half teaspoon of sugar, with nine times as much salt, some oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, iron enough for one large nail, and a few other chemicals which at most would command two or three dollars on the open market.

As to the origin of man, the Christian answer has always been very simple: God created man. Science tends to alter this view in two ways. On the one side, it gives the human race an antiquity far greater than that attributed to it in the older chronology. On the other, it substitutes for the doctrine of a creation an evolutionary theory which regards the transition between man and the lower races as having been made gradually, through the slow development, out of materials already existing in whole or in part, of the capacities and endowments which we now recognize as distinctly human.

The difference of opinion, as relates to the origin of man, also prevails when the constitution of man is considered. On the one side, we have the naturalistic answers. They vary, but all agree that man can be explained in terms of the physical. "Man is a mere sum of habits resulting from mechanical response to physical stimuli," says James P. Watson, the behaviorist.

On the other side stand those who believe that man belongs to two worlds, the physical and the spiritual, the seen and the unseen. For theology, as for science and common sense, the natural division of man is still that into body and spirit. Thus begins man's endless search for a city, unseen and yet with sure foundations, whose builder and maker is God. We might sum up this view by saying: Man is a son of God in the making, whose real nature is to be found, not in what he is, but in what he is to be.

The Christian view of man culminates in the doctrine of immortality. If a man die, shall he live again? That is the question that has haunted men for ages. We do not give it much thought in our youth but it is when the years pass, that we see time as the all-destroyer and we become concerned about the hereafter.

There are three distinct forms of belief in a future life: First is the expectation of continued existence in an under world without normal distinctions. This belief in man's continued existence after death is one of the most ancient and widespread of human convictions. Among primitive peoples it takes the form of belief in the continued existence of the individual in an unsubstantial and shadowy form, as a ghost or shade. Second there is the belief in a judgment after death, with its accompanying rewards and punishments; and finally there is the philosophical conception of strict immortality, i.e. the inherent indestructibility of the soul, or, at least of its higher portion. According to Plato, the soul belongs to the ideal world to which alone reality in the strict sense belongs. As divine, it includes within itself the principle of life, and is therefore indestructible. Like the atom of modern science, it is one of the ultimate forms of being, neither derived from anything else, nor capable of resolution into it. Hence, on the one hand, its pre-existence, on the other, its immortality.

The non-Christian believes in immortality, like the Indian who aspires to the happy hunting ground; whereas, a belief in the eternal life expresses the Christian faith. This eternal life is the theme of the Gospel according to John: "He that believeth hath eternal life . . . . " Thus man of all the animals has singled himself out as the one creature who alone is worthy of survival.

Since we know that one of man's greatest desires is immortality, we must now ask ourselves: Is the belief in immortality selfish? Harris Franklin Rall's answer is a categorical "no." He feels that men do not usually become interested in the future life through concern for themselves, but only when death takes those whom they love dearly or greatly admire. However, man, selfish animal that he be, is also concerned for himself. In a recent poll, the vast majority of those polled believed that they were destined for salvation and would enter into the kingdom in their life in the world to come.

If so many believed in their ultimate salvation, how can our country and the world be in such a sad state of affairs especially in the realm of human relations? Jesus said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Thus man, for a Christian salvation, is called upon to obey and trust God by loving his brethren. We know from our present conditions that the ideal of the Christian brotherhood

(Continued on page 25)

Miler's Nightmare

by Ed Berckman

IT WAS an early Saturday afternoon and the sun on my shoulders made it feel warm for April. I walked slowly along the walk up to the Fieldhouse. When I went into the dressing room the air seemed cool and moist. My skin began to feel the same way.

There were two other fellows getting into uniform. As I walked in, Earle said, "Hi."

"Hello, Earle," I said, "how do you feel?"

"I feel awful. My ankle's still swollen. And Clemson is supposed to have a guy that can do the four-forty in 51.3. . . . How's your heel?"

"It's still as sore as ever; my legs feel tight too. I'm just not in condition."

"None of us are." Earle picked up his shoes and went out.

I thought: I guess nobody ever feels good before a meet. I finished dressing and walked into the trainer's room bare footed. He was taping somebody's ankle and chattering all the time. I sat down and listened to him. It was a relief to hear someone that was not nervous talk.

When he came to me, he said, "Hello, Heels." I said hello and got up on the table. First, he shaved my ankle. The pressure of his left hand holding my foot steady hurt and left white marks on my already pale skin. He got out the sponge to tape onto my heel.

"Are you cold?"

"No, I feel O.K."

"Well, your feet sure are cold."

"Yeah, cold feet, I guess." I tried to laugh. He got out a roll of tape and did not reply. As the tape was pulled tight around my foot, my toes felt cooler and numb, as if they had been in ice water. The tightness of the tape was a vise on my foot.

"Too tight?" asked the trainer.

"I guess not."

"If it is, I can ——"

"No, it's O.K. I want that sponge to stay in place."

"All right. Anything else?"

"The backs of my legs feel tight. Could you ——"

He was already reaching for a bottle. I turned over and lay on my stomach. The odor of wintergreen was strong, even before he began rubbing it on. His fingers worked the muscles. I could feel the warmth of the wintergreen penetrating the skin and the muscles loosening in my leg. I wanted just to lie there, but the massage was over quickly.

I walked out in the sun, sat down on a bench, and put on my track shoes. I had to struggle with the right shoe to get it on over the sponge.

The warm-up card called for jogging first. I enjoyed getting my muscles into action, and I ran with short, springing steps at first. But the crunching sound of my spikes digging into the cinders brought back that feeling inside me that had been growing all day. It was partly in my stomach, partly in my intestines. If I had felt that way at any other time, I would have called it diarrhea. But I knew that it was not diarrhea but a sensation known as "the butterflies," experienced by almost all track athletes before a meet.

As I ran and then exercised, I began to feel sweat forming on my body—not enough to stream down in little rivulets, but just drops that clung to my skin and made my sweat suit feel sticky. When I had finished warming up, I lay down under a blanket, trying to hold in the warmth I had worked up. My mouth felt dry as I lay there under the sun. Now my whole body was perspiring except my right foot, which continued to feel cool and slightly numb.

As the meet began, I watched the events that preceded the mile. I tried to get interested in them, but I could not quite pull my thoughts away from the fact that I was going to be running in a few minutes. How many minutes? Fifteen, somebody said. I got up and walked toward the track. It was really too early for my final warm-up, but I could not get rid of the fear of not being ready in time.

As I practiced some starts and did some twenty-yard sprints, my mind began to grow blank. Now it was only five minutes until the race started. Some teammates spoke words of encouragement and wished me luck while I pulled off my sweat suit. I nodded and mumbled something in acknowledgment.

Drawing lanes was the last diversion. Now the starter was explaining the rules. My mouth felt dry as if it had had cotton in it. My stomach seemed to be full of something. My legs felt weak. Well, feeling weak was a good sign—they said. That was my last thought. As I went down to the crouch, my mind was completely blank.

"Get set!" . . . Bang! The worst part of the race was over.

Restore Individual Freedom

by Almon L. Way, Jr.

THE political, economic, and social forces that have enabled the United States to attain its present position as the greatest and most powerful nation on this earth are numerous and varied. In essence, however, all the many and varied factors contributing to the growth of our Republic to its current pre-eminent world position are tied in with and related to freedom of the individual. Without individual freedom, the American people would not have been able to achieve the high standard of education and literacy that exists within our Nation today, nor would there have been the inventive genius and creative spirit necessary for the invention, development, and promotion of new and better ideas, methods, industries, and services.

It has been freedom of private enterprise and individual initiative that has been responsible for the tremendous economic and industrial growth of America. It is a fact that freedom has been the underlying cause of all greatness attained. Were it not for individual freedom, the American people could not have achieved the high standard of living that we today enjoy. Without individual freedom, it is improbable that our living standard would have been any higher than that of Russia or China. Thus freedom is the vital force that has fused all the wonderful material and spiritual aspects of the American culture into a greatness and power superior to that of any other land. Many other countries possess all the material advantages and natural resources that we Americans have, and sometimes even more. However, these nations lack the essential and all-important element to fuse this material into national greatness and power; namely, individual freedom.

Freedom to develop one's own personality and thoughts has been the factor making possible the inventive genius and creative spirit which have provided the great masses of the American people with the many services and material goods that in other countries are regarded as excessive luxuries attainable only by the wealthy few. On a per capita basis, we Americans have and enjoy more of everything than the people of any other nation have ever known. The American system of competitive enterprise based upon individual freedom has undoubtedly brought more blessings to the common people than any economic and social system man has yet devised.

The stimulus behind the inventive genius and creative spirit responsible for the tremendous cultural and industrial growth of America has been the incentive of the individual to exploit and profit from his own abilities and ideas. Capital has also served as the spur to the inventive genius and creative spirit behind our economic and industrial progress. It has provided those individuals with ambition the necessary means to develop, cultivate, and improve upon their ideas during the early stages of vacillation, indecision, and uncertainty. Adequate financial resources are essential to the development of ideas for new inventions and new enterprises. A considerable amount of courage and tenacity is necessary in order to risk the money to develop and nourish new ideas. In return for the risk involved, the individual must have a fair chance to make a reasonable profit from his inventions and enterprises.

This opportunity to profit from one's own efforts and ideas has always been an essential part of the American economic and social system. If the United States is to retain its greatness and power, this opportunity for reasonable profit must continue to exist as an integral part of our economic life. However, in recent years the incentive to develop new ideas and to profit from them has been decreased to a considerable degree by our steady and rapid transformation from a capitalistic economy to a socialist one. We are abandoning the principles and practices of democratic capitalism and free enterprise and are adopting practices that will inevitably lead to the thralldom of socialized control and absolute collectivism. When we allow our legislators to turn over to the President of the United States extraordinary political and economic powers as they have done for the past seventeen years, we are permitting ourselves to be drawn into the whirlpool of absolutism. When we sit back and allow Congress to enact legislation providing for the planned economy, or to care for the physical wants of the people, we are permitting ourselves to be enslaved by the despotic controls of socialism.

The incentive to develop new ideas and the opportunity to profit from them are being greatly diminished by the severe restrictions and limitations, the entangling red tape, and the hampering taxation to which business, trades and professions have been subjected by the socialistic and dictatorial practices of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. Individual initiative and free enterprise in the United States are being stifled by the so-called "social legislation" enacted by radicals in Congress and the notorious endeavor on the part of bureaucrats and subversionists at high levels in the federal government to make over America into a collectivist dictatorship and to create an American version of the Fa-

bian Socialist government and economic system in Great Britain. Individual freedom is being suppressed and extinguished by the attempt of the power-drunk Washington bureaucrats and political gangsters to bring the "welfare state" to our Nation.

Recently, we have read and listened to a great deal of propaganda about the so-called "social welfare state." Yellow journalists, professional propagandists, crackpot rabble-rousers, and other paid hirelings of the swollen and oppressive bureaucracy in Washington, extoll the idea of a "welfare state" without bothering to present an accurate definition of Truman's ideological brainstorm. I believe that only one thing need be said in giving an adequate definition and description of the "welfare state," and that is the fact that this often popular and supposedly virtuous proposal has been sponsored by every despot from ancient times to the present. I seriously doubt that anyone would be able to find an instance in the history of civilization where the most ruthless tyrant did not claim that he was working for the benefit of and in the interest of the people, that his actions and projects were in accord with the general welfare. Of course, it was entirely up to him to determine and decide exactly what was best for the general welfare.

The radicals who control our federal government are trying to sell the American people on the idea of believing that security and success can be attained only by means of the government providing everyone with a living, not through the efforts and work of each and every individual citizen. These bureaucrats and unscrupulous politicians are seeking to substitute deficit spending and doles for individual initiative. Truman and his cohorts are constantly applying pressure upon Congress to enact legislation appropriating the taxpayers' money for the purpose of financing absurd and costly programs for extensive governmental "services." Among them are such wasteful and communistic programs as socialized medicine, nationalized education, "public" housing, excessive subsidies, guaranteed prices, guaranteed wages, price controls, parities, and unemployment compensations. The immediate effects of such programs of deficit spending and extension of federal controls are pleasant, especially to the dregs of society, but, in the long run, the results are disastrous to the entire Nation.

This is an extremely dangerous situation. When the government assumes the responsibility of feeding, clothing, and caring for the people, and provides money for services which individual citizens can as well or better perform for themselves and for which, in the end, they themselves must pay, we have totalitarian socialism. With any given amount of government aid, there must invariably be a corresponding amount of government control. It is about time the American people realized that "government aid" or "federal aid" usually aids the crooked and radical politicians in their endeavor to extend and consolidate their power and to fasten absolute control over the political, economic, social, and personal lives of American citizens. When such political opportunists as the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and his successor, Harry S. Truman, attempt to persuade us to hand over to them greater and greater portions of our incomes, to allow them to act as guardians of our business, social, and personal affairs, and to permit them to establish the "social welfare state," they are in reality devising additional methods for securing absolute power and for bringing about the eventual elimination and destruction of the Constitutional liberties and democratic rights of the great majority of the American people.

The practices and functions of the "welfare state" and all other collectivist systems are based upon the subjective appraisals of the authorities as to what is right and wrong in society. When our governmental officials begin to have their subjec-

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SEARCHING

Beyond the void of impenetrable space,
Where lurks in some unfathomed place—
Answer to man's soul and being,
Pattern of purpose finite and fleeing,
While sands of time and loosely flowing—
Let me deeply dream and waken knowing
Some small portion of thy boundless plan
Raise for a moment this ageless ban.
Instill me with the celestial fire,
That other hearts I may inspire.
An opiate dizziness clouds my brain;
I float in realm where souls remain.
Below, a twirling, shrouded mist—
Turmoiled earth in its orbit twist.
Meteors and comets streak and burst;
Lost myriad minds, torment cursed.
I catapult by them with sickened lurching,
Into the abyss of nothing—searching.

WILLIAM K. SUGGS

tive appraisals as to what is good and bad in our economic and business life enacted as the law of the land, instead of allowing the judgments of all our people freely expressed in a free market place serve as the standard, we are definitely on the road to totalitarianism, for they are merely substituting the will of those in authority for the wishes and desires of the people. Democratic laws are made by thinking and informed statesmen who make use of the objective standards of right and wrong that are derived from the freely expressed wishes and desires of all the people, not by those who use as their basis the prejudices and opinions of a few bureaucrats and political opportunists. When laws and governmental procedures have as their basis the wishes and desires of politicians who possess the power and authority to enforce their will, there is no longer any objective standard of right and wrong that would apply to both those who govern and those who are governed. There is no right except that which is in accord with the wishes and desires of the government officials. The government of the land becomes one of unlimited powers; there ceases to be any restriction of the authority of the State over the people. Mere physical force becomes the foundation of law and order.

Such is the way of tyranny and despotism. This type of absolutism can come to America if the majority of the people are duped into permitting irresponsible politicians and bureaucrats to replace the standard based upon the wishes and desires of all the people with one based upon the subjective appraisals of the governmental officials. Any socialist system inevitably evolves into this form of totalitarianism, for such extensive governmental functions and controls as those advocated and sanctioned by socialists require an unlimited amount of discretion in the hands of those who run the socialist government and economy.

Should the socialist system be established in America, whether by revolutionary or evolutionary means, it would be a definite usurpation of the Constitution of the United States. Our Constitution provides the correct procedures for assuring liberty and justice for all our people. To establish any system which requires unlimited discretion in the hands of the authorities, would substitute tyranny for freedom and justice and would be a flagrant violation of the principles and provisions of the U. S. Constitution. The framers of our Constitution never intended for any branch or department of our government to possess unlimited or arbitrary powers. The chief purpose and function of our Constitution is to secure the blessings of

liberty to ourselves and our posterity; the Constitution was not designed to restrict or abridge our rights and liberties. However, every thinking and informed citizen realizes and is concerned over the fact that with the advent of the New - Deal and Fair - Deal bureaucracy, there has been a dangerous trend in the direction of placing an increasing amount of discretion in the hands of our governmental officials. In traveling the road to socialism, we are allowing the bureaucrats and politicians in Washngton to get closer and closer to the position where they can establish as our basic law the Latin sentence: "Hoc volo; sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas" ("This I will; thus I order; let my will be in place of reason"). The unscrupulous politicians and bureaucratic sluggards responsible for this unfortunate situation have pulled the wool over the eyes of the American people by labeling our vehicles of transportation with such seductive and nebulous terms as "Liberalism," "Progressive Liberalism," "Social Democracy," "Pure Democracy," "Democratic Planning," "Social Reform," the "New Deal," the "Fair Deal," the "Planned Economy," and the "Welfare State."

Socialism, Communism, and all other forms of collectivism are political and economic systems that are necessarily based upon arbitrary and discretionary powers in the hands of the authorities. When a government takes over the responsibility of feeding, clothing, and caring for the people, it must adopt as the basis of its functions arbitrary will and power. When the government assumes the authority of managing and operating the business and social life of the people, it must abandon the objective standards derived from the freely expressed wants and desires of the people in a free and competitive economy for the subjective standards derived from what the government officials think is best for the people's welfare, that is from the will or caprice of the bureaucrats and irresponsible politicians who advocate and run such a tyrannical system. Those irresponsible individuals and groups who are clamoring for and will operate the planned economy, intend to deny the people the right to act on their own initiative and in accord with their individual plans made under a free and competitive enterprise system. Under the "welfare state," the dictatorial economic planners formulate their own plan and make it the exclusive and pre-eminent plan for the entire Nation. If the standards of what is "good" and "bad" for society are to be determined exclusively by those in power, then those standards of "good" and "bad" will consist solely of those principles and prac-

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Books...

PERELANDRA, by C. S. Lewis.

C. S. Lewis achieved his early fame in this country with The Screwtape Letters, the correspondence of Screwtape, a prominent figure in Hell, to Wormwood, a fledgling devil whose assignment is to recapture "the patient," a Britisher recently converted to Christianity, from "the Enemy," God. The book is a masterpiece of satire, and challenges readers to inspect their own religious concepts.

In 1942 Lewis published his first novel, in the H. G. Wells vein, Out of the Silent Planet. The hero, a Cambridge philologist named Ransome, is shanghaied on a space ship to Mars, or Malacandra, as it is called by its citizens. Although this book contains many passages of the satire so deftly produced by Lewis, his powerful imagination is the most illustrious feature of the novel. Not only the geography, vegetation, and animals, but also the social systems of this planet are different from the earth.

In Perelandra, Dr. Ransome is transported to Venus, this time voluntarily, and through the powers of the "eldila," strange formless creatures which inhabit space, or "deeper Heaven." Soon after his arrival on Venus Ransome encounters his old enemy Weston, a power-mad scientist who arranged his unwanted trip to Mars and who almost marred the peaceful state of that planet. Lewis' description of Ransome's surroundings on Venus and the impenetrability of the night demonstrate his almost boundless imagination.

Ransome now encounters one of the two human inhabitants of the planet, a woman who he realizes is destined to become the mother of all future inhabitants of Venus. It soon becomes evident that Weston is no longer a being of free will, but merely a vehicle for the devil, come to effect the fall of man from the Eden-like Venus just as the reptile served for the precipitation on earth. Ransome and Weston being the only creatures on the planet who are aware of the temptation, the philologist is the only source by which the posterity of Venus may be saved from the fate which befell the descendants of Adam and Eve.

There follows a period when Ransome attempts to out-argue the devil invested in Weston's body, but his enemy's powers seem to be gaining the upper hand. At last Ransome sees that mortal combat is the only solution. The resultant battle takes place on the various terrains of Perelandra, with Ransome finally casting Weston's body into the subterranean fire of the planet. At the investiture ceremony, where the first man and the first woman of Venus are given to know more fully their responsibility, and express their gratitude to Ransome, all the spirits of "deeper heaven" assemble for the "Great Dance," where they chant praises to God. Lewis' narrative here takes on the character of Blake's poetry, and the mystical eloquence which follows is unknown in either The Screwtape Letters or Out of the Silent Planet.

At a time when novelists have written about religion from the standpoint of history (The Robe, The Big Fisherman, Mary) or of the clergy (The Bishop's Mantle, No Trumpet Before Him, One Foot in Heaven), Lewis has selected a refreshing approach, the standpoint of the contemporary layman. Of course, the problems which confronted Ransome took place in a fantastic land, but the inquiring mind is faced with these problems of religion and philosophy today. In a day when much of the religious thought is concerned with the relation of man to man, his discussions on the relation of man to God are greatly needed.

Perhaps some of Lewis' charm results from his having wandered from the fold at the age of fourteen and returning to Christianity in his thirties—"an almost purely philosophical conversion." Sometimes one who has built his structure of religious ideas is more acutely aware of its inadequacies and fallacies than another who has inherited most of his ideas or has had them drummed in at an early age.

Lewis' reason for writing is also unique—not for financial gain, personal glorification, or the defense of a great cause, but because "People don't write the books I want, so I have to do it for myself: no rot about self-expression."

A brief comparison of Lewis' two interplanetary novels: Out of the Silent Planet is an interesting tale with powerful satire and marvelous description. Perelandra is not only a good story, but also an account of a man's spiritual growth, plus some deft interjections of sound philosophy.

—Bob Hall

FEAR

Muscles bulged under his soldier's garb
As he trod the red-flecked lane.
A tiger crouch, supple and silent with guile
Shifted to quivering fear as he booted the barb
Springing for life on the packed plain,
He trembled and whimpered as the missile
Blossomed gold and shed petals of steel rain.

CARL MAY

Three Figures of the Exile

by Pedro Sanjuan

HATRED for Edom was traditional among the Hebrew people. Ever since the exodus from Egypt, there had been antagonism between the usurping Israelites and the Edomites, both of whom were to become next door neighbors. The king of Edom refused passage to the nomad horde that Moses was leading (who can blame that wise king) and the chosen people had to make a humiliating detour to enter the land of Canaan. After that, little love was wasted between Esau and Jacob.

The ill feeling between Edom and Israel is easy to understand. The Hebrews were originally nomads; they were a restless people in search of better grazing lands, and although there is not much reason to doubt the historical veracity of the traditional explanation of the exodus from Egypt (namely: the oppressive rule of the Pharoahs), still the land of Canaan was Paradise from the nomad's point of view and the Hebrews went looking for more than freedom there. Edom's economy was partly that of a farmer-nation, and it caused the Edomites no end of annoyance to have an unsettled and land-hungry horde so near to their own territory. Edom's fears were justified, of course, as was proved later by the frequent infiltrations of Hebrew herdsmen into Edomite territory.

The economic factor is more obvious in regard to trade with the Orient through the Gulf of Aquabah. Commercial rivalry between the brother nations became very great during the tenth century B.C., for Edom controlled the port of Elath, which was the valve, so to speak, through which the wealth of the Orient passed into Palestine. This geographical advantage made Edom fall prey to Israel during the reign of Saul, and not until 734 B.C., when Judah was busy elsewhere, did the Edomites re-establish their independence. From this time until Jerusalem fell to the Babylonians, the mercenary state to the south was a source of constant distress to the Judeans, first, as a matter of national pride. Then, toward the turn of the eighth century, Edom began intriguing with both Egypt and Babylon against Judah.

This is, then, the historical background that conditioned the events in the first and second decades of the fifth century B.C. But before entering into a discussion of Obadiah's condemnations of Edom, it might be good to clarify this point: that to condemn Edom now as an evil nation is foolish. Nations are not persons but groups of persons, and one should carefully consider the effect of Edom's long years under Judean control in order to get a good picture of this situation and to grasp the historical significance of the events in 597 B.C. and in 588 B.C.

Although not completely, yet in great part due to its geographical situation, Edom was a land of shrewd and superficial men whose pragmatic view of life largely excluded any significant religious values. Edom was self-centered and isolationist as well as prosperous. Judah was poorer, larger, and younger.

There is nothing in the book of the unknown prophet Obadiah (a book that was probably composed after the fall of Jerusalem) besides a sustained hymn of hatred which appears to be the sublimation of all the antipathy that Judah ever felt toward her neighbors.

The fall of Judah occurred in 597 B.C. King Jehoakim, who had shifted his allegiance to Babylon after the battle of Carchemish, revolted against Nebuchadnezzar and his son Jehoakin had to surrender the city to the Lion of Chaldea. The Edomites took advantage of this occasion to harass the territory of Judah while she lay prostrate under the boot of the Babylonians. The pro-Egyptian party in Judah, at the accession of Psammetichus II in Egypt (593 B.C.) started a new revolutionary movement directed against Babylon; and Edom, now a vassal state of Babylon, also showed signs of unrest. The movement in Judah, however, was nipped in the bud, perhaps largely due to Jeremiah's influence on Zedekiah; but in 588 B.C. revolt broke out anew in Judah and some of the other neighboring states, only this time Edom remained loyal to Babylon. Ammon on the other hand joined Judah. Nebuchadnezzar soon invested Jerusalem and conquered Ammon. Upon which the Edomites again took advantage of an opportunity to take part in the desolation of Judah with the approval of their masters, the Babylonians.

Indeed, the fratricidal crime that Esau perpetrated upon his brother Jacob was very contemptible; and it was a vile act in the eyes of the Judeans, for in their hour of greatest distress they seem to have cried out not against their principal oppressors, the Babylonians, but only against Edom. All revolutions are a gamble and the people who take part in them know that they run the risk of paying hard if they do not succeed. The Judeans knew this when they arose against their oppressors, and they must have accepted their punishment as part of that gamble. But what they could

not stomach was the conduct of Edom who preyed upon the mangled carcass of Judah like a vulture. All their wrath and all their previous hatred for the ruthless Chaldeans they poured upon Edom now, remembering how once they had humbled that nation.

The one admirable quality of the book of Obadiah is its spontaneity. One feels that this surely must have been how the Judeans felt in that tragic year of 586 and shortly thereafter. But, was Obadiah concerned about the iniquity of having a godless people overcome those who possessed the law of God? Was he proclaiming that the ideals of Judah would not perish and that the exiles would return? He did not mention anything of the sort. His was an oath, a condemnation, a curse, a fit of anger that could not be suppressed. It was a cry of impotence and rage, and what it promised (if we must find something prophetic even in Obadiah) was that a day of reckoning would come when they would return to gut and pillage throughout the land of Edom and to disembowel its inhabitants. This in the name of God, of course. The Edomites had profaned the land of Judah. Was it not justifiable that in the name of that which was most holy to the Judeans, their God Yahweh, they should swear to seek revenge.

Probably referring to the small faithful group that had gathered around Gedaliah after the fall of Jerusalem, the prophet Jeremiah conceived his only theological doctrine. This new doctrine, which Jeremiah put forth after he had witnessed the ephemeral effect that the written law had had upon the people of Judah, contained in it the essence of what was later to become one of the most meaningful symbols of man's relationship to God.

The written code of law had not made communion with the Creator any easier, for the code was man-made (though perhaps God-inspired) and, therefore, was artificial in the sense that its ethical values could not be felt by the Jews since spiritually there was something lacking within each one of them.

Jesus Christ revealed the true meaning of faith when He symbolized His New Covenant in His own blood, a symbol of that inner knowledge of God which originates in the soul or the "heart." This, of course, has absolutely nothing to do with the doctrines of transsubstantiation and consubstantiation. The New Covenant of Jeremiah was, in effect, the same general idea that Christ later stated. It is not surprising that a man as Christ-like as Jeremiah should have preceded Christ in bringing this new note into the world.

Jeremiah's message seems to upset the relation between man and God that is prescribed by the Deuteronomic code. Jeremiah had adhered to this code when it was first put into effect but later he rebelled against it once he had seen its results. Before Jeremiah, religion was deductive in character (God being the universal and the nation the individual) but Jeremiah approached it inductively (man was the individual and God the universal). Not only did Jeremiah change the nation which had been the lowest human unity under the Old Covenant to a smaller unit, the separate human being, but he actually set loose a concept that was to start a chain reaction, ultimately becoming the primordial element of faith in Christianity. Jeremiah, of course, envisaged a man as the direct object of Divine Grace, but he saw that man should be driven by a spiritual thrust that could not be acquired, but was inherent in the person—that did not depend upon others, but was inborn in each Jew. Moved by this innate thrust man could search for God. The seed of faith was to be found by introspection; this was Jeremiah's own experience.

The old concept was deductive because its reasoning followed these lines: since Yahweh is the God of Israel, Israel is to be exalted above all the nations of the earth. Whereas basically Jeremiah's New Covenant brought forth this new concept: by searching for that proof within himself that affirms God beyond doubt, man can find God in his own heart and thus be exalted

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SONNET

Yet for an hour did I so wish the deed undone,
For beauty lies ringing far beyond the grave;
All simple lies her faith to count a wanderer's won,
When I was King and you my blessed slave.
Cries me to rest? Lest I should put to turn,
Time's lost age struck by my strength of heart;
Where are the passions you sought to earn?
And joys you bled to keep in this one part.
Songs could be sweeter if you, on hard unfaith,
Would flower like the rose-leaf of an hour;
Or dare to leave behind you without trace,
The timeless, stricken stain of the flower.
Oh! weep for all the beauty of the day,
That stood so silent yet to pass away.

CHARLES WEAVER

in the knowledge of God. Faith, then, which is considered to be a type of certainty that admits no doubt, really exists because there is doubt. Two apparently antagonistic ideas like these are really complementary and inseparable since the absence of one would mean the absence of the other.

It is hard indeed to disentangle oneself from the mesh of sublime imagery with which Ezekiel can captivate those who for some inexplicable reason delight in the fantastic and mysterious; it is hard to come down to earth and evaluate the religious significance of the saner portions of his book.

No doubt Ezekiel is brutal and savage, especially in some of his descriptions. His desire to escape all blame for the perdition of those who do not listen to him is not a selfish or a cowardly attitude, however. Yahweh has not matured into a God of Love yet (in spite of Hosea) and since He deals out death, pestilence, destruction, etc., without betraying His emotions, His prophets need not go out of their way to show very much pity. Yahweh still acts somewhat like a "deus ex machina," letting things go from bad to worse and in the end pouring forth His accumulated wrath. In Ezekiel's mind God is not a national deity, but He is still only the God of Israel. And yet it is under these conditions that Ezekiel prescribes the role of the individual in religion.

To Ezekiel men's actions are all-important—to Jeremiah, their hearts. But Ezekiel does ring a new note which if not as all-embracing as Jeremiah's, yet it is nevertheless a corrollary to the older man's message. Ezekiel says that later generations are not to bear the burden of the sins of earlier generations. Let the Jews return to Jerusalem and start anew, provided that they do not repeat the mistakes that their fathers made. Clearly this idea stands in contrast with what Amos preached, for Amos saw the final doom of Samaria as the only way of punishing the harlotries of the nation.

From Ezekiel's axiom we may deduce that if the sins of the fathers will not stain the children, then neither will the sins of one man affect another just because both are members of the same tribe or nation.

But in evaluating Ezekiel as a prophet it must be said that he never reached the stature of Jeremiah.

Jidda

(From page 4)

has been for many years. It is made by grinding the fresh bean with pestle and mortar, pouring the grounds into a small container of boiling water, mixing in sugar, and allowing it to boil a bit more. It is then served in small cups about half the size of a demi-tasse cup. The silt settles to the bottom of the cup and fills it about one-third full, so you really have only about two good swallows per cup. But this can be (and is) refilled many times. The flavor is very strong and pungent and, on the whole, tastes very good.

Meanwhile your Arab friend is talking away, puffing complacently on a weird-looking instrument he calls a pipe. This shishta, or hubbly-bubbly, would put Rube Goldberg to shame with its many curliques and fancy gadgets, and the aroma it gives off would put the atmosphere of Jidda to shame.

Smoke is drawn through a container of water in the bottom of the pipe, the tobacco itself being mixed with charcoal embers in a small pan in the extreme top. The whole apparatus is something like four feet high and seldom weighs less than six or eight pounds. Imagine Joe College lugging one of these things around!

It was very interesting to discover that hashish is not smoked here as it is in India, but is eaten instead. A small bit is held tightly between the teeth and tea or coffee is sipped, dissolving the drug as it passes over it. This is very much the same technique some Britishers and Australians use with a lump of sugar and a cup of tea, so I've heard. There seems to be no definite hard and fast restriction on the use of the drug, or its importation, so if you use it you are not considered out-of-ordinary in any way.

I had the interesting experience recently of visiting one of these so-called hashish eaters. I had dinner with two friends, an Egyptian and a Frenchman, both of whom speak Arabic very fluently and are very familiar with the customs of the country. They claim to know Arab life at all levels, so I very jokingly suggested that we visit what I called an opium den. They took me quite seriously, much to my dismay, and after dinner insisted that we go to the house of Mikha. This character reputedly lives on hashish and good strong coffee, and after entering his place I don't find it hard to believe.

We entered a small square room void of furnishings except for a small table, two chairs, and a mat on the floor which I took to be a bed. The only light came from a flickering, shadowy lantern on the opposite wall. There was a very peculiar odor to the place, very different from the usual Jidda stench. The only exit to the room, besides the door through which we entered, was a small hallway opening off onto the right. We were led down this narrow passageway by Mikha, stooping to avoid bumping our heads, and seated ourselves in low

chairs along the wall. I kept expecting, as I was passing down the corridor, to emerge into a larger room, maybe brighter and more completely furnished, but this hallway was evidently a dead end. After being seated, Mikha reached automatically for his shishta much in the same manner the rest of us would reach for a cigarette. He started talking with my two friends but most of the conversation was very low and restricted merely to greetings and blessings. Mikha was evidently not in a hashish-eating mood at the moment but the whole place reeked of a very different odor which one of my friends later told me was a combination of hashish and strong coffee.

And to make the situation complete, we had background music. I don't know where it came from, but evidently some wealthier Arab in the neighborhood had a radio; what with the weird music, the peculiar odor, and the mysterious silence of practically everyone present, I felt rather ill-at-ease and out of place and was very relieved when we left.

The only recreation that the American and European colony in Jidda have been able to devise is fishing and swimming. The former is excellent, especially about three miles off the coast, but the swimming is confined to a few sandy stretches of beach which are filled with coral and other sharp objects. The Red Sea is renowned for its numerous sharks, and swimmers never dare go very far from the shore. This takes a little of the enjoyment out of the sport.

I had the interesting experience in the launch one afternoon recently of catching what must have been at least a fifteen-pound fish, only to find when I reeled it in that a shark had intervened and eaten it all except the head. I felt much better about the situation later when I reeled in a small barracuda.

About July or August every year pilgrims start to pour into Jidda for the annual haj to Mecca and Medina, the two holy cities. They come from all parts of the world, some starting as early as March and April. The actual pilgrimage season lasts no longer than a week or two, but the entrance and exit of pilgrims covers a period from March through November. They come in airplanes, small boats, large ships, and on foot, and increase the population of Jidda to something like 80,000 at the peak of the influx. Needless to say this is a tremendous economic boon for Jidda, let alone Mecca.

I was very disillusionad to discover that each pilgrim is required by the Saudi Government to pay a considerable sum as a fee for making the pilgrimage, and even more disillusioned when I found that Mecca has a great abundance of boarding places and hotels that serve as schools of instruction for the Moslems making the pilgrimage for the first time. It seems that the pilgrim is expected to receive certain religious instructions before he is even permitted to enter Mecca proper, much less kiss the Khaaba stone. Certainly Americans are not the only very commercial people in the world.

Fees and dues collected from pilgrims was, up until the recent oil boom, the only source of outside income Saudi Arabia had. For many years the Arab has lived an inward life uncluttered by such bothersome physical comforts as houses and automobiles, but with the tremendous Western influence due to the vast oil fields and suddenly acquired wealth, the Arab is bound to become very wealth-conscious sooner or later.

The financial medium of exchange here is the riyal, which is currently worth about 20 U.S. cents. It is a heavy silver coin about the size of a half-dollar, and is the largest monetary denomination the Arabs have.

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All in all, the life of an Arab is not an unattractive thing, because so far as I know this is the only country in this part of the world where a neurosis is practically an unknown thing. An American finds it very different from life in the States, mainly because of the sudden adjustment to the lackadaisical way of doing things. Either he adapts himself to Arab lethargy or goes raving mad trying to make the Arabs observe split-second working hours and American ideas of efficiency.

As for me, my naturally lazy attitude prepared me for such a life; I found no trouble at all in becoming apathetic and having an excuse for it.

I have been watching a crew of ten or twelve natives across the street from our balcony for a week now, engaged in moving a pile of fairly heavy rocks from one spot to another. During this whole week they have succeeded in: 1, getting half the rocks moved; 2, having had approximately 28 breaks for cups of coffee; 3, having had a total of 8 arguments with the so-called foreman as to the best method of moving rocks; and 4, convincing me that their attitude is the best one to take.

I've been intending to write something on Jidda for the Wofford Journal ever since I've been here, but have succeeded in producing only a few long yawns so far. Must be the heat. Oh, well, when in Rome . . .

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Deep Freeze

(From page 6)

this. I think one person is behind it all, probably a man—a man who considers himself a connoisseur of women."

"That's my theory," said the chief, taking deep drags on the cigar. "How do you think we ought to go about finding our man?"

"That's the $64 question, chief. I wish I knew. I can't get over how unconcerned Wheaton is. There's something about him that rubs me the wrong way."

"You're wasting your time trying to fit him into the case, O'Brien. That guy wouldn't hurt a flea. He enjoys living too much. He's got a house in the mountains he retreats to when business starts getting him down. He stays up there awhile and comes back refreshed. I wish we all made enough dough to be able to do that. Maybe we could crack some of these cases if we could relax like that Wheaton does."

"He didn't look overworked to me. Maybe I've got him figured wrong," said O'Brien, dropping the matter.

"Special Agent Simms called earlier this evening. Said the bureau was going to send more help. O'Brien!" yelled the chief smashing his cigar in an ashtray, "we've got to do something. This thing can't just go on and on."

"Take it easy, Chief. If we could get some kind of lead to get us started, we'd start getting somewhere, but when they disappear into thin air what have we got to work on? I'm going to look up the files on each of those other eleven women. Something must fit together."

He walked out of the chief's office and into a room filled with filing cabinets. O'Brien went over to one of the cabinets and pulled out the heavy metal drawer. He took out eleven paper portfolios and carried them back into the chief's office.

"Let's go over these together for a few minutes. Maybe we'll hit on something."

The chief leaned over his desk and watched the lieutenant glance over the first set of papers.

"A very beautiful woman," remarked O'Brien, holding a photograph for the chief to see.

"Yes, very stunning looking."

"Stunning! Wheaton said that and also something else that's kept me wondering."

"What?"

"He said it was a shame she had to die this way, and he accented the word this."

"Come on, O'Brien, your imagination is running away. Forget Wheaton. He's got nothing to do with it."

"Guess I'm tired, Chief," said O'Brien, as he rubbed his eyes.

"Why don't you go home and get some sleep? Not much we can do for the moment."

"Okay, Chief, I won't argue with you." O'Brien got up and returned the portfolios to the files.

"See you in the morning, Chief," called O'Brien as he went out the door.

"Good-night," answered the chief, lighting a fresh cigar.

O'Brien left headquarters and went to his apartment mulling the evening's events over and over in his mind.

"Wheaton has something to do with his wife's disappearance," he thought to himself. "No man would be that calm just after his wife had been driven off in an unknown car."

O'Brien looked at his watch. It was five till midnight. He walked over to the telephone and looked up Morris Wheaton's home in the directory. He dialed the number and waited. A minute passed. He listened to the ringing signal. Another minute passed. Just as he was about

to hang up the 'phone a voice answered, "Hello."

"Is Morris Wheaton there?" asked O'Brien.

"No, sir, he is not," was the reply.

"Who is this?" asked O'Brien.

"Williams, Mr. Wheaton's butler."

"Where is Mr. Wheaton, Williams?"

"He left just a short while ago, sir. Said he was going to his home in the mountains to get a good night's sleep."

"Okay, Williams, thanks."

"Whom shall I say called, sir?"

"No one, Williams, I'll see him in the morning," said O'Brien as he hung up the telephone.

He quickly dialed headquarters. "Hello, is the chief still there?"

The officer at headquarters told O'Brien that the chief had left just a minute or two earlier.

"Oke, I'll get him at home."

O'Brien waited awhile and dialed the 'phone a third time. He waited for the chief to answer.

"Hello, Chief," said O'Brien when the former answered.

"What is it, O'Brien? I told you to go to bed."

"Just playing a hunch, Chief. Where is Wheaton's mountain house?"

"Good Lord, O'Brien, what do you want to do, go up there?"

"Exactly," replied O'Brien. "His butler said he went up there for the night and I'd like to go pay an unexpected call on him."

"Don't be crazy, O'Brien. What good would it do for you to go tramping up there at this hour?"

"It might do plenty if my hunch is right," answered the lieutenant, "Tell me now, where does he live?"

"You can't argue with a cop," chuckled the chief. "Know where Robin Hood Forest is, near Mountain Rest?"

"Yes."

"Going south, it's the first drive to the right past Hilltop Church. Straight on out the drive is Wheaton's house. Kinda' set back on the side of a mountain."

"Thanks, Chief. If my hunch turns out you'll be glad you gave me those directions."

"I'd be glad if you'd just go to bed. I think you're crazy in going up to Wheaton's place."

"See you in the morning, Chief. Good-night," said O'Brien, hanging up the 'phone.

O'Brien went out and got into his car and headed for the mountain range that lay close to the city. When he reached Hilltop Church he parked his car, got out, and walked down the road until he came to the drive leading off the road. He started up the winding drive in the direction of the house.

As he approached the house he saw no sign of life. O'Brien walked around back of the house. On the second floor in a back room a light was on, but a drawn shade prevented O'Brien from seeing the interior of the room. He tip-toed up the back steps and tried the door. It was locked.

"Not much use in trying the front," thought O'Brien to himself, "but it won't hurt to try."

He walked around to the front and found the door just as he had suspected—locked.

O'Brien stroked the short bristly whiskers that protruded from his chin and thought to himself for a moment. He descended the front steps and walked slowly around to the back of the house, being careful not to make any loud noises.

About twenty yards from the house was the edge of the wood. O'Brien walked in that direction and stopped a few feet from a low-branched tree. He stooped over and picked up a few small rocks which he put into his pocket. Then he began climbing the tree, using the limbs as he would the rungs of a ladder. About fifteen feet from the ground he stopped, swung his right leg over a limb for support, and reached into his pocket. He pulled

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out a small rock and stretching back his arm he took careful aim. He hurled the stone in the direction of the window and grabbed a limb to steady himself. The rock made a cracking noise as it hit the edge of the window screen. O'Brien saw the shadow of a man quickly jump to the window. The lieutenant took another rock and threw it at the window, hoping his little plan would work. It did. Wheaton raised the window shade and looked out. Concealed behind the branches of the tree, O'Brien got a good view of the inside of the room. He almost lost his footing when he saw what was inside the room but he held on. Wheaton was still looking around for the cause of the noises. Seeing nothing, he pulled the shade down and his figure could be seen walking away from the window.

Up in the tree O'Brien was wondering what his next move would be. He realized now if Wheaton discovered him first that would be all. For all O'Brien knew Wheaton might be at another window, in a darkened room, just waiting for something or someone to show himself.

Cautiously the police lieutenant lowered himself from the tree, being sure to keep the tree between himself and the house. A man as deft as Wheaton would stop at nothing now. O'Brien reached the ground and squatted between some trees, formulating his plan of attack.

O'Brien glanced at a window on the ground floor of the house and saw Wheaton's face. O'Brien quickly got farther back in the trees and started for the other side of the house. This was his chance.

When he reached the other side he raked a pile of leaves together and struck a match to them. Quickly he ran back in the trees and around to the front of the house. There he knelt down in the soft dirt and waited.

The leaves were beginning to catch, and the crackling could be heard by O'Brien as he listened in silence. O'Brien could see the area on the side of the house lighting up from the fast-burning leaves. He remained where he was, waiting for Wheaton to make the next move.

Shortly a light turned on inside the house and Wheaton came running out the front door. He carried a bucket of water in his hand and he disappeared around the corner of the house. As he did this O'Brien sprang from his hiding place and ran to the front steps. He went up them as quietly and quickly as he could and on into the house. Wheaton came running up the steps just as O'Brien darted into a darkened room and waited. He could hear running water in the back of the house as Wheaton filled the bucket

again. Then Wheaton came running back through the hall and onto the porch. O'Brien slipped to a window and looked out in time to see Wheaton throw his second bucket of water on the fire, extinguishing it.

O'Brien left the window and hurried down the hall to the stairway. Looking up he saw light coming out of the partly closed room.

"That's the room Wheaton was in when I came here," O'Brien said to himself as he climbed the steps two at a time. He reached the door to the room and flung it open. There inside, just as he had witnessed it from the tree outside the house, stood blocks of ice. Each one about six feet high and three feet wide. Inside each block of ice was the frozen, nude body of a beautiful woman, standing erect.

"So this is where those women have been disappearing," said O'Brien to himself. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps hurriedly coming up the steps. He drew his .38 revolver and got behind the door.

Into the room charged Wheaton, an automatic in each hand. He slammed the door closed, not looking behind it, and ran across the room. He jumped behind a block of ice and then whirled around.

O'Brien could see him clearly through the ice. Wheaton, too, could see O'Brien standing unprotected by the closed door.

"My hunch turned out to be true, Wheaton," said O'Brien. "Put your guns down and surrender."

"Ha!" laughed Wheaton loudly. "You'll have a hard time taking me in. Looks like I have a slight advantage over you."

"I don't know about that," yelled O'Brien as he darted behind a soft-cushioned chair near him. "Why did you do it, Wheaton?"

"Since you'll never live to tell, I guess I can let you in on my 'hobby'."

"Hobby?"

"Yes, Lieutenant, I consider myself an authority on beautiful women. Before you, you see the twelve most beautiful women anywhere around this section. My dear wife has just been added to make number twelve."

"How did you get them into the ice?" questioned O'Brien, knowing that if he could stall long enough the ice would begin to melt.

"It was very simple," smiled Wheaton. Just like all criminals he was ready to talk and brag about his dastardly deeds. "I kidnapped them, brought them here. Then I gave them chloroform, took them into the adjoining room which is a refrigeration room and put them into a block of water. Then all I had to do was let the water freeze and they were made mine—permanently."

"Pretty clever, Wheaton," remarked O'Brien looking for signs of the ice beginning to melt. "May I ask why you keep them up here?"

"No one bothers me here. I can come up, sit and relax in that easy chair you're behind, and drink in

the beauty encased in the blocks of ice."

"I must say you have a funny idea of beauty."

"What man doesn't enjoy the beauty of a woman's body?" asked Wheaton. Then he added quickly, "But we must get on. I have to put my 'beauties' back on ice before they melt. Make the first move, Lieutenant."

"Sure," answered O'Brien, as he slid the chair before him as a cover toward the light switch.

"Don't cut out the lights," snapped Wheaton as he sent a bullet over O'Brien's head.

"Have it your own way," answered O'Brien, as he aimed for the light bulb in the ceiling. A shot rang out and the room went into darkness.

"I wish you had not done that," shouted Wheaton, pulling the trigger to one of his automatics three times.

O'Brien flinched as three slugs drove into the wall behind him. He crouched down, jerked the door open and waited. Five shots rang out in quick succession and whistled through the door. Then O'Brien ran out quickly, slamming the door behind him. Four more shots rang out as four slugs tore through the door.

Outside, O'Brien wondered what Wheaton's next move would be. Surely he wouldn't just stay inside the room while O'Brien slipped away. O'Brien slid down the banister about half way down the stairs. He got on the steps and clamored down the rest of the way.

Up in the room Wheaton, hearing all of this commotion, figured O'Brien was running down the steps to escape. He ran to the door and threw it open just as O'Brien reached the bottom and spun around. O'Brien raised his revolver and aimed at the form at the top of the stairs and fired one shot. Simultaneously, Wheaton fired the remainder of his shots wildly, gave a cry, and toppled forward. His limp body bumped each step as it rolled down the staircase and as his head hit the hall floor it gave a cold thud.

Man and Immortality

(From page 12)

does not prevail. How then can it be said, in the face of man's selfishness, envy, deceit, hatred, greed, cruelty, lust, and murder, that man's desire for immortality is not based upon selfish motives. Whether we believe man is motivated selfishly or altruistically in his desire for immortality, it is, in the final analysis, purely a matter of opinion. But regardless of how man is motivated, his desire for and belief in immortality must by necessity rest upon faith.

To clarify our thinking, it is necessary that we tread upon common ground in the meaning of faith. We all possess a varied group of beliefs. Some are common sense, others we get from school, reading, friends, etc. These beliefs gradually crystallize into what we call an individual's intellectual makeup. He becomes habituated to a certain outlook and orders the workings of life accordingly. Thus will a person look for that which might cause him to doubt his set of beliefs or for that which will perpetuate his present habits of thinking? Of course it is the latter. And the stronger becomes his habits of belief, the more inclined is he to regard them as correct and as preferable. These habits of belief are best termed faith.

In their work Philosophy: An Introduction, John Randall and Justus Buchler define three forms of faith. There is faith as tenacity, faith as the will to believe, and faith as expectation based on experience.

The first of these forms, faith as tenacity, is belief based in spite of evidence to the contrary. It is emotionally more comfortable to cling

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to the beliefs one already holds than to be troubled by doubts, or to be faced with the need of revising one's habits of thought in the light of new evidence that they are unsound.

The second of these forms is faith as the will to believe. When we have an opinion there are three possibilities which we seem to consider; if there is evidence favoring the opinion, we ought to believe it; if the evidence is contrary to it, we ought to disbelieve; and if there is no evidence pro or con, we ought to remain in doubt. However, we rarely adhere to this consistently. We have already seen that faith as tenacity is contrary to the second of these alternatives. There is a second sense in which we speak of faith, which is contrary to the last alternative. Faith may be belief, not in spite of evidence, but in the absence of evidence. Men dislike a state of doubt. They prefer to believe something and to rest content with that belief. Thus when we believe in this manner it will very likely fit in with our religious and ethical needs and desires. This faith is the foundation of religion, and is upheld by theologians and philosophers who have maintained that some things cannot be supported by rational grounds. There is no scientific evidence for or against the existence of God or of human immortality, but we are justified in believing that there is a God and that man is immortal, for these beliefs are the deepest cravings of man.

The third form, faith as expectation based on experience, is quite different from the other two. We speak of faith in democracy, faith in medicine. Here faith means belief, not for lack of evidence, but on the account of evidence. It implies that what has been true in the past will continue to be favored by evidence in the future.

With these forms, we find that man has amply supplied himself with a faith to fit his particular need. Thus man in his craving for immortality has historically, philosophically, and theologically supplied himself with beliefs and faith in his immortality.

Restore Freedom

(From page 16)

tices which the authorities desire to see enforced. This becomes the only effective basis of right and wrong. The planners who run the socialist state, seek to regiment and eliminate their opponents rather than to use the democratic method of persuasion. Under such a system, there is no place for political liberty, free enterprise, social justice, or individual freedom; the fundamental freedoms and God-given rights of the people are destroyed.

When freedom and justice are emasculated, or are completely eliminated, nations become systems of organized robbery; they become what St. Augustine called them—"great bands of robbers." Walter E. Spahr, Professor of Economics at New York University and Executive Vice-president of the Economists National Committee on Monetary Policy, said in a speech recently delivered before a meeting of the Economic Club of Detroit: "When an individual robs his fellowman, we imprison him. When a government robs the people of a nation on a sufficiently large scale, we call it Socialism or the 'Welfare State.'" Socialism is the endeavor on the part of a few bureaucrats and political gangsters to seize absolute control of the Nation and to rob the people of their wealth and freedom. The economic planners and others who assume the leadership in advocating and working for the creation of a social order based upon a business and economic life managed and controlled by the government, are potential dictators and robber-barons. The would-be dictators and robber-barons who advocate the "welfare state" are seeking welfare for themselves—power to tell everyone how they must run their business and personal affairs and power to levy burdensome taxes that drain off the capital needed by private enterprise to develop new ideas, inventions, and industries, while the tyrants themselves are free to gratify their own wishes and desires in any manner they see fit. These self-seeking bureaucrats and politicians desire welfare for themselves, but that of the majority of the people to be decided according to the will and caprice of the economic planners and dictators.

The nature of the doctrine of socialism, or near-socialism, is such that its apostles lack adequate mental contexts, that is they possess extremely rigid mind concepts and lack that flexibility of personality necessary for individual initiative, inventive genius, and creative spirit, which have been responsible for most of the world's progress. The advocates of the planned economy are required to think in strict accord with a given set of rigid rules and stereotypes that constitute a political and economic ideology to which devotion is conducive to inflexible personalities and distorted thinking. The socialist philosophy tends to limit the areas in which man can think freely and, as a result, hinders the development of the minds of its devotees. Once the socialist pattern becomes the political, economic, and social system of a nation, the authorities train the people to expect dependence and frustration; the people are taught to be submissive rather than aggressive. Under the socialist system, the masses are taught that they must not expect profit from their efforts and ideas, that they must not expect the satisfaction attending upon material and intellectual inventiveness. The people are taught to obey the orders dictated by the bureaucrats and poli-

ticians who control and operate the socialist machinery, rather than to desire the blessings of spiritual, political, economic, and personal freedom. Dependence and submissiveness are necessary for the continued existence of the socialist dictatorship. In addition, the socialist pattern provides another restraint upon individual initiative and independent mental activity—a degenerating fear complex. The constant propaganda issued by the bosses of the collectivist regime and permeated with statements that certain internal or external enemies of the people represent an immediate danger to the existence of the socialist state, tends to create the deteriorating fear complex. Thus the power of the socialist rulers is maintained and supported by an overactive and oppressive police system; the collectivist state becomes the police-state. Under such a system of secret police and concentration camps that keep the populace in a persistent state of morbid fear, freedom of thought is practically impossible.

The main reason why socialism, and any other form of collectivism or near-collectivism, must of necessity end up as a dictatorship is found in the fact that the ruthless and despotic methods used by a dictatorship are the most effective means of enforcing the collectivist pattern. The system is established by a few political opportunists and is designed to fit in with their own wishes and desires and with what they claim is best for the general welfare. An economic or political system which prevents the individual from determining his own destiny in a fair and reasonable manner, must inevitably evolve into some form of totalitarianism.

The proponents of the socialist system overlook the fact of the inability of the rulers of the collectivist order to formulate a rigid national economic plan into which every individual in the land can fit. The socialist planners overlook the fact that no one is perfect and that the leaders of the socialist regime are no more infallible than anyone else. It would take someone who had achieved the virtues of perfection and infallibility to successfully adapt the over-all pattern of the collectivist order to the business and social life of each and every person within the Nation and maintain justice at the same time. Therefore, with the establishment of the socialist system, the restriction and suppression of human aspiration and invention is unavoidable.

The socialist planners fail to realize the fact that in many spheres of the business world the aspirations and ideas of the individual are supreme. In the socialist state, the individual exists for the state; that is, the individual exists for the selfish motives of the bureaucrats and politicians who rule the state. The individual is forced to become a part of the collective mass, to obey orders without question, and to let his superiors do all the thinking and planning for him. Men become puppets. Each man is no longer an individual person, but is just another serial number. As a result, the individual initiative, the inventive genius, the creative spirit, and the fullness of production — all of which constitute the backbone of democracy and progress—are nullified and lost under such a system of limitations and restrictions. The people live and work as if they are without concern for the future and as if they lack the spiritual qualities that are inherent in every person and that distinguish human beings from the lower animals. The socialist system seems to be a reversal of the evolutionary process.

The statements concerning the pitfalls and disasters of socialism and near-socialism that I have made thus far, are not mere conjecture. They can be proven beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt. Look at Russia

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and the subjugated nations! The despotic and barbaric communist dictatorships in Soviet Russia and its satellites are burning examples of what socialism will do to the people of a country once that vicious system gains the upperhand. Conditions are such in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the subjugated states that they represent a regular hell on earth. No more brutal or barbarous a regime than the one maintained in the Soviet Union at the present time has ever existed. If Great Britain continues along her present path, it will not be long before that nation will be in the same terrible predicament.

Today many people use the words "communism" and "socialism" as if they were describing two entirely different ideologies. Such a dichotomy between socialism and communism is quite erroneous. Communism and socialism mean practically the same thing. In fact, socialism is communism, but not all of it; socialism is communism before it has evolved into its ultimate and inevitable form. The so-called "democratic socialism" of the Labor government in Great Britain and the so-called "progressive liberalism" of Truman administration in the United States differ only in degree from the communist system of the U.S.S.R. "Liberals," Fabian Socialists, and Communists differ about what tactics should be used to establish the collectivist pattern; about the degree to which the means of production, distribution, and exchange should be nationalized; and about how the socialist system should be administered. Bolshevistic and barbaric communism is the end result of the establishment of any socialist system.

All this is what certain power-drunk bureaucrats and irresponsible political opportunists in Washington are endeavoring to bring to the American people. Our government has been tightening its tentacles over the people so effectively that today the forces of socialism and absolutism represent a real and immediate threat to our basic rights and freedoms. We are well on the road to socialism, and if we do not halt this march from freedom to collectivism, the final gate to absolutism will suddenly snap shut on the American people. When this happens, we will find that we have become virtual slaves of a despotic and tyrannical government. We will have found that the cost of gullibility and stupidity—the loss of all our rights and liberties—is extremely high.

If we Americans wish to stop the trend toward socialism and despotism in our Country, we must do something about it. We must realize the fact that no political and economic order is good unless it protects and fosters individual freedom. Without freedom of the individual, a democratic society is impossible. We cannot have economic and industrial progress unless our government encourages individual initiative and fosters a free competitive economic system. Individual freedom is indeed man's priceless heritage. Past generations worked, fought, and died to win and protect this great heritage. Our generation is the trustee of individual freedom. If we are to prove ourselves worthy and reliable trustees of this priceless heritage, we must adopt eternal vigilance and organize ourselves into a strong and powerful people's coalition for the purpose of protecting our Democratic Republic against those bureaucratic subversionists and political gangsters who feel they have no obligation to defend individual freedom and free enterprise and who are working for the destruction and elimination of our great heritage.

Such a people's coalition would serve to devise a means by which the American people can gain control of, and direct the policies of, one of the two major political parties. Another important function of the people's coalition would be the election of an administration which will ardently and actively support the principles upon which our Democratic Republic was founded —political liberty, individual freedom, free enterprise, social justice, and states' rights—and which will replace an administration (the present one) that has been in power so long that it is careless of the public welfare. In organizing and supporting such a movement, we Americans should formulate and adopt a systematic program for the restoration of individual freedom and competi-

GENESIS

Thoughts to be at best are slow to breath,
And dreams that were are but an idle thing;
And I could say that I have loved the less,
When I, who loves, should live to sing and sing.
Winds that blow the smallest dust to mound,
They seek the life that was before so still;
Yet love its throb to be a passioned sound,
Nor keep within thy faded breast, the will.
But then, the silv'ry light from that bright star,
Has shone into the softness we call night;
Pray love the thing, to keep the ray so far,
Not leave us weak; to lose from silly fright.
Then wait the night, amid the calling jeers,
Can a few swift winds dry all our tears?

CHARLES WEAVER

tive enterprise in our Nation—a program to serve as the foundation for all future political action, a program to be kept in mind in exercising our civic duties and democratic rights. In closing, I have set forth a list of general principles which I believe should be used by the American people in a concerted endeavor to restore free enterprise and individual freedom. They are as follows:

1. Preservation and protection of the Constitution of the United States with its Bill of Rights, and opposition to all attempts to violate and disregard its principles and provisions by legislation, evasion, usurpation, or insurrection; governmental procedure, legislative, executive, and judicial, in strict conformity with the letter and the law of the Constitution; enforcement of the principles and provisions of the Constitution as they pertain to our economic and social system.

2. Elimination of the swollen and dictatorial political bureaucracy in Washington and the establishment of streamlined government and rule by patriotic and loyal American citizens; enactment of legislation providing for the Honorable Herbert C. Hoover's plan for reorganizing and overhauling our federal government.

3. Preservation and protection of states' rights; freedom of state and local governments from federal administrative and financial control; adoption of a Constitutional amendment providing for a permanent restraint against the use of the federal taxing power to destroy the states and to make over America into a unitary and dictatorial collectivist state.

4. Reaffirmation of our faith in the capitalist and laissez faire economic system and recognition of the fact that economic individualism is the surest and most efficient means of creating the greatest amount of wealth and economic goods and of distributing them to the greatest number of people and is one of the most essential foundations upon which our Democratic Republic was created.

5. Protection and preservation of free enterprise and private initiative, that is freedom of the individual owner of property to start and manage an enterprise, to invest, to purchase, trade, and sell in a free market; protection of the right of American citizens to hold, use, and dispose of all property that is honestly and lawfully acquired.

6. Close and genuine co-operation between all classes of our society in order to bring about economic stability and industrial harmony and to prove that the businessman, the worker, the farmer, and the consumer can get along better under the American democratic capitalistic free enterprise system than under any of the totalitarian economic systems being advocated by the apostles and propagandists of the imported isms.

7. Protection of the right of the individual to work in the callings and localities of his own choice; safeguard the right of every individual to work where he will, to bargain and contract as he wishes, and to quit when he will, if not under contract.

8. Protection of the property and income of all Americans from unwarranted seizure and confiscation.

9. Restoration and protection of the right of the individual to enjoy the fruits of his own efforts and ideas.

10. Preservation and protection of our system of free, untrammeled, competitive markets; provision for the freest possible competition in accord with national security and the public welfare.

11. Elimination of all bureaucratic red tape that hinders and restricts private enterprise and individual initiative; abolition of the bureaucratic limitations and controls which shackle business and which obstruct free

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enterprise in its attempt to restore full production, provide good jobs at good wages, assure the steady flow of goods, reduce prices, and increase the purchasing power of the American dollar.

12. Recognition of the reality of the natural economic and social evolutionary trend and permission of industrial evolution through monopoly; the repeal of all legislation hindering and obstructing this natural evolutionary process.

13. Equal opportunities only for the ambitious; rejection of the obsessions and impractical theories of the preachers of absolute equality and recognition of the fact of the natural inequalities of men.

14. Restoration of the American incentives to work, own, and save, and the old rewards to individual workers for producing more and better services and economic goods.

15. Opposition to all proposals to enact further legislation giving the government the power to tell our businessmen how they must run their businesses.

16. Termination of the practice of the federal government using the taxpayers' money to engage in competition against the private initiative and free enterprise of American businessmen; turn over to private enterprise all government-owned property that is not essential to national defense and security.

17. Stop inflation by means of bringing to a halt the endeavor of bureaucratic subversionists and political opportunists at high levels in the federal government to cheapen the dollar and defraud thrifty Americans who have bank deposits, investments, and insurance policies; encourage thrift on the part of American citizens and terminate all bureaucratic attempts to penalize and curb thrift.

18. Outlawry and prohibition of labor racketeering and labor monopolies, which are a threat to free enterprise and individual freedom.

19. Enactment of legislation outlawing the right of labor bosses and racketeers to call strikes and prohibiting mass picketing, secondary boycotts, riots, and terrorism on the part of labor unions.

20. Outlawry of mass picketing to prevent others from working at jobs left vacant by a strike, and to obstruct and hinder the employer in carrying on his business; protection of the individual's right to go to and from his home and his place of business or occupation free from threats, abuse, physical violence, interference, coercion, intimidation, or molestation on the part of any individual, organization, or governmental agency, or from any other source.

21. Protection of the workers' right to work in open shops free from the oppression and tyranny of labor czars and racketeers; rejection of the idea that the government should compel a person to be a member of a labor union in order to obtain or keep a job.

22. Protection of management's Constitutional right to free speech, including the employer's right to express his opposition to labor unions; permission of employers to establish and encourage their employees to join company unions.

23. Permission of the businessman to secure court injunctions against those unfair labor practices on the part of labor unions that are harmful to his business.

24. Prohibition of feather-bedding; that is, the practice of labor unions compelling businessmen to employ unnecessary help and to pay for work never done.

25. Termination of the wasting and squandering of American wealth and resources by the federal government; reduction of the federal payroll by discharging needless and useless government employees.

26. An endeavor on the part of the national government to balance the budget; termination of deficit spending as one of the most essential means of achieving a balanced budget.

27. A drastic reduction in income taxes; immediate abolition of those taxes that especially hinder the saving and accumulation of capital, which is essential for expanding old enterprises and providing new and better tools, and for financing new inventions and new risk-taking, job-making enterprises that assure increased production and higher income for wage workers and other citizens; adoption of a Constitutional amendment limiting the peacetime taxing power of the federal government.

28. Maintenance of a high protective tariff on imported goods and commodities in order to secure an

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adequate revenue and to prevent foreign competitors from underselling American merchants and businessmen; reciprocal trade agreements only with those nations whose economies are free from the bureaucratic controls and limitations of collectivism and who are willing to co-operate in an international endeavor to rid the world of Bolshevistic Communism and all other forms of collectivism.

29. Oppose and expose the subversive, un-American, and anti-democratic activities on the part of the advocates and apostles of such foreign-inspired totalitarian ideologies as Bolshevistic Communism, Marxian Socialism, "Social Democracy," State Socialism, Statism, Bureaucracy, "Welfare Statism," Ultra Liberalism, "New Dealism," "Fair Dealism," Laborism, and other forms of radicalism and collectivism.

30. Outlawry of the Communist Party, U. S. A., and any other organization or movement that is controlled and directed by some totalitarian and aggressive foreign power and that advocates and works for the overthrow and destruction of our Democratic Constitutional Representative Republican form of government and our Democratic Capitalist Free Enterprise economic and social order by means of violent revolution and armed insurrection or by gradual infiltration and penetration.

31. Enactment of legislation prohibiting politicians from purchasing votes by promising the people such gold bricks and doles as excessive subsidies, price controls, parities, guaranteed prices, guaranteed wages, nationalized education, socialized medicine, unemployment compensations, and "public" housing, all of which will inevitably result in absolute federal control of our business and personal lives.

Editorial

(From page 1)

an education) is not really the mass amount of learning that a man can gain in four years of exposure to books and learned men. College is really the first step in acquainting a man with a large group of uneducated people. It is the transformation from yearling to embryonic man. Supposedly, it lends a faint glow of culture to a man; at least he is supposed to be equipped to meet other men on equal terms. Largely, this depends on the student; it should, for college should be a place to teach a man to rely on himself, or at least the responsibility of his own initiative.

With this in mind, is it not plausible to say when a student has gone through four years and does not feel he has learned anything, he has deceived himself into believing something that is false, mainly because he has lied to himself?

Is the problem in education not the amount a man has but the ability to put it to use? Education is knowledge in operation. And nothing in education is so completely surprising as the amount of ignorance it builds in the form of stray facts. Facts that are no earthly good except in cultured conversations or to satisfy a whim. These facts, properly accumulated, give rise to a stately monument to ignorance. Yet, the fact remains that a great many men are astonishingly happy with these remnants of education; perhaps because they lend a sort of peace in their reality.

Be it as it may, for when we have gone, we shall look back with the feeling of having accomplished something; something that could not have been gained in any other way. Whether we are big men or little men, there is an indefinable touch of humanity in a college that breeds better men.

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QUESTIONS

A Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.

B A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.

C A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the 20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.

B BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina. Blanch means to pale, or grow white.

C CHESTERFIELD—ABC. The smoke that satisfies is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.

WINNERS...

Entry boxes will be found on porch of Main Building and in Lobby of Carlisle Hall.

WINNERS LAST MONTH

Charles Crenshaw, Tommy Ford, Howard Chapman, Carlton Sligh, Pete Brockwell, Dewey Parr, Jack Carrol, Francis Nicholson, Maxey Lynn, Johnny Roper.

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CHESTERFIELD CONTEST — SEE PAGE 32

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